



*The*  
**PATHFINDERS**  
*of the*  
**REVOLUTION**

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**WILLIAM·ELLIOT·GRIFFIS**



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THE PATHFINDERS OF THE  
REVOLUTION

BOOKS BY WILLIAM E. GRIFFIS, D.D.

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**THE ROMANCE OF AMERICAN HISTORY SERIES.**

THE ROMANCE OF DISCOVERY.

THE ROMANCE OF COLONIZATION.

THE ROMANCE OF CONQUEST.





"MRS. EYRE TOOK HER PLACE AT THE HEAD OF THE TABLE."

# THE PATHFINDERS OF THE REVOLUTION

*A Story of the Great March into the  
Wilderness and Lake Region  
of New York in 1779*

BY

WILLIAM E. GRIFFIS

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SERIES," "THE MIKADO'S EMPIRE," "BRAVE  
LITTLE HOLLAND," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY W. F. STECHER

THIRD THOUSAND.



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THE PATHFINDERS OF THE REVOLUTION.

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## PREFACE

WHO has done justice to Major General John Sullivan and to his Continental soldiers? These, in their great expedition of 1779 into the lake region of central and western New York, broke completely the power of the Iroquois Confederacy. Why did the Congress and Washington think it necessary to detach on this perilous expedition, into an unmapped wilderness, one-third of the whole army of the United States? Why is the whole subject so slurred over or ignored by the average historian?

Had Sullivan been "Braddocked," or met with disaster in battle, by ambuscade, by pestilence, or starvation, he would have been better known. In truth, he did his work so well that those who write history, and love too much its merely dramatic side, have been unfair to this able officer. Though poorly provisioned and equipped, he led five thousand men, with artillery and stores, into the river valleys and pathless forests of western New York, fought a great and decisive battle, destroyed the granaries of King George and his allies, paralyzed the power of both Tory and savage, avenged Wyoming and Cherry

Valley, rendered New York for the time uninhabitable by the red man, ended the dangerous attacks on Washington's flank and rear, satisfied Congress and the American people, and came back with his triumphant veterans for the work of Yorktown. All this he did with the loss of only forty men, or one per cent of his force.

It is not the business of the story-teller to satisfy fully the questioners, to whom the historian should make answer, but to tell how the army went and came, and how the Continentals marched, fought, made paths and bridges, enjoyed themselves amid their toils, told stories around the camp-fire, and drew out from the friendly Oneidas the myths and lore of the Iroquois. Of the excitement of battle and how Claes Vrooman rescued the captives, his sister and betrothed, it has been his pleasant task to narrate. Utilizing the local traditions of New York's lake region, many old letters, and local and ancestral traditions, he has shown also how the pathfinders of the Revolution opened the way for the civilization of the Empire State and the development of the great West. May we never forget the fathers of the Revolution and the days when they were young!

W. E. G.

ITHACA, N.Y.,  
March 24, 1900.



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# THE PATHFINDERS OF THE REVOLUTION



## CHAPTER I

### AN INTERRUPTED TEA-PARTY

THE year 1779 was the darkest in our war for freedom. Popular interest was at low tide. The Continental army numbered only fifteen thousand men. The treasury was nearly empty. The bright hopes awakened by the French alliance had given way to disappointment and chagrin, for the great fleet sent by the Bourbon king had accomplished nothing. The patriots were irritated. Those who were loyalists at heart longed to go back to their allegiance to King George, while gloating Tories actually entered the camps of the Continental army and persuaded the soldiers to desert.

All along the frontier, bands of savages ravaged the settlements, burning the houses and killing the farmers. Dashing out the brains of those who were too young to walk, they tomahawked, scalped, or led into imprisonment the women, the boys, and the girls.

The Indian valleys in western New York were gay with plunder and populous with captives. The bark houses of the Iroquois were everywhere decorated with scalps. Stretched on hoops, dried or painted, these represented every age in life and all colors of hair. One could see the golden ringlets of the little child, the long auburn tresses of maiden or mother, the short stubby growth and the eelskin queue of the stalwart man. Here and there hung the white and gray locks of an old man's scalp that was bald in the centre. Many of the great apartment houses of the Iroquois, in 1779, were museums of plunder. They showed that neither age nor sex had been spared, and that the last count in the indictment against King George in the Declaration of Independence was correct.

What with the conglomerate British forces — Canadian, Iroquois, Irish, Scotch, Welsh, English, and Hessian — largely reënforced, new supplies voted by Parliament to continue the war, with mighty fleets blockading our harbors, British armies holding the coast cities, and the Indians desolating our frontier, besides making central New York a granary of supplies for "King George and all his host," it looked indeed as if our fathers were "between the devil and the deep sea," and that the war must stop. This would mean that the thirteen states must once more become colonies, and the members of the Continental Congress, who had once by signatures in Indepen-

dence Hall "held together," as Franklin hinted, must now on the gallows "swing separately."

At such a time it was like a light shining in a dark place to see smiling folks who never doubted for a moment the success of the Continental army. It was a bright party that assembled in the two-story brick house in Kensington, Philadelphia. There Colonel Eyre, once boat-builder to his Majesty King George III., later naval constructor to the Continental Congress, and then chief of a regiment of artillery in the Pennsylvania line, had his home. The two brothers, Jabez and Emmanuel, had years before left their kindred at Burlington, in New Jersey, to make their fortune in the great city founded by William Penn, then containing twenty-five thousand souls. Not far away from the house stood the great treaty tree under which the son of his Dutch mother, William Penn, the hat-wearer with the hatless, as the wampum belt still shows, had made that famous covenant with the Indians, "Never sworn to and never broken." In front flowed the Delaware River, already beginning to hold upon its bosom the shadows of late afternoon. All around stretched those green and flower-dotted acres now covered by houses and docks, railways and machinery foundries, forges and trip-hammers, mighty chimneys and derricks, where are built and launched the mighty steel battle-ships of the United States navy.

The perfume of spring blossoms was in the air,

The day was so warm that Colonel Eyre's wife and their daughter Margaret had spread the table out in the garden under the apple trees. In those days the places of home and business were not far apart. In the city the great ships at the wharves almost poked their bowsprits into the second-story windows of the owners or consignees, whose offices were on the ground floors below. In front of the Eyre home in Kensington, just across the road and gently sloping down to the river side, was the shipyard whence had been launched many a gallant vessel of war floating the thirteen stripes, even before there was a star in that blue field which was yet to come.

It was a daintily set table which mother, daughter, and maid had arrayed. On the snowy cloth fell from time to time petals from the apple blossoms above, while all around nest builders were calling to their mates, making sweet music, and one or two, bolder than others, seemed inclined to vary a diet of worms with a taste of bread crumbs. The silver tea-service and a few choice bits of china porcelain from Canton were their special pride. The Eyres had brought across sea from England not a few heirlooms from their old home in Nottinghamshire. Indeed, Margaret, encouraged by her father, had even embroidered the napkins of Irish linen with the decussated and armored leg belonging to the Eyre coat of arms. One can still see the same blazon on both the gates of the manor at Rampton



in England, the one of Tudor and the other of Jacobean times. Indeed, save for the cruel war, which had changed the garb of Jabez Eyre from plain drab to buff and blue, and from a passive Friend to a free and fighting Quaker for liberty's sake, the father had hoped to visit dear old England to see the ancestral homes. Now, however, while Hessian and savage allies of King George had to be fought, Jabez Eyre's chief items of care were his cannon and his comrades.

"All ready, Margaret; call the gentlemen."

Thereupon issued from the house and took their places around the table, the host and his friends, who, as they sat down, made a party of nine in all, two of whom wore the uniform of officers in the Continental army, while Colonel Eyre had on the full regimentals of the Pennsylvania Line, for he was no less than a colonel of artillery. On his right hand sat Colonel Edward Hand, just arrived from Fort Pitt, now Pittsburg, in western Pennsylvania. Only thirty-two years old, he had once served his king as a surgeon, but, resigning his commission, had settled in Pennsylvania five years before and was an ardent patriot. He was one of the best horsemen in the army and always superb in appearance.

The other guests were Captain Adam Vrooman, of Schenectady, New York, a middle-aged, well-knit man. By his side sat his stalwart and handsome son Claes, whose sunburnt face and appearance of being

always alert told of his long service in the forest. He, like his father, carried a cross in his heart, for his sister was captive among the Seneca Indians. Yet his was a double burden, for his wife, the bride of a fortnight, was a captive also, she with his sister having been seized, while on a visit to Cherry Valley the year before, by the savages. Father and son had come from Schenectady and had gone in the service, as riflemen, to Fort Pitt, in Pennsylvania, hoping to join the expedition organized under Colonel Broadhead. With better prospects of rescuing sister and wife, they had returned with Colonel Hand.

Young Vrooman was happy in his appointment as guide to General John Sullivan's "Western Expedition into the Seneca Country," for the long-talked-of project of destroying the Iroquois power was now an official fact. Vrooman had lived in hopes of rescue, for he had heard that instead of a tomahawk sinking into their skulls, his sister had been adopted by the Tuscaroras of Lake Cayuga, and that his wife was living in the same region of lakes and waterfalls.

There were present, also, a gentleman, John Harby, and his daughter Henrietta, formerly living at Harris Ferry, — now Harrisburg, — but, since the outbreak of the war, at Barren Hill, not far from Valley Forge. This was not her first visit to the city founded by Penn. Formerly a pupil in the Moravian school at Bethlehem, and called home by the outbreak of war, she was now going back there to help the surgeons who

cared for, and the Moravian "nuns" who tended, the wounded. Her happy disposition and continuous brightness made her a favorite in the Eyre home.

The ninth person at the table was a sad-faced young widow lady, one of nearly four hundred made at Wyoming on June 30, 1778, by the redskins and redcoats. She was a cousin of Mrs. Eyre, who since the slaughter of her husband, a boat-builder on the Susquehanna and previously foreman in Colonel Eyre's shipyard, had found a home in his family. He, the victim, was one of the fourteen men compelled to kneel in a circle on the ground, while the Seneca Queen Esther, whose castle was at Tioga Point, infuriated because of the death of her son, brained one after the other with a tomahawk, until the last one of the fourteen was a bloody corpse. The Philadelphia home was like a haven of peaceful comfort, after her weeks of wandering and semi-starvation in the woods.

Mrs. Eyre took her place at the head of the table, and was soon serving the fragrant tea, with "trimmings" to suit each taste, for the first patriot tabooing of the leaf of China in 1774 was a thing of the past. Through St. Eustatius, in the Dutch West Indies, with which port Colonel Eyre was in frequent communication, the Amoy tea, though a luxury somewhat more expensive than formerly, was not extra hazardous in obtaining. The swift ships built by the Eyres ran with comparative ease the blockade of the

heavy British frigates off the capes of the Delaware and the Chesapeake.

As ever, the fragrant beverage lubricated the tongue, and conversation flowed easily.

"I do not see that the ladies have changed since I last saw your household, Colonel Eyre, except that your daughter is taller and more womanly, but as to yourself, in your military uniform, a stranger would hardly recognize the Friend in drab of ten years ago. Did you know your own husband, Mrs. Eyre, when he put on soldier clothes?" asked Colonel Hand of the hostess.

"Oh, yes; it was hardly a surprise, for I knew it would come. From the very first, although most of the city Friends held to the king's side, those in the country all through Pennsylvania and New Jersey favored the cause of liberty. Then, my husband is 'Quaker,' as the world calls us, with only a half a generation of Friends' doctrines and light behind him, for my father-in-law belonged, when at home across sea, to the Church of England. He entered the congregation of Friends when he married his sweetheart in Burlington."

"Oh, then it was Cupid, rather than original convictions, that caused the Churchman to become 'Quaker'; for, as you say, the world prefers to use the term, and I am very much of the world. What a fascinating Diana, or shall I say Minerva, your sweetheart must have been," and the gallant Irish-

man, who was fond of classical allusions, glanced roguishly at Colonel Eyre.

"Yes, Colonel; and my husband, when he took that trip to Fort Pitt before his marriage, was so long away from the Meeting-house, and so much with the officers of the garrison, that I think he became much more than half a soldier even then. Is it not so, husband?"

"Well, I confess it, that after the first pressure of work, having plenty of leisure at times, I studied the handling of artillery."

Colonel Eyre had, in 1760, travelled to "the far West," through Pennsylvania, taking with him ship carpenters and blacksmiths engaged by his future father-in-law. He went to Fort Pitt, after George Washington had done his pioneer work in that direction, to build the boats which should take King George's soldiers down the Ohio River and there assert his Majesty's rights.

"I judge, by the way your eye brightens, that you rather enjoyed it," remarked Captain Vrooman.

"True, I acknowledge it; even on First Day, after the chaplain was through his sermon, I improved time getting the theory, while on other days, as I had opportunity, I practised the real thing with the drill squad."

"Yes," joined in Mr. Harby; "I remember when you spent the night with me at my house at Harris Ferry, how you told me you had not only learned to

make and equip gun carriages but could load, sight, and fire siege guns, and even handle a battery in the field."

"Oh, yes," said Colonel Eyre; "I drilled regularly with the field gun force too. Indeed, I may say that Fort Pitt was my military college in which I trained for Princeton and Brandywine. As I could not go to Flanders or Woolwich, I learned at home."

"Good," said Colonel Hand; "but I regret that you didn't train further by making at least one trip with field guns into the wilderness. If you could be transferred from the Pennsylvania to the Continental line, I should persistently urge your appointment for the expedition into the Seneca country, which his Excellency General Washington has planned. Personally, I would rather have you than Colonel Thomas Proctor, who is more likely to be chosen. By the way, where is he now with his regiment?"

"Most of his men are garrisoning the forts on the Delaware, especially at Billingsport and Fort Mifflin. I expect I shall be ordered with my companies to relieve him. Some of my men are at Easton now, but return as soon as General Sullivan starts westward. I confess I should like to try the hazard of battle with Brant and Butler in that beautiful lake region of New York, of which I have heard so much."

"Would to God it might be so, cousin," broke in the Wyoming widow, who was at times assisting



the maid and Margaret in the courtesies of the supper. Then, blushing at her apparent haste and presumption, she added, with a look at Mrs. Eyre, in which gratitude and even sympathy were blended, "Pardon me, I am glad enough that duty does not call my friend into those dark swamps and gloomy woods of New York, to fight enemies whose method of warfare seems to be first ambuscade and then massacre. Oh, mercy! what's that?" she exclaimed.

All arose and listened to the alarming cries which seemed to issue from the stable, some distance in the rear of the house.

"Help! help! The British! Injuns! Tories! Murder-r-r-r!"

They rushed out to see what was the matter, when a sight greeted their eyes which, as soon as they understood the situation, called for roars of laughter. There was a little door within the big stable door, which a man could unlock and get in or out, without opening the big double-leaved door that opened for carriage and horses. Wedged into this space of less than two feet square were two fellows, one fat and the other lean. Only their heads and half their bodies were out, the other halves of their physical economy, including legs, being inside the stable. Squeezed tightly together, face to face, and a black to a red head, they were puffing and blowing, their faces making alternately the colors of their hair.

They were clamorous for help, but were unable to get out. One was Colonel Eyre's coachman and the other his hostler.

Whether to saw out another board of the door, or to pull them out, was the question. If the latter, should it be by the legs or by the shoulders? One way seemed better for the stout man and the other for the thin. In either case, coats, spines, or shoulders must suffer. Suddenly, as the rescuers, willing but uncertain how to act, hesitated, the door was swung open and "Jeremiah Grumps," as the Colonel had nicknamed him, a middle-aged and half-hearted patriot, a shoemaker, who was always predicting the success of the enemy, appeared in view. Seizing the hostler's legs he pulled lustily inward, young Vrooman reinforcing him to extricate the coachman. The others outside pushed. After about as much traction and hauling as would suffice to get a camel through "the needle's eye" of an oriental caravansary, the rescue was accomplished. The two men, now no longer twins, with spines slightly scraped, and the hostler with cheek barked, stood apart and perpendicular again. They had had five minutes or so of involuntary horizontal balancing by their ribs on an inch width of deal board, and were now glad to assume the use of their legs.

The fat man, suffering most from both loss of wind and personal dignity, disappeared to refit. So the thin hero, the hostler, was called on to tell the



story, for "Jeremiah Grumps" had quickly made himself invisible.

It seems that "Pud" and "Spider," as the two men of the stable, though chums, called each other, had been discussing war matters and Continental money. Discouraged at the dark state of affairs on our side, in this gloomy year of 1779, they feared lest the British might, after all, win. Indulging in the most gloomy reflections and wondering whether the Revolution would be a failure and the country be ruined, a third friend, "Jeremiah Grumps," the dyspeptic shoemaker, stepped in with a big powder-horn in his hand and for a while uttered even more dismal prophecies. There was a little portable earthenware furnace, on which glowed a few lumps of charcoal, for drying out the stable. Grumps proceeded to amuse them, from time to time, while they were so dejected, by pulling out the plug from the powder-horn and throwing a pinch of powder on the fire to see it flash up merrily. Now, this third party, despite his dyspepsia, was a wag and a confirmed player of practical jokes. Nevertheless, the pair did not suspect what he was at.

Increasing in doleful predictions, so as to utterly outdo the others, Grumps finally declared that they had better, then and there, all commit suicide by blowing themselves up. Whereupon, pulling out the plug and throwing it away, he cast the hornful of rifle powder, as they supposed, into the open fire.

In an instant the two terrified patriots rushed to save their lives by getting out of the stable. The gate being locked, they wasted no time in trying to open it, but both seeing that the small square entrance, or manhole, usually called "the needle's eye," had been left open by Grumps, they attempted simultaneously to leap through. There and then, the brace got hopelessly jammed together. The result was that they stuck fast with their legs inside and their heads and half their bodies outside. While the fat man yelled murder and cried for help, the thin hostler, being less squeezed, thought that silence was golden.

Yet, after all, there was no explosion. The jolly joker, after nearly splitting himself with laughing, had found the key, unlocked and swung the door open. After assisting to get his friends on their feet again, he disappeared, as we have seen. The powder-horn had had real powder only toward the tapering end, which was plugged up inside. The chief contents were several pounds of black sand. The wrath of the two victims at the roughness of the joke was tempered by their gratitude at being rescued.

## CHAPTER II

BY THE BANKS OF THE DELAWARE

AFTER the funny episode, which interrupted the flow of conversation but for a few minutes, the party took their places again at the table under the apple trees, and a fresh relay of hot tea set the stream of talk flowing again. All agreed that the Wyoming widow, to whom the mystery of ambuscades was not fully solved, should have it explained just how and why neither the cunning nor the castles of the Iroquois would avail against an expedition planned by Washington and led by Sullivan.

"We do not want another Braddock's defeat, to say nothing of Wyoming," said Mrs. Eyre to her kinswoman; "and I do not think there will be either ambush or massacre, if there be riflemen enough" — and here she handed to Vrooman, senior, with smiling approval, his third cup of fragrant Amoy tea.

"No, wife, and cousin, too; nor shall we have any, if Colonel Hand with his light troops leads the advance. If I took lessons in handling cannon at Pitts-

burg, he learned to fight Indians in that same region. He knows just how the redmen think and act, and he knows well the superior skill and valor of the riflemen. How delightful, too, Colonel Hand, it must have been to mingle among your warm-hearted fellow Irishmen in western Pennsylvania. For real comradeship give me a jolly man from the Emerald Isle."

"Thank you, Colonel Eyre," said Hand, blushing. "We Irishmen are, it is certain, treated better here than in the old country by king and Parliament. We cannot help supporting Congress. But, concerning the Indians, in these many months of service I not only saw how the redman hides in ambush, sneaking up to kill the men first, and then tomahawk the family and set the home on fire, leaving a blazing ruin where before was peace and comfort, but I know how the red demons act when obliged to stand up and fight when pursued. My experience in western Pennsylvania gave me some knowledge which I have gladly placed at the disposition of General Washington, himself once a frontiersman of skill, and I hope to be appointed to lead a brigade of light infantry. Yet I wish you were going, with your guns, for the redmen have not moral courage to stand against artillery."

"Moral courage? How does that differ from the muscular sort, colonel?" asked Mrs. Eyre.

"Well, the Indian is brave enough physically,"

replied Colonel Hand. "It is astonishing what hunger, discomfort, and privations he can bear, and what bodily tortures he will submit to for the sake of his religion, or, as I should call it, superstition. I am not certain, however, that he can stand getting a tooth drawn any better than we white men, whom he jeers at, because we do not bear torture, as prisoners, like savages. Certain it is that he has not the mind to look into the cannon's mouth. He cannot face a howitzer, and nothing can induce him to keep his ground when bombs are flying round or balls are tearing the trees to pieces. I hope that General Washington will certainly order the artillery to go with us. I am still fresh from Wyoming and its awful scene of blackness, ashes, and skeletons. Pardon me, madam, I see you turn pale," Colonel Hand interjected, as he saw the widow lady's change of countenance; "but let me say that if two or three well-served field guns, or coehorns, with Colonel Eyre's artillerists, had been there, the story of June 30, 1778, might have been different."

"Yes," said Colonel Eyre; "you know that though Braddock took his artillery with him, it was of no use, when no enemy was in sight, for he let them surround him and make themselves invisible. Indeed, I saw one tree on Braddock's field, two and a half feet thick, cut in halves by cannon balls; but firing at the invisible did no good. I do not suppose anything could have saved his men

when the general was determined to fight in solid platoons, as if he and they were on the flat fields of Flanders."

"By the way," said Mr. Vrooman; "that disaster in Virginia had a terrible effect, even up in northern New York, in emboldening the savages. I hope, if our army goes into the Seneca country, they will not be 'Braddocked.' There are many dangerous places through which an army must defile in a long, narrow line, and where even a small band of redskins could ambuscade whole regiments or stampede the pack-horses and throw everything in confusion, making short work even of the Continental veterans."

"Yes," replied Colonel Hand. "With men drilled only in ordinary European tactics, there is grave danger in a march of three hundred miles through woods, in which are only Indian trails. But give me a few companies of 'Virginia riflemen,' — who come chiefly from Pennsylvania," said he, laughing, "such as Colonel Morgan has trained and General Washington thinks so much of; or, still better, those Pennsylvanians, Germans, Irishmen, or sons of Swiss chamois-hunters whom I have had under my command, and I'll guarantee immunity from a disastrous ambuscade. These hardy fellows have grown up in the forests. Having lived all their lives among the Indians, they have learned their tricks of wood-craft and added thereto the superior intelligence of the

white man. Give us enough of these, and instead of being 'Braddocked,' we shall drive the Iroquois to Niagara and into Canada."

"Was General Braddock really ambuscaded, Colonel Hand?" asked Vrooman, senior, with a look of doubt and incredulity.

"No, on my reputation, no. The French and the redskins met the king's troops face to face in the comparatively open forest, and the one side was as much surprised as the other. But, while the British sat down, with napkins on, to a well-cooked dinner, to eat leisurely first and then go to battle, in the correct style of the Low Countries, the Indians simply scattered themselves in cover, and enjoyed an afternoon of target practice. Even when the army had formed, the men and their officers, knowing how to fight only in platoons according to the European method, were quickly slaughtered. The soldiers were not used to firing into bushes, or aiming at invisible foes. A Frenchman I met and talked to told me that he went over the field after the battle and saw that most of the dead British officers had napkins pinned on their breasts. The white linen had in each case made a superb target for the Indians, and most of the napkins had bullet holes in them. It was the redskins that did the bloody work, however, for the Canadians had run away."

"Well, colonel, you will not take many city cooks into the New York wilderness, will you? Napkins



and table luxuries will be left at home?" queried Mrs. Eyre.

"No, we expect neither to fall into ambush, nor walk into a trap with our eyes open, and then call it an 'ambuscade.'"

"By the way, Colonel Hand," asked Mr. Harby, "did you ever visit the actual place of Braddock's defeat?"

"Yes, more than once; but it is now, after twenty years or more, so overgrown that, except for an occasional bone washed out here and there, or some mark on the trees or branches, which only a woodman's eye can detect, there are no signs of that awful day, which would have been utterly lost except for Washington. Nature has kindly covered up the marks of slaughter."

"Ah, that reminds me," said the host; "I saw Braddock's field when all the bones of his men were lying white on the soil. With some comrades in Fort Pitt, I went out to see that little amphitheatre which the Indians had used as a shooting gallery. I believe that the redskins surprised themselves fully as much as they did the redcoats, at the amazing ease of their victory. It was simply a case of a martinet general setting up a target for an enemy he could not understand. All around were old logs and trees and the underbrush in the forest, undisturbed for a thousand years. On the hill slope the savages hid themselves and simply blazed away. If the



Virginians lay down behind rocks or stood behind trees to circumvent the Indians, the demoralized British infantry fired into their backs. This was simply because they had something to see and to fire at.

“Down in the low-lying portion, in a parallelogram only half a mile long and about one hundred yards wide, I saw the white bones of enough victims to remind me of Ezekiel’s vision. They lay thick as leaves, one over the other. It was five years after the sad event that I looked upon the scene. It only shows how hard it is for our British friends to learn from Americans. Why, King George himself, young and headstrong, given to governing too much, seems to be no better than Braddock in refusing to learn from those who could teach him better.”

“Well, I feel sure,” continued Colonel Hand, “that with some light guns and howitzers, and our skilful axemen, we can chop our way into the Indian country, demoralize the Indians, and blow to pieces their strongest castles. Even though they have the Tories of Canada, and the Butlers and Johnsons from the Mohawk Valley to help them build entrenchments, we can do it. Give us a few companies of riflemen, scouts, and skirmishers, and some guides like our young friend Vrooman here, and I can assure General Washington that there will be no ‘Braddock’s field’ along our route.”

“Thank you, colonel, and God grant us the op-

portunity," said young Vrooman. "We young men of the Mohawk Valley are all ready to march. While you and Pennsylvania remember Wyoming, we have Cherry Valley and Springfield to avenge. The plots are all hatched, and the forays all planned at Kanadasaga,<sup>1</sup> at the head of Seneca Lake. In one of my trips, I went there with Domine Kirkland and his Oneida friends. Furthermore, we'll be doing the patriot cause a good service to destroy all the corn-fields. I have been out in the region of those pretty lakes in western New York, where the Indians have raised grain and vegetables for a good many years past. On my last scout, just before the Oriskany campaign, I found hundreds of braves girdling and deadening the trees in scores of patches in the forest, for new maize fields, and thousands of squaws planting the seed, or at work with the hoe. I hear that both this year and last the Tories have been by the score among the Indians, helping them in their farming and building operations. Along the river bottoms and in the open inter-lake country there must be many tens of thousands of fresh acres of corn planted. Many of the fields are fenced, and live stock, cattle, hogs, chickens, and horses are common. Hundreds of new bark houses have been built to store the crops, and it is even proposed to feed a large part of the British army,—not only those that come down from Canada, but those in

<sup>1</sup> Geneva, New York.

New York and along the coast. Light boats and canoes can be floated down the Susquehanna and the Delaware, so that the main forces can thus be provisioned."

"Indeed!" said Colonel Hand, with true Irish impetuosity, bringing his fist down on the table so violently as to rattle the gilt-rimmed china cups and saucers, and upset a pile of caraway-seed cakes. The ladies looked at him almost with alarm, as he blurted out, "An idea strikes me."

"As hard as you hit the table?" queried Colonel Eyre, merrily.

"Well," said the light infantry commander, laughing, "I can see now why delay to General Sullivan's expedition will do no harm. Even if beef, boats, and flour are slow in coming, and we start late in the season, we shall be in the nick of time, for then the crops will be ripe and their destruction will be surer and more disastrous to our enemies."

"I fear from the opposition of the Quakers, who think the poor Indians are more sinned against than sinning, and from the usual dilatoriness of the Board of War, that there will be tardiness," said Colonel Eyre. "Even if after the supplies are delivered they are found to be worth using, then the contractors in east Pennsylvania are more honest men than their fellows in New York or Massachusetts."

"Do you understand, colonel, that the expedition

is to start from Pennsylvania?" asked Adam Vrooman.

"Well, yes; the main body will, in all probability, move from Easton, while the New York troops set out from Schenectady. But that is a matter to be settled at the council board with the commander when we meet him next week at Middlebrook, in New Jersey, where he is now."

By this time the table began to look very empty. The third cup of tea had been enjoyed by nearly every one, and the party seemed ready to adjourn. The only ones who had not spoken were the demure maidens, Margaret Eyre and Henrietta Harby. The former, looking at young Vrooman, seemed to wish to speak.

"What is it, daughter?"

"Well, father, you know how I love rare flowers, and Mr. Bartram, our botanical friend, tells me there is a wonderful little pink primrose, quite unlike anything in our region, that grows only in the cool gorges of that wonderful land of lakes, in which Mr. Vrooman has travelled with Domine Kirkland, and especially at the foot of Lake Cayuga. I wonder if he would get one of the plants, for it is too late for the blooms, and press it for me. Here is a picture of the leaf, flower, stalk, and root, with a sketch of its surroundings. I should prize it more than edelweiss, of which the Swiss men in Colonel Hubley's Pennsylvania regiment talk."

"I will, fair lady; you can count on me," said young Vrooman.

"Thank you, and may you find and bring back your wife and sister too."

"God grant it!" The words and prayer sounded like a chorus from a sextette of voices.

## CHAPTER III

### THE FRONTIERSMEN AT THE CAPITAL

THE gentlemen rose and walked down through the garden into the shipyard, where were stored boxes of "hardware," or cannon; for which carriages were then being built, the sheds seeming more like wheelwrights' shops than a ship-builder's work place. The three Eyre brothers, Emmanuel, Jabez, and George, had built many gallant craft in time of peace, with such names as the *Truelove*, the *Three Brothers*, etc. The *Bull Dog* was a specimen name of the war-ships launched for the Congress. The party took bateaux, and rowed over to pay a short visit to the Continental brig *Andrea Doria* which then lay out on the bosom of the stream at anchor.

Colonel Eyre was proud of this craft, for he had seen it built. John Adams had named it after the famous Italian admiral, whose name is linked with the story of Italian liberties. Having conquered a city, Andrea Doria gave the inhabitants their choice of government. On their choosing a republic, he helped maintain for them this form of order. Colonel

Eyre felt a peculiarly patriotic, as well as a personal, interest in this ship, because it was the first war vessel of the United States carrying the American flag that ever gave and received a salute from a foreign magistrate.

On the 16th of November, 1776, under command of Captain Patterson, the *Andrea Doria* sailed into the harbor of St. Eustatius with its then unstarred flag of thirteen stripes flying apeak. Captain Ravené, in command of Fort Orange, by order of the governor of the island, Johannes de Graeff, fired, with his Dutch artillery, in honor of "the flag of the Continental Congress," a salute of eleven guns.

Colonel Eyre now told the story of the salute, how given and returned, and of the dinner tendered by Governor de Graeff to the officers of the *Andrea Doria*, and enjoyed by them, and how they presented, and he read, the document of July 4, 1776.

The ladies were still chatting in the parlor, as the party were returning from the ship to the house, the walls of which were hung with prints representing scenes in England. These were the market road or cross in the town of Worksop; the ruins of Newark Castle, where Colonel Gervaise Eyre, ancestor of Colonel Eyre, had served King Charles against the Parliament troopers, often gallantly leading his own cavalymen against Cromwell's Ironsides; and the little parish church at Rampton, where the Eyres of several generations lie buried. Over the mantel-



piece was draped the original American flag of thirteen stripes, red and white, without stars.

"Well, Colonel Hand," said Mrs. Eyre, as he stepped across the threshold, "did you see the ship that drew forth the first salute ever fired in honor of the American flag?"

"Yes, thank you; and the colonel, your husband, tells me you have the identical bunting in your house."

"True, sir; here it is," and she pointed to the as yet starless flag gracefully fastened over the mantelpiece. "This drew the thunders of Fort Orange in the West Indies. Captain Patterson himself gave it to me as a souvenir of his voyage and of the first foreign salute to the flag of the Continental Congress and of our country."

"Good; but it seems to me the Eyres possess a monopoly of famous flags. The colonel tells me that Mrs. Betsey Ross, now Mrs. Claypole, who made the first flag with stars in it, has married an artilleryman once in his regiment."

"True, sir. The lady is fair and young, and we do not wonder she has taken a third husband to herself. Her second was prisoner in the old Mill prison near Plymouth in England. He sent his dying messages to his wife by the man, also an American prisoner, formerly in my husband's regiment, and he carried them to her. Evidently he was a diligent lover, for in eight months they were married."



"How about the proverb, 'Don't trust a pigeon to carry grain'?"

"But he, the third, carried the grain and won a nest too," laughed Mrs. Eyre; "and here is one of the first, though not the very first, flags she made, which she kept many months as a pattern. Mr. Claypole himself, her husband, gave it to Colonel Eyre."

Colonel Hand examined it and then looked up into the matron's eyes with mute appeal. There was a prayer in his eyes, but no word was spoken.

"Enough, Colonel Hand; it is yours. Carry it in the forefront of General Sullivan's army. Bear it to the point farthest westward ever to be reached by the regular Continental soldiers, and then return it to me, — if God will." Mrs. Eyre looked upward, bowed, courtesied, and then handed the silken symbol to the colonel of the light-armed troops who were to be ever in the van of Sullivan's avengers of Wyoming.

"My life is consecrated to my adopted country," said the gallant Irishman. "I promise nothing. Let deeds tell."

Yet though there were leaking vessels, and a blue coat wet on the breast where tears had fallen, there was silence, while Colonel Hand wrapped up the flag and put it inside his bosom.

The three days which Colonel Hand and the Vroomans had to spend in Philadelphia before joining the army at Middlebrook, New Jersey, were spent in seeing the sights of what was then the capital of the

United States and the largest city in America. The gentlemen rose from their beds in time to see the Jersey crows fly in black clouds over the city to their daily feeding grounds in Pennsylvania. In the "West End," at Sixth Street, toward the Schuylkill, apparently on the edge of the town, or at least the main part of it, stood the State House, while Carpenters' Hall was in the heart of the city, eastward and nearer the Delaware. The streets between the rivers were numbered First, Second, Third, etc. Those between Kensington and Southwark were named after trees such as Walnut, Spruce, Pine; or, after bushes, Mulberry, Raspberry, etc. Colonel Hand was reminded of London by the names of the wards, Southwark, Northern Liberties, Kensington, etc. Vrooman, senior, noted many Dutch names of families from the Netherlands who had come over with William Penn, whose mother had also come from Rotterdam.

There were many other things which seemed very fine and grand to those who had spent most of their lives in the backwoods, or at frontier settlements. Indeed, when walking along Second Street, some of the houses seemed so high and close together that at one point Vrooman the younger wished to walk in the middle of the street.

"Where are you going, my friend?" asked Colonel Eyre, as Vrooman stepped off the curb and on to the cobbles.

"Why, sir ; I am afraid these high houses will fall on me. They really seem to bend and frown at me."

"Ha, ha ! you are like sailors I have heard of. Well, you will get more light and air. I like the latter, for I take my name from this necessity of existence."

"A story, Colonel Eyre. Tell it, or I shall not order my pet scout and rifleman back on the curb. How did you get your family name?" asked Colonel Hand.

"Well, I'll tell it, to account for fighting blood being in a Quaker, though I warn you it is legend, and not down in the documents. At the battle of Hastings, William of Normandy, stunned by a missile, was knocked off his horse. There he lay in his iron harness, and, with visor down, might have died for want of air. A soldier from the ranks, stepping forward, made bold to raise and open wide the helmet of the Conqueror and to ask those around him to stand back. Soon the chief came to, declaring at once that, by the splendor of God, the air (eyre) had revived him. When able to stand, he asked who had thought of unlocking his visor. The soldier being pointed out, the mighty William summoned him forth, bade him kneel, and then and there, with the accolade, dubbed him knight, by the name of Air, or Eyre, as they spelled it then."

"Good ! Blood will tell. Now I know why you're a fighting 'Quaker.' Come Vrooman, walk

with us. I'll guarantee the houses will not fall down."

So on they sauntered, first on Chestnut and then along High Street. Among other friends met, whom Colonel Eyre saluted, or whom he stopped to give an introduction to his visitors, were Mr. Robert Aiken, the publisher of the *Pennsylvania Magazine*, and his editor, Mr. Thomas Paine, a brisk gentleman of English birth, who had written not a few tracts which fired the patriotism of both civilians and soldiers. The Continentals had cheered their hearts by reading these by the light of the campfires. Even in the gloom of Valley Forge, such stirring appeals to patriotism kindled lamps of hope.

"When will you empty your battery of quills on the enemy again, Mr. Paine?" asked Colonel Eyre.

"Oh, I am out of ammunition just now," said Mr. Paine, laughing. "Haven't a quire of paper left. As soon as I get the fifty reams we are waiting for, from St. Eustatius, the country will hear from me!"

"Good," said the colonel; "our men need them. I hope General Sullivan's soldiers will take a good supply in their knapsacks."

"Thank you, colonel; I am glad to find my work appreciated. Good day."

Christ Church, on Second Street, seemed a grand structure. After years of familiarity with narrow

river canoes only, the crowded wharves and sea-going ships loomed up vast and mysterious. Colonel Eyre pointed out the line of high ground along Front Street, in which Penn's colonists had dug caves and lived for a time while their houses were going up. He showed the house in which Catherine Montour, the Indian queen, whose town was near Seneca Lake, had stopped, when visiting Philadelphia at the age of ten years, with Seneca chiefs. Another object of interest was the house in which had been held the Indian council, at which the Iroquois confronted the Delawares in a dispute about their sale of lands, called them squaws, and so angered the young chief Taughannock that he went off vowing revenge, and kept his vow. He showed also the spot on Chestnut Street where the mangled and scalped corpses of those slain in the Indian massacres had been brought and exposed as an object lesson, showing what the British allies could and would do. While all paused to admire the State House, Colonel Eyre called attention to the last indictment against King George, in the Declaration of July 4, 1776, a copy of which was posted on Independence Hall. It read:—

“He [the king of Great Britain] has endeavored to bring on the inhabitants of our frontiers the merciless Indian savages, whose known rule of warfare is an undistinguished destruction of all ages, sexes, and conditions.”

"That statement, penned nearly three years ago, fully justifies the Western Expedition against the Indians, which General Sullivan is to lead," said Colonel Hand; "for what was then surmise is now multiplied fact."

"Yes, 'seeing is believing, but feeling is the naked truth.' The orders of the Congress to desolate the Indian country are harsh, but they are necessary. I have seen Wyoming. That is enough for me."

As for the ladies, they had their own schemes and pleasures. John Harby's daughter, who went shopping with Miss Eyre down the Philadelphia Cheapside, Second Street, thought the wonderful things seen in the shops—which had been captured by the privateers or brought over by way of the Dutch West Indies from Europe—were gay beyond the glamour of fairy tales. The first strenuous self-denial of the early years of the war, which had compelled the patriotic women to do without many familiar luxuries, was now over. The privateers which, in the teeth of British squadrons, kept the stars and stripes afloat on the ocean and gathered to refit and load with supplies at St. Eustatius, brought in fresh invoices almost weekly. One prosy but significant fact we must note, and that is this: Besides what the ladies thought necessary for their comfort, there were "grains" and "hardware," which English as well as French merchants sold

to the Dutch, to supply Washington's army, in exchange for tobacco, American produce, or Spanish silver, said "grains" being grains of gunpowder, and "hardware" being cannon.

This chapter, already far too long, would be tediously so, were I here to tell of the call into the upholstery shop on Mulberry Street near Second, and the chat with Mrs. Ross-Claypole, flag maker to the Continental Congress. Philadelphia, the nation's capital, was a wonderfully gay city, for the British had left it and gone to New York. Meanwhile, Washington held his Continentals together, and waited for the time to come when the French alliance should mean efficient coöperation.



## CHAPTER IV

### RAAD VOOR DAAD

“**R**AAD voor daad” (“Council before action”), as the Dutch proverb says. Washington was accustomed to think things out before he began operations. He deliberated and then struck hard.

Colonel Hand, with Colonel Eyre and his aides, Captain Adam Vrooman, and his son Claes, had ridden from Philadelphia to the camp at Middlebrook, New Jersey, arriving early in the morning of the third day. After slight detention by the pickets and outer guard of General Anthony Wayne's brigade, consisting of the First, Second, and Third Pennsylvania regiments, the visitors were escorted to Major Alexander Hamilton's office. By him they were introduced into Washington's presence, who, in his dignity, greeted them with noticeable warmth. Colonel Eyre had been very active in the Trenton and Princeton campaign of 1776-77, both in handling the boats when crossing the Delaware to capture Hessians and in serving his cannon at Princeton. His brother George had acted as his aide, and he knew the Eyres well.

“I am very happy to see both a Continental officer





"THE GENERAL EXTENDED HIS HAND COURTEOUSLY TO THE  
FATHER AND SON."



and one of the Pennsylvania line who have been over ground once so familiar to me in Ohio and western Pennsylvania. I am particularly glad, Colonel Hand, that you have taken some lessons in Indian warfare, for I expect to give you further opportunities in that direction. Do you mind travelling northwestwardly?" said Washington.

"I shall be only too happy, your Excellency, to go wheresoever you order," said Colonel Hand; "and I wish to tell you how well I have been assisted by my aides, Captain Adam Vrooman and his son Claes, of Schenectady. The young man knows the Seneca country by personal examination. He has been beyond Cayuga Lake as far as Kanedasaga, the big 'castle,' where the Wyoming raid was planned. I beg to commend them both to the attention of your Excellency."

The general extended his hand courteously to the father and son, and bade them be seated. After a few exchanges of inquiry, the council of war was called for ten o'clock next morning. The visitors improved their time by visiting the camp and attending the inspection of some regiments by Baron Steuben. It was with a feeling of awe that young Vrooman first looked on this former aide-de-camp to the mighty king of Prussia, Frederick the Great. In glittering uniform, on a horse richly caparisoned and with unusually large holsters, Baron Steuben seemed every inch a soldier. To a boy whose ideas of

European warfare had been gained in childhood by poring over the numerous pictures of the Dutch histories of the Vaderland and the States-General's version of the family Bible, this Prussian recalled the figures of Mars and the imposing Roman soldiers under Cæsar. Dismounting, after an hour or two of drill and tactics, the indefatigable German ordered knapsacks unslung and their contents tumbled into their blankets, to see that everything provided by law was there and in order. Five hours were spent on three regiments. Then Steuben rode back to his headquarters at the house of the Staats family. "Nothing," as the baron said himself, "is too little for a great soldier."

After dinner the visitors entered the soldiers' log huts, built without a nail, but made strong with plenty of hickory pins. These were provided with a double row of bunks on all sides, in which were plenty of straw and in each, neatly folded up, a Leyden blanket. A dozen men lived in each hut. The broad fireplaces and chimneys were made of bricks and splints of wood well covered with clay. A rude table occupied most of the centre of the room, on one half of which were soldiers' gear, Mr. Paine's tracts, smokers' material, packs of cards, novels, copies of the Philadelphia periodicals, occasionally a book, and once in a while a Bible; and on the other half, vessels for eating and drinking, of wood, pewter, and earthenware. Later in the afternoon, the visitors enjoyed

the sight of dress parade and heard the evening gun.

It was a brilliant company of handsome men, most of them still young or in the prime of life, that gathered around the table of the commander-in-chief at Middlebrook, to take council concerning the proposed expedition of chastisement against "the Senecas," that name of the largest of the Six Nations, which stood in the popular minds for the whole of the allied savages. There were present Generals Knox, Wayne, Greene, Maxwell; Colonels Hand, Eyre, Steuben, Proctor, and Alexander Hamilton, Captain Adam Vrooman and his son Claes. From Generals Clinton and Poor and Domine Kirkland, letters recently received were read. General Sullivan was already at Easton, where also were boat-building parties from the Eyre shipyards, some of whom were to go forward to Wyoming and Tioga Point.

The "Seneca country" was a common phrase for the great unknown land, rich in lakes, waterfalls, and cleared maize land, of central and western New York, — the granary of the Six Nations. There were, indeed, what professed to be maps of the region lying on the table, and the heads of Washington's generals were bent over them. But, apart from showing the lines of the rivers and in a vague way the position of the lakes and Indian "castles" or fortified towns, there was very little exact information to be gained about this rich region threaded only by Indian trails.

The great Iroquois confederacy dominated a region twelve hundred miles long and six hundred miles wide, but their houses and firesides lay between the Hudson River and Niagara Falls and between Lake Ontario and Tioga Point at the forks of the Susquehanna, almost the whole area being within the length and breadth of New York. The Long House, as they called their domain, had four doors, the northern at Oswego, and the southern, where all the trails from the four points of the compass met, at Tioga Point, where the two rivers, the Chemung and the outlet of Otsego Lake forming the Susquehanna, meet. This southern door was ever guarded by a vigilant Seneca chief. Near by were the great maize lands of Queen Esther, who had figured so cruelly in the Wyoming massacre. The eastern door was at Schenectady, and the western at Niagara.

Washington, feeling in duty bound to do so, had offered the command of this expedition, for which one-third of the whole Continental army was to be spared, to General Horatio Gates, his old comrade on Braddock's field. But this officer, pride-swollen with victory at Saratoga over Burgoyne — though Gansevoort at Oriskany, Stark at Bennington, Arnold at Stillwater, and in all the wisdom and skill of Schuyler, who had foreseen and prepared every element of success, had wrought the results which secured French recognition — declined Washington's generous offer. This was done in language which plainly irritated the



commander-in-chief, who then turned to Sullivan. Young, — for he was not yet forty, — alert, of handsome military bearing, zealously patriotic, not indeed able to avoid mistakes, but ever quick to rectify or neutralize them, Major-General John Sullivan was the man for the emergency. He was one not likely to be “Braddocked.”

Washington might have offered the command to Major-General Anthony Wayne, but this gallant officer had other work to do; and do it he did, that very summer of 1779. Wayne, as elegantly gotten up in his dress as a Chestnut Street beau, politely and formally present in body but hardly in spirit, took only a general interest in the council. During some of the discussions of details over maps, he even pulled out a book, which was no other than Smollett's novel of “Roderick Random,” and began to read in snatches. It told the story of Admiral Vernon's expedition against the Spaniards in Cuba, in which Washington's older brother, Lawrence, had taken part. This, as we all know, had resulted in the naming of the family estate on the “Mount” by the Potomac and in the bringing home of a comrade, the Dutchman Jacob van Braam, who had taught the boy of ten, now the great commander Washington, broadsword and infantry exercises and a knowledge of fortification. Wayne had come provided with “food for the mind.” He had perfect confidence in Sullivan, while, in planning a battle or a campaign, Washington was in his eyes infallible.

Washington, who always made an allowance of five minutes for difference in timepieces, — for split-second watches were not yet invented, — called the meeting to order at the moment of 10.05 A.M. He laid down his own watch on the table, and, addressing Colonel Hand, said: "What shall we do for guides and interpreters? You are going among Indians that speak various languages. Fortunately no European language, other than English, will be needed. You will not have my unpleasant experience of years ago."

"Ah," said Colonel Hand, ever alert; "may I ask your Excellency what that was?"

"Well, not knowing French, I had to trust to my former military instructor, Van Braam, whose acquaintance with English was as defective as was mine with French. In the correspondence with Commander Contrecoeur, I and my party, after we had captured Dumonville and his men, were made out to be 'assassins.' The Senecas were our allies then, and the Half King helped us. Yet I suffered less than Van Braam; for, on our return to Virginia, the storm of ridicule so angered my Dutch friend that he threw up his commission, sold his lands, and is now somewhere in the British army. You will have no experience of that kind, I hope. Have you selected a pilot?"

"My young friend Vrooman," said Colonel Hand, "can certainly guide any force that will advance



through the Mohawk Valley and into the region westward, for he has been as far as Conesus, which, I am told, is the westernmost lake in that wonderful crescent line, around the shores of which the Indians are most thickly settled. He tells me also that there is a Connecticut gentleman, a clergyman, who has actually lived among the Oneidas. He speaks not only their language well but knows other Indian dialects."

"What is his name?" asked the commander-in-chief of Claes Vrooman.

"The Reverend Domine Samuel Kirkland," replied Claes.

"Very good," said Washington. "He is an old friend. Your words confirm a letter I have received from the domine himself. We must have him appointed as chaplain, and he can take some of his friendly Oneidas, our allies, with him, of whom Mr. Vrooman has told Colonel Hand. At least this one of the Six Nations has cast in its lot with us. We are to have a visit from their warriors in a few days. A delegation is now on its way here."

It was at this council table in Middlebrook, after the opinions of Knox, Steuben, and Greene had been especially drawn out and expressed, that the plan of the campaign was definitely formed and the forces assigned. It was decided to detach at least five thousand men for the task, — a number which at once revealed the seriousness of the work in hand,

for that meant one-third of the whole Continental army.

Though hundreds of miles apart, there was to be a right and left wing to the main body. The centre under Sullivan was to move from Easton, the right wing under Clinton from Schenectady, and the left under Broadhead from Pittsburg. Thus supported on either flank, east and west, the Continental army of chastisement was to sweep all Iroquoisia.

Colonel Broadhead, with six hundred men, was to advance into northern Pennsylvania and southwestern New York, to punish the Indians there.

At Schenectady General Clinton was to assemble his New York and Massachusetts troops. These were to proceed up the valley of the Mohawk. After throwing forward detachments to chastise the Onondagas, the men were to load their boats and stores on wagons at Canajoharie, and then cross the country to Lake Otsego. There they would build a dam and raise the combined waters of this and Schuyler Lake. By floating, poling, or pushing down into the Susquehanna, they were to deliver the ammunition and stores at Tioga Point. It seemed a bold and toilsome enterprise, but Clinton was not only brave and inclined to new projects, but was a skilled engineer. From Easton, the New Hampshire, Pennsylvania, and New Jersey regiments under Poor, Hubley, and Maxwell, the artillery under Proctor, and the riflemen under Colonel Hand, were

to set out by way of Wyoming for Tioga Point, to force the southern door of the Indian confederacy, and lay the "Long House" in ashes. Henceforth, Washington was to be known among the Iroquois as the "Town Destroyer."

Colonel Eyre was to relieve Colonel Proctor in command of the forts on the Delaware. The two artillery officers had been young men of energy and enterprise in the shipyard of Richard Wright, Colonel Eyre's father-in-law, where the young Irishman was very popular. Having learned the handling of cannon, Proctor raised a company, and in two years rose to be colonel. At Middlebrook, Eyre and Proctor had already renewed each other's acquaintance, and were sitting together.

"I am putting a severe task upon General Sullivan and yourselves, gentlemen," said Washington, addressing especially Maxwell, Hand, and Proctor. "To take so large an army so far into the wilderness seems like invading a foreign country; but there is not only an imperative need of the expedition in order to cut off these flank attacks of savages and Tories, but as one born on the soil, I feel that, while grateful for foreign assistance, we must depend largely upon ourselves. If our country is to be made free, it must be by Americans. We cannot afford to sit idly by and wait for the French to come and do our work. The orders of the Congress are explicit. Our cruel enemies are to be so punished that their

strength will be broken. Their country is to be so devastated that it will be not possible for the savages to occupy, the land again during the war. I have taken every precaution, based on experience, and shall furnish General Sullivan with all of the riflemen we can spare,—at least two hundred, if possible,—for these men are used to the forest and to Indian ways. I have placed the light infantry under command of Colonel Hand, who also has had experience in Indian warfare. Although it will be difficult and toilsome to transport the artillery, yet I rely upon its power of inspiring terror among the savages. The labor expended in transportation will, I feel sure, be justified. In the other brigade commanders, Poor and Clinton, I repose the highest confidence. Besides the skilled guides, I shall order Erskine and Lodge, of the topographical engineers, to measure the route and make maps of the region traversed. So, good day.”

Thereupon Washington, leaving the members of the council to the courtesies of his aide, Alexander Hamilton, left the room, and adjournment was soon the order of the hour.

## CHAPTER V

### GAYETY IN THE CONTINENTAL CAMP

WHAT happened at Middlebrook, while Colonel Eyre remained a fortnight with the army, is thus told in a letter which he wrote to his wife, who had charged him to tell her particularly about the ladies at the camp and in the country around. During the whole war there was probably no place at which the officers of the Continental army had a pleasanter time during winter quarters than at Middlebrook, in central New Jersey. Here was the very reverse of the gloom and misery at Valley Forge the year previous. Colonel Eyre was a keen observer and a diligent letter-writer. Hence his impressions are worth our notice. He was not averse to amusing his wife with delightful bits of gossip which he with his brother officers enjoyed.

Let us open the yellow time-stained packet of his letters, and see with his eyes what was worth looking at in the Jersey cantonments: —

“CAMP AT MIDDLEBROOK HEIGHTS,

“May 31, 1779.

“DEAR WIFE POLLY AND DAUGHTER PEGGY: I must tell you of my ride hither in the pleasant company of

Colonel Hand and Captain Vrooman and his son. When I remember Valley Forge, with its hunger and rags, its misery and sufferings, I can hardly believe that this is the same army, but it is. Baron Steuben has accomplished wonders in drill, tactics, and inspection of arms and equipments. Our men, after having met the enemy in the open field at Monmouth, feel in wonderfully high spirits. This is a rich country, and there are many fine old homes and farms here. Besides the pretty girls and stately matrons of the county, many of the officers have their wives, and in some cases their whole families. You would be surprised at the gayety in the camp. Some of the dinners given are more like those which we are apt to associate with Walnut Street, rather than with the heart of New Jersey.

“Let me first say, as I must always, a good word about the loyalty and patriotism of our soldiers. They live as they have fought, like men determined to be free. Every effort has been made by the king’s emissaries to persuade our men, and all sorts of rewards offered to them, to desert. Indeed, I have found that during this winter past some of the regimental camps have been flooded with printed circulars, urging the soldiers to come again under King George’s banner, with promise of pay and honors; but very few have yielded. Mr. Paine’s patriotic tracts have handsomely neutralized the Tory treason.

"The Jersey people, too, are nobly loyal. Washington has done all in his power to protect them from the marauders and disorderly elements in the army. Any thief caught meets with speedy punishment. Recently our commander gave a lesson which is not likely to be soon forgotten. Late in April, after a mighty crowd of people had gathered, and two regiments of soldiers had been drawn up in a hollow square, five deserters sat on their coffins under a gallows with the halters around their necks. Alongside of each was an open grave, for each one to fill. Two did swing, but three were pardoned.

"In another case nine men went through the same dramatic ordeal, but all except one were reprieved, the coffins taken away, and the graves filled up with earth. The ninth man had to swing, for he had forged discharges by which the army lost nearly one hundred men. I am happy to say that the Consistories of the Reformed Dutch churches here, through their domine, Rev. Jacob Hardenbergh, the son of the New York militia colonel, have sent a long letter to General Washington, thanking him for his vigilance in maintaining strict discipline throughout the army. This letter General Washington answered with his usual clearness and suavity.

"The domine is so hated of the Tories that he sleeps with a loaded musket by his bedside. Princeton has heaped honors on his head, and made him doctor of divinity. I suppose the British will burr



his meeting-house as soon as the army moves elsewhere.

“But now to more cheerful things. I could not now take time to tell you about all the fine officers I have met here. I shall leave that till I see you again; but of some I must speak. Our fellow Pennsylvanian, Anthony Wayne, is as much of a dandy as when we knew him before the war. He always looks as if he had just stepped out of a bandbox, but is one of the bravest of the brave. It is not only we “free Quakers,” who wear soldier clothes, but Dutch and German Reformed domines also.

“Muhlenburg — ‘the time to preach and the time to fight’ parson-general — is as fat as ever, like his wife, who is with him. They entertain frequently, not only with suppers but with dances. It is very rare, they say, that the fun is over before two or three o’clock in the morning. In spite of these muddy roads — as red as Margaret’s cheek when she blushes — there is a good deal of social life and visiting of officers’ wives, one with the other. Judging by the immaculate whiteness and elegant doing up of the ladies’ collars and ruffles, there must be a good deal of starch consumed in the cantonment.

“The country houses here are, many of them, built of Holland brick, and the Holland Dutch who live in them are a very hospitable set of people. They certainly know what good living is. I have been interested to notice how differently the men from



Connecticut or Virginia, North Carolina, or New Jersey, do things. Each set has its own way, but it is certainly a good thing for our country to bring the patriots of the different states together, to stand shoulder to shoulder in one common interest.

“Near Chimney Rock, which is a piece of high ground easily seen from New Brunswick, Major-General Putnam’s division is encamped. With them is Colonel Gibson’s Virginia regiment, with the surgeon of which, Thatcher by name, I had a long and pleasant talk. General Greene, of Rhode Island, whom I have met before, has his headquarters in a snug stone house belonging to a Mr. Van Veghten, a hale old gentleman of about eighty years of age. I have had considerable business with General Greene, who is now quartermaster-general. His wife is a lovely woman and extremely handsome. If I am not ungallant, and if you will not be jealous, I should say that her bright gray eyes had not seen more than twenty-five years of experience in this world. Her conversation is certainly very delightful.

“Of course I am most interested in the artillery, which I find is parked at Pluckamin. Here they hold a sort of school of war in the academy building, the young officers and men receiving instruction in gunnery and tactics. There are altogether about forty-nine companies, with about seventeen hundred men. They wear black coats with red facings. Their jackets and breeches are of white wool, and their hats are

of yellow. My friend, Colonel Proctor, does not like this new uniform. He prefers the old blue coats faced with white and buff, which remind him of old-country politics and traditions ; but, like a good soldier, he yields to Washington's orders. He will march his artillery men into the wilderness with a regiment of black coats instead of blue. He is to take nine guns. How I wish I were going in his place !

“ Our Pennsylvania boys under Wayne have blue coats lined with white, ruffled shirts, red flannel leggings, and caps dressed with fur. They are almost as neat as their general, whose nick or pet name ‘ Mad ’ came from a slouchy, drunken fellow. His regiments form one of the finest brigades in the Continental force. Washington's life-guards wear buff and blue, forming a splendid body of men, and the model for the army. There are some quite bright uniforms in the Maryland and Pennsylvania lines, but naturally I am most interested in those men that are to march westward against the savages. Nearly all the Jersey-men wear blue, turned up with red. The New Hampshire men, who are to join Sullivan, are now in camp at Redding, Connecticut, or on their march to the Delaware Valley. The general, as usual, is ahead of time, and already at Easton. How well I remember him at Brandywine, — a dark-featured, bright-eyed man, with rosy cheeks, and as handsome as a picture. This morning I received a letter from him. He is delighted with his appointment and work. Think of

his seeing the New York lakes and perhaps pushing on to Niagara !

“I must tell you a curious little anecdote, which shows how narrow and bigoted some sectarians can be. You know how harshly some of the Friends have spoken of us ‘free Quakers,’ because we have taken up arms for our country’s freedom, and how uncharitable some of them are in their judgments ; but I think the Dutch churchmen here have gone further. My chief of artillery, General Knox, told me about it. Mrs. Knox has insisted on being with her husband and sharing his privations in camp, so that it is no wonder that two of her children have died in infancy. They are Congregationalists, as indeed nearly all the New Englanders are, and this, in the eyes of the Dutch Calvinists, means something dangerous, though both sorts of churchmen honor the Geneva reformer.

“A short time ago Mrs. Knox’s second baby, born in the camp here, died. The father and mother wished the little one to be buried in the churchyard, but the elders in the Great Consistory are so frightfully orthodox that they declined allowing the infant to be buried within the cemetery. Is not this like what Christ said about ‘despising the little ones’ ? The little grave lies about ten yards west of the ‘meeting-house,’ as we would say, for we find it hard to call anything made of brick or stone a ‘church,’ which can only be made up of living souls.

“I am bound to say that the general’s host, old Jacobus van der Veer, is very angry about the Consistory’s action, especially as he gave the ground to the church, for he himself has suffered from the same narrowness and bigotry. Several years ago his own daughter, who was insane, was denied burial on account of her infirmity. When will the world learn that insanity is not necessarily a proof of God’s disfavor? So he buried his daughter just outside the line fence, and when the general was informed he could not put his baby’s corpse in the cemetery, Mr. Van de Veer took my chief by the hand and led him out by his daughter’s grave, and with a choking voice said, ‘General, this is my ground; bury your child here.’

“I have been to several tea drinkings, dinners, and evening companies, and if I were to give the list of ladies, it would be a long one. Mrs. Washington, Mrs. Knox, Mrs. Lott from near Morristown, Lady Sterling and her brilliant daughter Kitty, Mrs. Greene, a Miss Brown from Virginia, and Misses Katy and Betsey Livingston, daughters of the governor of New Jersey, are in the cantonment. His married daughter, Mrs. John Jay, has also been here. She has so wonderfully brilliant a complexion that strangers think it must come from rouge, though those who know her best say it is nature’s own blush. Then there are the five handsome and well-bred daughters of Philip van Horne, who lives at Phil’s

Hill. He is a fine man, but his weakness seems to be a desire to cultivate friendship with the friends both of King George and the Continental Congress.

“On great occasions, such as a review, ladies come up from Princeton, Elizabethtown, and Basking Ridge; but, handsome as they are, I must tell you of the superb officers here, for example, Colonel Alexander Hamilton. He is only twenty-two years old, has, besides rosy cheeks and powdered hair, such amiable manners and agreeable presence, that he makes every visitor a friend. He is single, and I wonder what lady he is yet to win. The only person whom I ever heard of having taken offence at him for being asked to wait, while General Washington was busy, was that rather impetuous Pole, Count Pulaski.

“Two other officers in Washington’s military family are Colonel Tench, Tilghman, and William Colfax, the latter being chief of Washington’s body-guard. I could not exaggerate the beauty of his clear, florid complexion and expressive blue eyes. He is such a favorite of Mrs. Washington that she has knit for him, with her own hands, a linen thread net for his queue.

“He is engaged to Hester, a daughter of Jasper Schuyler, cousin of General Philip Schuyler.

“By the way, it may interest you to know that her great-grandfather, Arendt Schuyler, was named after that famous friend of the Indians, Arendt van Culer, who a century and a half ago so impressed the

redmen with his honesty and justice that they still call the governors of New York after his name, and their bond of loyalty to the king 'the covenant of Corlaer,' of which more anon. 'Corlaer' is a name to conjure by among the Indians; and, by plying them with the name of this Dutchman, who died over a century ago, and is a sort of saint or holy father among the Iroquois, the British won them to their side."

## CHAPTER VI

### THE GENERAL OF THE CONTINENTAL ARMIES

“ I MUST tell you about Washington’s body-guard, which numbers one hundred and eighty men. They wear blue coats faced with buff, red waistcoats, buckskin breeches, white belts, and black cocked hats trimmed with white capes, being as superb a body of men as I have ever seen. Among them are several Pennsylvania Germans, who are great singers of hymns. One song I heard so often that I copied it down, and here it is :—

“ ‘ England’s Georgel, Kaiser, Koenig,  
Ist fur Gott und us zu wenig.’ ”

“ I hear that they go into battle singing this as a refrain. Roughly translated, it means that King George is not great enough to inspire loyalty, and that God means it to be so.

“ A very funny incident happened here a few weeks ago. It was rumored that Captain Simcoe was riding through the country, hoping, with his Queen’s Rangers, to dash between the lines and seize Washington’s person. It was wonderful to see how quickly, on the alarm being given, the life-guards showed



their mettle. They leaped out of their huts, half dressed, and unceremoniously taking possession of headquarters, bolted and barricaded the door. Then they threw open every window, at which five men could be seen, with guns loaded and cocked, waiting until a regiment or two from the camp should turn out and form around the house.

"The alarm proved to be a false one; but at the dinner table Mrs. Washington told, most amusingly, how she had to put her head under the bed-clothes, and entrenched herself with pillows, so as to keep warm while the winter breezes swept through her bedroom; for the men stood guard till they were ordered to enter their huts again, and the Simcoe supposed to be near should put off his raid till a more favorable day. There have been so many cases on both sides of officers being captured in their beds, that, between enterprise and vigilance, there are some lively episodes.

"General Washington seems to appoint men out of sheer merit, and not out of personal favor. Nevertheless, if I were a betting man, I should wager a dinner of the best Pennsylvania 'dump noodles and schnitz,' with the ham and molasses thrown in, that 'Light-horse Harry Lee,' a young cavalry officer here, has been sentimentally favored by Washington and given the separate command of three companies of light horse, although he is only twenty-three years old. Mrs. Greene says that Harry Lee's mother, when a

young girl, made Washington's heart bounce up and down, and many thought, from his attentions to her at one time that they were both in love with each other and engaged to be married. But, until our general met the widow Custis, he does not seem to have been very successful as a lover.

“‘Light-horse Harry Lee is a graduate of Princeton College, and a very graceful fellow. He is an especial favorite at the Van Veghten house, which I enjoy visiting so often, though I am frequently at the Middlebrook tavern also, where I meet many officers, among whom I am delighted with Colonel Alexander Scammel, now thirty-five years old and an adjutant-general of the army. He stands six feet two in his stockings, and is a big-hearted fellow. He is self-doomed to bachelorhood, for his lady love up in Connecticut will have him only on condition of his leaving the army. Yet, though he loves her, he loves his country more, and has broken off the engagement.

“It would not do to close my gallery of silhouettes without telling you of Captain Duponceau, Captain James Fairlie, and Captain William North, who are of the baron's family. The first is a Frenchman, with a proneness to kiss pretty girls that may get him into trouble. The second tells such funny stories that even Washington laughs at them. They even say that once, in crossing the Hudson River, the general actually rolled off his seat and came near

capsizing the craft, for Fairlie was so funny. Think of that! As for North, he is Steuben's right arm in making the German discipline popular.

"It is a wonderful picture of society that I see here. I confess that I am surprised to find so much of it in the camp, yes, perhaps even more, relatively, at least, than in the city. The visiting ladies, on social occasions, wear high, round hats with long feathers, and their satin petticoats, taffetas, and brocades seem to me to be simply gorgeous, though Mrs. Washington, by dressing in plainer gowns, with only neat kerchiefs, tries to set the good example of modest propriety. So long as the Dutch keep open for us a port of free entry and departure at St. Eustatius, we are likely to enjoy Europe's luxuries; while, as I know from my own wife's magical powers in the same direction, you can trust to the skilful fingers and needles of our ladies to make old things look new and handsome.

"As for the men, they enjoy their fine clothes as much as the birds do their feathers, or the ladies their hose and head-dresses. What is there in war that immediately makes men put on finery? Is it to please the ladies, or to make the soldier's short life gay while it lasts? Washington himself, in his uniform of blue and buff, varnished boots, and three-cornered hat, is 'the glass of fashion and the mould of form' for all of us. He is a perfect horseman, delighting every eye that looks on him. Even the

horse seems to enjoy being ridden by such a capital equestrian. As to fashions of the hair, the older men, on social occasions, wear their wigs, but the younger put their hair in a queue; and you can be sure that both lard for stiffening and powder for whitening are plentifully used.

“When to a grand review, for example, the fine ladies drive up from Basking Ridge, Morristown, or Princeton, I almost think that it is Sunday morning, and that I am standing on Second Street near Market, in front of Christ’s Church, as I see these gentlemen, in gay coats, knee breeches, silk stockings, and buckled shoes, with cocked hats under their arms, handing out the gorgeously appparelled females from their carriages. When the ladies salute their gallants with impressive courtesies, the bow of the head and the wave of the leg and the scraping of the ground with the foot make such a picture of gayety that I wonder whether, after all, we are at war.

“But, as a people, we are poor enough, too. Our army is shamefully small, and hard money is lacking. Soon enough, no doubt, these officers, Greene and Knox, Muhlenberg and Steuben, Maxwell and Hand, who have fought on the red clay of Brandywine, in the fog at Germantown, and over the rolling land of Monmouth, will be amid powder, smoke, and blood again. Happily for our future, we now have Steuben’s ‘Regulations for the Infantry of the United States’ put into good English by Captain

Walker. It is certain that the artillery was never in better condition, while the cavalry, if dash and valor can avail anything, will certainly make their mark.

“One of the funniest sights the camp has yet witnessed contrasted strangely with the magnificent review of the army, in presence of the French minister Gerard and the Spanish envoy Don Juan de Miralles, of which I must tell you. The latter has been sent by the governor of Havana to look into our country and its resources; but of his real intentions, ability, or standing, we are all in the dark. Some blame Congress for unwisely welcoming him; for, although Spain may be our friend and yet recognize our independence, this man may be a spy and an intriguer. Spain evidently wants to keep Florida, and to control the Mississippi Valley, and in this matter, as a ship-builder, I am deeply interested. Some of the Southern officers, whom I have met here, say that they hope Congress will never grant to any foreign power the free navigation of the Mississippi, or give it up for a pecuniary consideration.

“But the contrast I hinted at was in the visit of a band of Indian chiefs, whose faces are painted, their heads tufted with scalp-locks, and their ears and noses hung with brass and copper ornaments. They rode wretched horses without saddles, and had old ropes and straps for bridles. Their appearance

was a sorry one, but, being from friendly tribes, especially the Oneidas and Mohawks, Washington thought it best to pay them considerable deference, and had several regiments draw up in line on dress parade for their delectation. He sat on his gray horse and was followed by his black servant Bill, in addition to his usual escort. I am sure we ought to honor these Oneidas, for siding with us against the king. Little Tree, a Seneca chief, who visited Philadelphia and the general's headquarters, is now believed to be a renegade, as 'Old Smoke' proved himself to be. Hanyari, the Oneida chief, is worth them both.

"To conclude this too long letter, it has been decided that the three brigades of Poor, Maxwell, and Hand, with several companies of riflemen and Colonel Proctor's artillery regiment, will form the main force against the Senecas. They will report at Easton and move on to Tioga Point, which is near the centre of the boundary line between New York and Pennsylvania, and there join Clinton's brigade, from Schenectady. Proctor's regimental band is also going, so the men will have some music. They will need it, to cheer them up; for hauling the guns in a forest will be hard work, though to Tioga Point they will go in boats.

"General Maxwell and his men have not had the quiet winter which our soldiers at Middlebrook have enjoyed, for, late in February, Colonel Sterling, with



two British regiments and a company of the guards, tried to surprise the Jerseymen; but the general alertly led off his men down the Rahway Road. So the prowling fox, as the disappointed hunter, who failed to fill his game-bag, called him, was neither trapped nor slain. Instead of being captured, the Jerseymen turned on their foes and gave the British a taste of cannon-ball and musketry, cutting them up badly.

“Colonels Ogden’s, Shrieve’s, and Dayton’s regiments, with some men from Colonels Spencer’s and Baldwin’s regiments, will form Maxwell’s brigade, making 111 officers and 1294 men. Lieutenant-Colonel Barber, of the Third New Jersey, is to be Sullivan’s chief of staff, and Captain Aaron Ogden, of the First Regiment, is aide to General Maxwell. The New Jersey men felt very bad at being ordered into the wilderness at this particular time. This is not because they are not brave and patriotic, but because the currency issued by Congress is so nearly worthless. They have not had their pay for many months. I am told that here a colonel’s salary, in Continental pasteboard, will not pay for his horses’ oats, and the six months’ pay of a private will hardly buy one barrel of flour. Fortunately, however, owing to Governor Livingston’s activity, both officers and men have been paid some hard money, the officers two hundred dollars and the men forty dollars each. He keeps up a steady correspondence with Holland,



and is sure that the Dutch republic will yet recognize and assist our country. How a million or so of guilders would cheer us all up!

"The first and third New Jersey regiments are already at Easton, and I had the pleasure of seeing the second, Colonel Shrieve's, marching past us the other day. They were entertained first by the citizens of Elizabethtown and then escorted from the village. As they passed through our camp at Middlebrook, the hurrahs of our soldiers, who envied them the prospect of an active campaign, were worth hearing. I am told that the cantonment here is likely to remain nearly intact until June, but I must hasten, for my orders are to report immediately to the Delaware forts. Perhaps I may reach you almost as soon as this letter, which goes out from camp to-night."

Thus ended Colonel Eyre's letter. He did *not* reach home for a fortnight after the "express" had delivered his message, for he was at his guns in the Delaware forts, guarding against a rumored British naval raid on Philadelphia.

Let us now read another letter, — this time from the north. It will tell us how his friends the frontiersmen fared. In those days, Schenectady was in the "Far West."

## CHAPTER VII

### LIFE IN A FRONTIER TOWN

“SCHENECTADY, N.Y., June 5, 1779.

“DEAR COLONEL EYRE: I promised to write to you when I got home in Schenectady, and tell you how my native town — ‘Dorp,’ we call it — looks to me after many months’ absence, and what is being done by the military here in preparation for the Western Expedition against the Tories and Indians. Father and I left Middlebrook, and, after a long horseback ride, came to Kingston, where I saw a big drove of fat cattle starting off for Otsego Lake to furnish beef for Sullivan’s, or rather Clinton’s, army.

“At Esopus we took boat up the Hudson River to Albany and walked overland, arriving here day before yesterday.

“You would like to know how a frontier town, so different from Philadelphia, looks? This settlement, made in 1661 on lands bought from the Mohawks by Arendt van Curler, was laid out as a parallelogram, with a gate at the south on the road to Albany, and one on the north toward Canada. In between are

two streets. One is called Church, and is quite wide, running from gate to gate; and the other is Cross, from east to west. The town is surrounded by palisades made by cutting trees, sharpening their points and driving them into the earth, setting them three deep, and bracing them at the top with stout timber. Inside there is a bank or way, on which sentinels or defenders may stand. Outside there is a ditch, and at the gates drawbridges, so that Indians cannot force the place by a sudden attack. Even white men would have difficulty in capturing this place, unless well provided with ladders or artillery at least as heavy as six-pounders.

“The Mohawk River bends sharply here, and the walls run along Front, Traders, Martyrs, and Ferry streets. Thus two sides face the water, the main river, and the Binne-kill or inside branch. Our streets tell their story even better than yours, which William Penn named after numbers and trees. On Traders Street live the men who buy and sell. Front street really fronts the river, and you reach the ferry by going down Ferry Street. The Street of the Martyrs is that on which so many fell in the bloody Indian massacre, instigated by Louis XIV. and his mistress, Madame de Maintenon, when our Dutch stadholder was also England's king, in 1690. We call the people slaughtered then, ‘martyrs,’ for they died for their religion, as well as because they were subjects of the king of England. Now

things are so changed that the savages are employed, not by the French, but by the German king of Great Britain.

“Since the war broke out, our wooden walls have been extended eastward over the Wall Street and Maiden Lane; for, beside the townspeople ordinarily living here, hundreds of refugees from the Mohawk and Schoharie valleys and in the open country northward toward Saratoga have come to dwell in this town. The increased population, together with the soldiers who have at various times camped around on the hills and flats, and the hospital nurses and doctors on Niskayuna Street, together with the boat-building operations, make Dorp a bustling place, almost like Philadelphia, though on a very much smaller scale. If Sullivan’s expedition fails, or is only in part successful, we shall have to shelter the friendly Oneidas here, also.

“Sunday evenings we generally spend in sitting out on the *stoep*, the men smoking and chatting with each other and the women, while the young folks are sauntering up and down, though I tell you we have fine singing in some of the houses, or by companies gathered often on the porches. It is surprising how popular, especially since the outbreak of the war for Independence, the ‘Wilhelmus Lied’ or ‘Dutch National Song,’ written by Sainte-Aldegonde, is. It was my wife’s especial favorite. I wonder if she sings it in her captivity. The green and well-shaded

road leading past the burying-ground is a favorite walk, and some call it 'Lover's Lane.'

"The liveliest part of the town is on the strip of ground between Front Street and the Mohawk. Here the boat yards are as busy as beehives in honey-making time. The two hundred and eight boats ordered are nearly all finished. They are made for use rather than beauty; for they are to go with heavy loads in shallow water, where they have to be poled, pushed, drawn, and coaxed, as well as sailed occasionally.

"General Clinton's plan is to load the stores on these boats and move up the river to Canajoharie. There, teams of oxen and wagons will be in readiness to transport both the boats and the stores over to Otsego Lake, one of the sources of the Susquehanna. Gay and eager as the soldiers seem to be for the expedition, I really fear there will be some hard swearing, when it comes to dragging those boats and barrels over the hills, for I have been over that region and know it to be rough. Just now the last twenty boats are under adze and hammer, and the chips are flying at a lively rate. Kindling wood will be very handy for everybody, this coming winter. The ground is fairly carpeted with shavings.

"On week-days, after supper-time, the girls and people generally come down to romp and frolic among the boats and boat yards, and to see the army stores, which have been hauled in wagons

overland from Albany, put on board. One wonders whether all the powder in these casks will ever be fired off, or these boxes of leaden balls be all used, there are so many of them. Entrenching tools and camp gear, big bullet moulds, axes, and what not, take up a formidable amount of room. These stores are frightfully clumsy and heavy, but I suppose are necessary. The rum barrels alone fill ten boats; for evidently the officers are going to have a good time, despite their vowing, one and all, that, under Clinton they will never be 'Braddocked.' I hope they will not, like Braddock's officers, be shot with their napkins pinned on them. As for buttons, I never saw so many in my life as there are on these Massachusetts troops. They fairly dazzle me. A rifleman, accustomed to a brown buckskin hunting frock, cannot help noticing what splendid shooting they make for an Indian behind a tree. He has only to count down to the fifth, and he has the place to aim at. They make nearly as good a target as a British officer's gorget or brass neckpiece. This campaign will not be a picnic.

"How these boats are ever to navigate the shallow Susquehanna—and I have been along the valley there—I do not know; but Clinton is an engineer, and perhaps he can store up the water in Otsego Lake to fill up the channels lower down and get us to Tioga Point. All the boats will be finished by June 15th. Then, while the regiments march on

land, these will move up the river. I hope all these boxes and barrels contain in good quality what they profess to have inside, for I know of some pretty rascally work done by contractors in Albany and Schenectady, in days gone by, when they used to supply Oswego. Last Sunday, I thought that the Van Loup girls were rather extravagantly dressed, and flaunted rather too much jewelry, in a time when so many are suffering for clothing and shelter. Everybody knows that their father cheated both the king and Congress, in the supplies which he furnished, first for Oswego, and then for the Oriskany campaign. They proved worthless when they were most wanted.

“The boatmen are all here, and ready to move west. We New Yorkers are fortunate in having such a leader as General George Clinton, and such colonels as Gansevoort, who held Fort Stanwix—we call it Fort Schuyler now—so gallantly against St. Leger. Proud, indeed, are we of our red, white, and blue flag made there, out of white linen shirts, red flannel petticoats, and what-nots. It was this flag which, in point of time, showed the stars and stripes first of all over our army. This same flag is now kept here, and we are going to hoist it over the fort at Front and Ferry streets, when the flotilla moves up the stream. I am to be attached especially to Colonel Pierre van Cortlandt’s regiment, and, when not under General Hand’s orders, as I often may be, must hold myself respon-



sible to the colonel. Of this I am mighty glad, for he knows me, and what I want to accomplish. He is the patriot who tore up his royal commission and foiled all the seductions of Tories to win him over. He is now at Wyoming with his regiment, but I report to him at Tioga Point. His rank and file form a splendid body of men.

"I must tell you about a fine lad here, named Herman Clute, who is but twenty years old, but very intelligent, strong as an ox, and brave as a lion. He is to take the place of a soldier who was disabled by an accident on the boats. He has been recommended to my care by his mother. If we do not hear a good account of him, then count me a stupid prophet."

We shall find out, in the course of our study, whether Claes Vrooman's expectations of Herman were extravagant. Had he been writing to an older or more intimate friend he would probably have added that, between the young soldier and the maid in captivity, Mary Vrooman, there had long existed a very warm and a very tender feeling. They had been playmates from childhood. Since the Cherry Valley episode, Herman had moped much. Now he was full of the fire of hope. In him was the "love that lightens all distress." His mother grieved to spare her only son, but no Spartan ever gave her son more willingly. It was a red-letter day for Herman when he put on the Continental uniform.

## CHAPTER VIII

### FROM SCHENECTADY TO OTSEGO LAKE

IT was a gay day inside "Old Dorp," as the palisaded frontier town of Schenectady was called, when, on that bright June morning, in 1779, people from town and country, having come in in crowds to see the departure of the soldiers and the fleets, lined the Binne-kill and the river sides. It was very cool weather. Only a few days before, the hard frost had killed many of the blossoms and nipped the flowers and early vegetables, but there were enough of bloom on the trees and rich greenery springing up, since the warmth and showers together had come, to obliterate all traces of Jack Frost's work. Flags—home-made indeed, but with the true ancestral Dutch as well as American colors, red, white, and blue, so dear to the eye of man descended from Holland's heroes—hung out of windows in the house fronts and in the gable ends which faced the streets.

Very few houses in the place were two storied, most of them being of bricks indeed, but having but one

story, above which were high, sloping tiled roofs and roomy attics on the second floor. All were shining clean, with curtains and flowers at the windows, and walls and mantelpieces inside well decorated with prints and paintings from Holland, the old home land of liberty set behind the dikes, as well as with the less æsthetic efforts of the local artists. Many of the fireplaces were flanked and topped with tiles, telling the Scripture story rather freely, with here and there a gay picture in enamel of Prince Maurice or Father William, or some later stadholder. Delft ware in Dorp was quite as common, at least, as ballast bricks from Holland and long pipes from Gouda. Painted on the outside with gay colors, generally red and blue, each house had a *stoep*, or porch furnished with seats, kept well "filed" or scrubbed.

The two-leaved or double door of each house was not divided up and down, but crosswise, so that, when the lower part was shut, all kinds of enterprising but unwelcome creatures, including the pigs and chickens by day, and various marauders, on two, four or more legs, at night, were kept out. The upper half of the door, on which was usually a shining brass knocker, could be thrown inward, letting in air and light, and keeping the house well ventilated. Moreover, on the wooden equator, between the lintels, Mynheer or Mevrouw could rest on his or her elbows. This he could do while smoking his pipe in one corner of his

mouth and chatting with a sociable neighbor out of the other. Or, the *vrouw* could stand with broom, and hand to her chin, or arms akimbo, while digesting between breakfast and dinner the gossip of yesterday, or, in late afternoon, the morning happenings.

To-day, however, pretty much "everybody that was anybody," not at the riverside, was out on Church Street. The spaces, not only on the *stoeps* but between them, were crowded with women, children, and the older men. The girls had bunches of flowers, to hand to the soldiers to stick inside their big, smooth-bore muskets. The small boys, who had on cocked hats, with enough red and blue and white flannel pinned on their coats to make them look like Continentals, waved flags, while they hurraed for Generals Washington, Sullivan, and Clinton, and for Colonels Gansevoort and Van Cortlandt. Some shouted to the men in the ranks to be sure to bring home Brant and Butler as prisoners, to dodge the bullets, and not to leave their scalps in the woods.

So, with fife and drum and the flags flapping in the stiff western breeze, the men of the various commands assembled at Schenectady to convoy the stores afloat, marched up the valley with their faces set toward Canajoharie. Simultaneously the long flotilla of boats, decked with hundreds of flags and pennons, and some of them loaded perilously near the gunwale, moved up stream in the same direction and disappeared.

The town was once more left to its wonted quietness and peace. The small boy grieved over the absence of the soldiers, and, out of sheer habit, listened in vain for the morning and evening gun from the camp, answering that of the fort. Chickens, ducks, and turkeys, to say nothing of the cows, manifested visible signs of rejoicing, for they could now wander peacefully up and down the streets, in which were even yet some suggestions of stumps of forest trees long ago cut down, on their way to and from the pasture. Certainly the geese made their usual *gansevoort*, or goose parade, with apparently greater pride and regularity. It was noted by Granny Shaddlegroen that the leading gander, finding half a loaf of hard, stale bread, actually carried it all the way from Cross to Martyrs Street, and there, dipping it in the runnel of water, so soaked it soft that the gander's whole harem enjoyed the feast with screams of delight. Surely this was a good omen.

What happened to himself and comrades, and how a soldier's life looks to the youth of twenty, Herman Clute, who had been suddenly called to be a soldier, may be learned from a letter which he wrote to his mother from the great camp at Tioga Point, where five thousand Continental soldiers, chiefly from the six states of Massachusetts, New York, New Hampshire, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and Virginia, were gathered together under the forest trees in that won-

derful peninsula formed by the twin branches of the Susquehanna.

There, just like two lovers that nearly come together, quarrel, part, and make up again, the two streams first approach and then separate, only to unite again farther on. Where on the map they seem about to touch, but do not, Fort Sullivan, of which we shall hear more, was built.

“FORT SULLIVAN, TIOGA POINT, PA.,

“August 23, 1779.

“DEAR MOTHER: Would you like to know what the life of a soldier on a campaign is like? Well, here I am, away off hundreds of miles from home in the woods of Pennsylvania, but well and hearty, though I declare I never worked so hard in my life. After father had been drowned at Little Falls, and I as the oldest son had to do the work of the house, I used to think life was very hard. Between chopping wood, looking after the horses, and taking the cows to drink and to pasture, with all my other chores, I was driven pretty hard. But I tell you that to carry a heavy gun, big powder-horn full to the nozzle, bullet bag with a pound or two of lead, an axe at my belt and a knapsack weighing forty pounds with a blanket on top, marching through the woods and along the river, where there are no roads, except what the Indians tramped over, is a good deal harder than farming.

For ease, I should like to be back among the cows.

“The first few days I thought I could not stand it, but now I am rather used to it. I must tell you my first experiences, not of sleeping out of doors — for I have done that often — but of sleeping in the rain. The mosquitoes and wood flies were very lively the first two days, and the men that smoked seemed to have the easier time. Some of the tough and skinny fellows seemed to suffer the most.

“The first night, when I lay down, with my knapsack for a pillow, and fitted my shoulders snugly between two roots of a tree, I was quickly asleep. Something seemed to be tickling my face, and I thought sister Cartie was teasing me with a spear of wheat. By and by I dreamed that flies were moving over my face, and I brushed them away. This was of no use, for they kept coming on in swarms, I thought. When I took both hands to drive them away, I woke up and found my hands wet. Then I realized that it was raining. However, I didn’t move, but let the rain fall until it began to pour pretty lively. I could feel the water soaking into my clothes, inch by inch, as I lay on the ground.

“In the morning we were a very bedraggled set, as you might imagine; but wood is plenty here. In spite of the rain, we soon had roaring fires, dried ourselves off somewhat, and toasted slices of bacon



on our ramrods. I thought that the dry bread in my haversack never tasted better.

“At Canajoharie, we had to take off our coats and help unload the boats, and hoist them up on the big wagons that were here all ready to receive us. Such pushing and pulling as we had, I can hardly tell you! One Connecticut man fell dead at the work. It is said that he broke a blood vessel. Following the wagons, each drawn by four yoke of oxen, we marched over the hills. When we reached Lake Otsego, I thought I had never seen a more lovely sheet of water. Many of the trees and bushes, in their fresh green of spring or early summer, dip over into the water.

“We have a fine place for camp upon the side of the hill, well cleared and drained, and the tents are set in regular rows. We can get all the fish and venison we want here, and we have plenty of beef also, for fifty wagons are steadily going between Canajoharie and the lake, and all the men seem in good spirits. I have been over to see the other regiments, especially that from Massachusetts called after Colonel Alden, who was killed last year at Cherry Valley.

“I have just heard that a spy from Butler’s rangers has been seized and hanged, down at the river. He was one of a party of two Tories and nine Indians, such as are still roaming the country, to kill, burn, and destroy. When I take my place on the watch

at night, I feel that there is danger and I must keep a sharp lookout. Only the other day a sentinel was fired on by Indians in ambush. One night I caught the gleam of moonbeams on gun barrels, and was pretty sure that two men were moving around the bushes. I fired, but whether any damage was done them I do not know; but a search afterwards showed that I was not mistaken, for men had been lying down there, and the officer commended me.

“Of course you will want to know what we get to eat. While at Otsego Lake we had good bread, for an oven was built in the camp. With fresh beef just from the hoof, and occasionally green stuff, we fare well. A good deal goes on in the way of excitement. One day thirty friendly Oneida Indians came in, led by a chief named Hanyari, who will be our guides into the Seneca country. I have learned to like Hanyari very much. In the party is a wonderful old fellow, who saved Domine Kirkland from starvation by collecting ginseng plant in the woods, and, running to Albany, sold it and brought back supplies. He seems to know every plant in the forest. When Vrooman showed him a picture of the glen flower which the Philadelphia lady desires, he said at once that he had seen it growing at the head of Cayuga Lake.

“One white man here, whose house was burnt and family all slain by the savages, who has been the

whole length of the Susquehanna and to Baltimore, will be our river pilot. He tells us about the Scotch Tories of a settlement in this region, who were such hidebound loyalists that they defied old customs.

"Instead of their observing the law of the road and turning to the right, as our Dutch law directs, they always moved to the left. They thus often got into quarrels with their white neighbors, who would turn to the right. They seem to enjoy keeping up the old feuds and clan fights of Scotland. These are all scattered now, and most of them are among the Senecas, helping the savages on their maize farms.

"On another day, an Indian came in from Fort Schuyler and gave the news that fourteen hundred Indians and Tories, under Brant, are on their way to intercept or ambuscade us, when we attempt to march from Otsego to Tioga Point. Failing on this, we fear they may slip off down toward the Delaware region, and ravage the settlements there.

"On one Sunday, the brigade chaplain, the Rev. Mr. Gano, preached a good sermon from Job xxii. 21. I have heard him several times, and like him.

"But even more solemn, certainly more awe-inspiring, than worship under the trees, is the punishment given to deserters. The army discipline is very severe. On one day, three deserters were

brought into camp and immediately tied up and whipped. One of them received five hundred lashes, because he had some weeks ago been sentenced to three hundred stripes, but was forgiven by the colonel. Then, instead of being a better soldier, he deserted again; so what he got was back pay. A few days later, two more men, one of them a sergeant, were whipped, one hundred lashes each. Three more were sentenced to be shot to death,—one a Massachusetts, another a New York, and the third a Pennsylvania man. Riding the wooden horse—made by chopping a log into triangular shape, with a sharp edge—and running the gantlet are common punishments.

“Oh, it was an awful sight, I tell you, to see three wretched men sitting on their coffins, the roughest sort you can imagine, with the lids on, and their fresh-dug graves just before them; but General Clinton thought that two should be reprieved, and they were; but the other was brought out and, before the whole brigade, shot. Nine men fired, but only eight guns were loaded. These were changed round, before being handed to the firing party, so that no man could say or know or feel that his bullet did the work. It was the law, not his comrades, that killed the man.

“Except these dark things, everything else is fine, and I enjoy army life. One day a courier brought in tidings of General Wayne’s capture

of Stony Point, but most of the other messengers told us of farmers shot in the fields, or people on pleasure parties ambuscaded. The surmise about Brant was well founded. He found our forces too strong, and so he slipped away into the Delaware and Walkill valleys. We have heard of the Minisink massacre, in which fifty men were slaughtered.

“On the whole, it was a very pleasant month, that one of July, and I shall always remember it. We had plenty of fruit, apples, vegetables, and a fine herd of fat cattle, from Kingston, have kept us in good condition. There is a broad trail leading from that old town, Kingston, which grandmother still calls ‘Wiltwyck,’ to Otsego, and on westward to Niagara. On August 7th, we had a parade in which all the light infantry and the rifle corps showed at their best. Colonel William Butler is to command us, and we have word that General Sullivan, after long delays at Wyoming, which were no fault of his, has at last been able to get to Tioga Point.

“There are plenty of rattlesnakes in this region, and we have killed a great many. What a pity that old Clausha Decatur, of Frog Alley in Dort, is not here. He might get oil enough out of them to cure his rheumatism. They say their flesh is good to eat and that the taste is very pleasant. One escaped prisoner from the Senecas, who joined our camp at Unadilla,

was sixteen days in the woods, and had little else but rattlesnake meat to live on. One day last week, while rambling in the woods, I caught hold of the edge of a high rock to lift myself up with my hands, when just as my eyes were level with the top, I saw three big ones, just ready to spring at me. How I dropped and ran! I shall never forget their glittering, lidless eyes and dripping fangs. Ugh! I shudder as I think of it.

“Do you want to know how our boats got started, and are now floating in plenty of water in the Susquehanna River, where only a few days before one would hardly have wet his knees in walking across it? Let me tell you. On June 21st, Colonel William Butler ordered out a party made up of skilful axemen, and they built a dam with a sluice and gateway clear across the southern end of the lake. Making it water-tight, they closed it up. What with the natural flow of water into Schuyler and Otsego lakes, and the heavy rains (for we had a terrible storm on the 11th of July), the water in the lake rose, it seemed to me, about two feet, though others say only one.

“Indeed, when it comes to numbers, figures, size, or distance, I have learned not to believe everything I hear in camp, for none of the trails have been measured, and, especially on days when the men have not much to do, all kinds of stories start. Sometimes they try to scare me, because, being a young and

green soldier, they consider me a good 'marine.' I miss also my 'hill clock.' At home, for afternoon time, I need only look eastward to the Helderberg range, to see in what notch the sun was, and, when it seemed to be rolling down hill like a ball, I knew how late it must be; but here, I know only the points of the compass.

"Our chaplain, Gano, is a clever and jolly fellow, who has helped us to bear cheerfully the long delay here. Being on guard near the general's tent, on Friday, August 6th, I heard the following conversation:—

"'Chaplain,' said the general, 'you will have your last preaching service here day after to-morrow.'

"'Ah, indeed! Are we to march soon? Before another Sunday?'

"'Yes, but I do not want the men to know it.'

"'Nor shall I tell them; but, general, am I at liberty to preach from any text I choose?'

"'Certainly, chaplain.'

"'And you will not, in any event, tax me with violation of confidence?'

"'No! only stick to your Bible, and I'll give the official orders.'

"'All right, general.'

"The chaplain, recognizing me, warned me not to disclose anything I overheard, and I promised not to; but I noticed a twinkle in his eye. So on Sunday, August 8th, he preached to the whole brigade,



from the text, 'Being ready to depart on the morrow.'

"The faces of our men lightened, but the general's face wore a frown. He was distinctly vexed ; but the parson made application to our souls, rather than our bodies, and, as he proceeded, General Clinton looked pleased. At the conclusion of the services, the commander rose and announced the order of march on Monday morning."

## CHAPTER IX

### INTO QUEEN ESTHER'S COUNTRY

HERMAN CLUTE'S letter, in different-colored ink and another sort of paper, showing the interruptions of a private soldier, continues as follows:—

“All the boats gathered in line, loaded, and ready to proceed down the river, were moved to the banks of the outlet. On Sunday, at six o'clock P.M., the axemen chopped away the gate, and all night long the water poured out through the sluice into the river. You can imagine how steadily this supplied a channel for us, for Otsego is eight miles long and Schuyler Lake empties into it. On Monday, after breakfast, I was one of the lucky fellows who were ordered into the boats. The current was so swift that it reminded me of sliding down hill. Besides the ammunition, provisions, and stores, we have two pieces of cannon belonging to Colonel Dubois's regiment.

“We made thirty miles by water that day, and twenty-five miles the next. Of course the men who

marched by shore did not have to go the same distance we did, for the river is very winding and they could march in nearly a straight line, though the riflemen kept near the bank, to guard against surprises by Indians, whose tracks we found in many places.

“The savages were mightily scared at seeing the river rise in summer, and thought the Great Spirit was angry. In one place, they painted a rough picture of the river overflowing on the rocks, showing a cornfield flooded. At Unadilla, besides meeting the rattlesnake eater I have spoken of, we came to the place where General Herkimer had held a council with Brant and the Indians. He urged them not to take up arms against our side, but to let us settle our family quarrel with the British between ourselves. It seemed to be too much for the Indian intellect to be able to decide between white men, as to the right and wrong of British and American quarrels; and when the Tories' presents of rum, hatchets, powder, balls, beads, — and especially rum, — came, they decided to side with King George. The Tories persuaded them to believe they were thus keeping ‘the Covenant of Corlaer,’ and that ‘the silver chain’ was well brightened; but they will have to suffer for their weakness, just as the Onondagas have already been ruined and driven from their desolated farms and burnt homes by Colonel Van Schaick.

“After four days of boat service, I took my turn

marching on land with the regiment. On Sunday we rested, and Chaplain Gano gave us another good sermon. I attended a soldier's funeral — the first ever I saw. This man, of the Fourth Pennsylvania Regiment, had died of putrid fever. The ceremonies were very solemn, and three volleys were fired over the grave. At one place, we came to an Indian town where there had been about sixty houses, with one British family among them. Only the cellars and walls, fruit trees and grain fields remained. From this time forth our men burned all the Indian villages, one that we passed belonging to the Tuscaroras. We were not allowed to stop and eat any of the ripe apples, or shoot any game, for General Sullivan had sent word to hasten our march. In one place, called Ingaren, we found several sides of tanned leather in a vat, and a dead white man, probably a prisoner, under a tree blown down by the wind. There was a Scotch bonnet near him.

“My friend, Claes Vrooman, who knows all the Indian signs, pointed out, on a ledge of rocks by the river, the colored picture of a boat on high water. This was a notice given by Indian spies, who, some days before, had seen our flotilla issue from the woods, and had run ahead, making these pictures all along, thus informing his fellow-savages as to the manner of our coming. At another place, Mr. Vrooman showed me a war post, which was all smeared with paint and cut in several lines, up and down

and crosswise, with a hatchet. This, Vrooman said, would tell just how many scalps, and also how many prisoners, the party had taken. In such a way, just as we write letters, or our officers send despatches, the different Iroquois parties communicate with each other. All along the march, the Indians have had spies on the hilltops. As we are to make our way mostly in valleys until we get to the lake country, all our movements will be well known before we arrive. By sending swift runners ahead, they have kept the Senecas and other savages well informed about our numbers and purpose. I suppose, by this time, Brant has returned from Minisink and joined forces with Butler.

“After burning a good many houses on the 18th, two scouts from General Poor’s New Hampshire brigade came in to tell us that both camps, Clinton’s and Poor’s, would soon be within eight miles of each other. The next day we met at nine o’clock in the morning, and both armies gave three cheers and welcomed each other. We marched together to a place called Owego, where was a big Indian settlement, with plenty of fine land and crops growing. Vrooman, who talked with Lieutenant McKendry, the quartermaster of Alden’s Sixth Massachusetts Regiment, says that this was the town to which Sergeant Hunter was taken from near Cherry Valley, last November, and Vrooman thinks that possibly his sister might have been here too, though he rather cher-

ishes the idea that she is up in the Cayuga Lake region.

"Nearly every morning this week we have waked up in a fog and had to march through the haze, although the sky was clear. Vrooman says that all the streams flowing south make fog, but those whose waters go northward do not. Is it not strange?

"How we did enjoy burning the big bark houses here! Think of over fifty dwellings, some of them sixty feet long and divided into rooms with a fireplace in each! Whew! what a blaze, and how the dry bark did crackle! We did not march on the morrow, for it rained too hard, but on the next day we passed more fine maize land and a place where some Indians had burned a white prisoner to death. A deer ran right through our camp, but he saved his venison by being too swift for us. In spite of many rapids and rough places which turned the boats around in every direction, our watermen were lucky; but, in one place, in deep water we lost a boat, which had on board three barrels of powder and fourteen boxes of cartridges, besides one man drowned. Now, about this episode, I must tell you in detail, for it shows what curious beliefs some folks have.

"There were five men in charge of the boat, but the current had made it unmanageable, and it was overturned. Now, if it had been Cayuga Lake, about which the Indians tell, we should not have expected to see the body float again, for in this lake, which we

are yet to see, the water is so deep and so cold that it is almost never that the corpse of an Indian man or woman drowned in its waters comes to the surface again. The Indians do not expect to see their friends who have sunk, but they begin mourning for them at once, wailing as for those who have not only died but disappeared even from the solid earth.

“The reason of this is that down in the unsounded depths, where it is too cold even for fish to live, in the icy caves of the dead dwells the spirit of a malignant squaw, who is eager to have and to hold the bodies of men, whom she hates. Her blind rage, however, does not discriminate, and her grip is relentless upon all that come to her. After hearing of Queen Esther, I can believe in such a being.

“When a person drowns, the Senecas have no rites or incantations by which they hope to appease the malignity of the queen of the ice; but with our men it was different. They thought that the body of the drowned man deserved honorable burial, and so they attempted, after their own way, to make the corpse float, and this was the way they did it. From one of the other boats they borrowed a loaf of bread,—the staler and drier the better,—and into this bread they cut a tube-like hole from the top to the centre. The next thing was to get some quicksilver to put inside the bread. The idea was that the loaf of bread set floating on the water would, because of the quicksil-



ver in it, and its subtle relation to the human interior organs, especially the bladder, bring the corpse to the surface.

“But how to get the white quicksilver — this was the question. There was none in any of the military stores, or in any one's private possession, but, appealing to the surgeon, who was willing to humor the men, he found that he had an unusually large amount of the red precipitate, or oxide of mercury. Rigging up a rude alembic, made of bottles and a bit of glass tube, over the camp-fire, and carefully manipulating it, a globule of mercury as big as a large pea was obtained. This was duly set into the loaf of bread, which was properly plugged up with a part of the material cut from the top crust.

“Then the man who most fervently believed in the prescription of literally raising the dead, carefully launched the dry loaf some thirty feet above the place where the man fell overboard. The current bore the novel burden upon its bosom, first slowly, then swiftly, until down near the place of the accident, when it began to move near the shore and then around in the curve of the land, but, instead of passing on, out and over into the stronger channel, it eddied entirely round, making a circle nearly six feet in diameter. At this the eyes of the expectant man danced with delight. He was a cousin of the deceased, and would rather have been shot in battle than face the man's parents, and especially his grand-

mother, without having tried the mystic mercury and the staff of life.

"All the other spectators kept quiet, some half believing in the efficacy of the trial. The others, not wishing to hurt the man's feelings, refrained from jeers or laughter. Soon, to the astonishment of all, something appeared on the surface of the water, and in a moment it was recognized as a human foot, with some grass and leaves with it. In but a few seconds more, the water became clearer and the body could be seen, and was soon brought to the shore by two men already waiting with boat-hooks.

"By this time the loaf of bread had become so soaked that it had sunk. Of course the man's faith in the traditional method of raising a drowned man from a watery to a dry grave was, in his own eyes, amply vindicated. Out of respect for his feelings, criticism, comment, and challenge of superstition were postponed. There in the forest a grave was dug, a volley fired. Then, brushwood and timber, heaped up and fired, covered from desecration and gave to oblivion the unfortunate boatman.

"Sunday, the 22d, was a bright day for us, for at nine o'clock in the morning we arrived at General Hand's camp. The light infantry, all splendid fellows and mostly Pennsylvanians, came out to meet us with cheers, while thirteen cannon made the hills and forest ring with echoes, such as I have never heard before. We marched a mile further, and

arrived at Tioga Point. Sullivan's main body lies in camp on the west side of the river, the east being apparently all mountains. This new river flows out of the country of the Senecas, and we shall proceed up its valley. I can tell you that I was interested in seeing the stream which for ages had floated the canoes of the biggest of the Iroquois tribes. They certainly do make pretty craft. Being of birch bark, they are much handsomer and lighter, but also more fragile than our clumsy boats, but both are alike in having no iron nails in them, for even our big flat boats are held together with pins of wood.

"By noontime we were safely encamped in a fine, large Indian field. You would be surprised to see how many hundred acres the redmen long ago cleared at this place, first by cutting off the bark of the trees (using the best for making houses and canoes) and thus deadening them. After a year or two, they burn the timber and underbrush, until, after a decade or so, many of the fields look as smooth and beautiful as any on the flats near Schenectady or even in the Bowery.

"All the field officers of our brigade dined with General Sullivan; but the next day we had a sad accident when Captain Kimble, in Colonel Cilley's regiment, was killed by a soldier's careless handling of his musket.

"Though I have often seen soldiers march through Schenectady, and even a brigade at a time, yet this

is the biggest army I have yet looked upon, for there are nearly five thousand men, including three hundred boatmen, who came with us and with Sullivan up from Wyoming. There are thirty or forty women in the camp, — soldiers', sutlers', or drovers' wives, though two or three are rescued captives, — and there are five or six children.

“I must tell you an incident about one of these men accustomed to the rifle from childhood, showing also what sure marksmen Pennsylvania buck-shooters are. A boy and girl, out with their father tending the cows, rambled in the woods one day and found what they thought to be a nest of kittens. The boy put the pretty little things in his sister's apron to carry back to show their parents. He himself was carrying one on his shoulder and petting it, when the mother wildcat, coming back, saw herself robbed, and in a moment seemed infuriated. She sprang on the boy's head, seized her cub in her mouth, and appeared just about ready to claw the boy's eyes out, when fortunately the father, who had seen the whole affair, coolly took aim and sent a ball just through the animal's eyes. The boy was only scratched in a few places, and the girl brought her kittens home. The family has a small menagerie of wild creatures, including a hedgehog, a white owl, an eagle, and two bears' cubs.

“We have plenty of good bread here, baked in the ovens which have been set up by the assistants of Mr.

Ludwig, the Philadelphia baker-general. Whether 'salt-raised' or 'milk emptin's,' or 'yeast riz,' I cannot say; but it is light and sweet.

"The branches of the Susquehanna here come very close together, about a half a mile above the point where they unite, and it is on the narrow neck of the peninsula that Fort Sullivan has been built. It is shaped like a diamond, with points touching the river, a block house being at each of the points. On the great flat, at the wedge of land between the rivers, and shaped like an arrow-head, are camped the soldiers of the four brigades, with the artillery and the riflemen. The Six Nations called this place, where the fort stands, the 'Southern Door of the Long House,' for here all the trails centred, and their representative, a Seneca chief, the 'Guardian of the Door,' always dwelt here.

"Queen Esther, the granddaughter of Madame Montour, whose father was Count Frontenac, ruled this part of the country and had hundreds of acres southwest of the fort covered with cornfields. Of course you have heard of her. She is supposed to be the natural great-granddaughter of Count Frontenac, whose men burned our town of Schenectady in 1690, when our own grandfather was shot and scalped. Queen Esther had so fine a house at the village of Sheshequin that our Pennsylvania boys always speak of it as a palace, and her husband was a famous chief named Echobund. She had only

one son, and he was killed in a battle the day before the fall of Wyoming, in one of the skirmishes, and so she took her revenge on the prisoners. She made fourteen of them kneel in a ring, while she tomahawked them all, one after the other. Last autumn Colonel Thomas Hartley came here, burned her palace and wasted her farms, but the land is still called 'Queen Esther's plain.'

"There is another queen, named Catherine, sister of Esther, near Seneca Lake. Queen Catherine is a great horse trader. We expect to take and burn her town, with its stock farms.

"The scenery here is so beautiful that I get homesick. One afternoon, when the lovely white clouds in the sky were reflected on the face of the river, I wondered why war had to be. It was in this region, only a little farther east, that the Moravians worked so faithfully to tame the savages by means of the Gospel. But how can a poor lout of a redskin know what is right, when we white men make war with each other? So long, also, as the Indians kill and burn and scalp as they do, I am afraid the counsels of our town founder, Arendt van Curler, who always told our fathers to keep peace with the Five Nations, cannot be carried out. Why did the savages who cherish 'Corlaer's' memory follow the Tories in their murderous purpose?

"We are going to march within a day or two, and Vrooman says we are sure to have a battle up in the





"HERE . . . HAD BEEN HELD MANY A COUNCIL."





river valley within two or three days after our start. Before I close my letter I must tell you how kind Colonel Van Cortlandt has been to me. Seeing me one day in the camp here, he stopped and asked me my name, and when I told him, he said, 'Why, are you the son of Barent Clute, who was drowned by the overturning of a canoe at Little Falls?' and I answered 'Yes, the same.' He said, 'You had a noble father. He once saved my life. When you write home, please convey my respects to your mother. I hope you will make a good name as a soldier.' I said, 'Thank you, colonel; I'll try.'

"I must tell you, too, that I have not parted with my little book, the 'Heidelberg Catechism,' at which I try to get a look once every day.

"Please remember me to Domine Vrooman and to my brothers and sisters at home, pet Frolic, my dog, and wag pussy's tail for me, and take a great deal of love from your oldest son. I hope to write to you again, but where and when I do not know. Mr. Vrooman also sends kind regards to all friends in church and Dorp."

We must now turn to read about Sullivan's Continentals, of the main army.

## CHAPTER X

### THE MAIN ARMY STARTS FROM EASTON

EASTON, the settlement at the point of junction of the Lehigh with the Delaware, was in 1779 in its infancy. It had been begun by Germans from the Palatinate region of the Rhine. Fleeing from the oppression of the French, who desolated the land, as well as slaughtered its people, they were glad in this lonely spot in far-off America to have again around them fertile fields and the glorious beauty of the everlasting hills. The future city was regularly laid out. The houses, one story in height, with massive, thick walls and much cosy comfort within, were mostly built of stone. There were not many books in these dwellings, but there were the Bible in German and the "Heidelberg Catechism." Besides the public buildings, jail and court-house, there was the handsome stone church, in which the people of the Reformed faith met Sabbath by Sabbath. Besides the preaching of the gospel of peace within its walls, many a treaty with the Indians had been made, and other works of mercy wrought. Since the battles of Brandywine, Germantown, and Monmouth, the edifice had

been turned into a hospital. Even yet a few maimed Continentals lay here, much helped and often attended by the kindly women of the Reformed Church.

The point of junction where the waters of the Lehigh come rushing down to join those of the Delaware was a spot sacred to all the tribes in the valleys of the two rivers. Here, from time unrecorded, had been held many a council, here the hatchet had been buried, the calumet smoked, and the white wampum exchanged in token of peace; for these symbols had, with their users, the same meaning as the snowy dove and the olive branch have among us. Here again, when warlike passions raged, had the tomahawk been dug up and the red wampum of war sent forth as the messenger of blood and fire, to summon the tribes to battle. Glorious was then the view of the primeval forest and untouched nature, and magnificent is yet the vista of mountain and valley, forest and stream, from the lordly city of Easton. The Delaware was already flowing out from the Catskills to the sea, and was then the boundary line of states, as it had been, for ages, the highway of the canoe. Along the western line of what is now the superb campus of Lafayette College, was begun by the pioneers, in the line of westward advance toward Wyoming, that "Sullivan's Road" which in historic interest is great and in local annals has many tender associations, for it is known, and justly so, as "Lovers' Lane." Thus with this highway are

locally associated those two passions most deeply rooted in man's nature, the passion of giving and the passion of taking life, — which outflower in love and war.

To this place, rich in glorious scenery of hill and vale, Maxwell's brigade of New Jersey men marched from Elizabethtown, in their native state.

The New Hampshire regiments under General Poor, by a still longer journey, arrived from Redding, Connecticut marching through Fishkill, Warwick, and across New Jersey. The Eastern men, although quartered in "the Court House and other spare buildings," were not, apparently, much pleased with this frontier town. They thought the people were chiefly of "the Dutch descent," by which they meant German, and the principal merchants were Hebrews. The houses were built of stone. One disappointed Yankee wrote that it was "a place of about one hundred and fifty houses, and inhabited chiefly by High Dutch and Jews." On the contrary, the Rev. Dr. William Rogers, chaplain, thought it was a pretty village. Here he met Domine Kirkland, who knew the Indian dialects, and had four Stockbridge Indians with him to act as guides.

By the 18th of June, all the troops in town were prepared for marching. They started between five and six o'clock in the morning. With long lines of loaded pack horses and wagons from Bucks and Berks counties, they moved out of town and over the

hills by what is now called "Lovers' Lane," — or "Sullivan's Road," which Sullivan's pioneers had vastly improved,—and marched that day twelve miles. Their route was from Easton to the foot of the Blue Ridge, by way of Bushkill Creek. This stream has a curious geological history, for, like some people, it has changed its course in life.

The army encamped at Heller's tavern, near Hellersville, in the southern opening of the Wind Gap, which is a wonderful pass in the Blue Ridge Mountains. At daybreak next morning, the army moved through this pass and took breakfast at Brinker's Mills, where were plenty of supplies laid up in big buildings, — "Sullivan's Stores," — erected some time before. Here the men drew four days' provisions, which were to feed them until they should arrive at Wyoming. Nine miles farther march brought them to a log tavern, which was the last house on the frontier. In those days, every inn had a name or sign, such as "The Ball," "The Plough," "The Wain and Six Horses," "The Star," or, they took their "hail," as a sailor would say, from the king or some famous hero. But although King George's face had long ago been smashed or smeared out or over, yet, in some cases, where the paint was thin or bad, the Hanoverian's face and queue were visible. Not infrequently the landlords liked the old state of affairs, and the officers complained of many a "Torified house."

Until early in the spring of 1779, there had been

only a bridle-path between Easton and Wyoming. General Sullivan had sent Van Cortlandt's New Yorkers and Spencer's Jersey men to chop a pathway through the forest and lay a road-bed that should be fit for wagons and artillery. So the bears and wolves, woodchucks and ground hogs, were routed out of their lairs and holes, rattlesnakes and other vermin compelled to glide farther afield, and the deer sent flying. Often, when camp was made near their old runways, these antlered creatures rushed right among the gangs of workmen, as if in surprised protest at intrusion. Great sunshiny swaths were cut in the forest among the mighty tamarack trees. Swales and puddle-holes were gorged with stone, timber, or truck of any sort that was handy. Over swamps and miry places, corduroy roads were laid by chopping down the larch trees and packing the logs together, like candles in a box. Over these, brush wood was laid and earth thrown. Thus a rough road and difficult to travel, but a wonderful improvement on the old bridle-path or Indian trail, opened the path of civilization into northern Pennsylvania.

Now, in the regular order of march, Maxwell's brigade went ahead; Proctor's regiment, of a quarter of a thousand men, with eight pieces of artillery, followed. Poor's New Hampshire brigade closed the rear. The wagon trains were still farther back. Wyoming was reached June 23d, but Sullivan was ahead of his supplies, which had not come, and the



host had to wait until July 31st. Then, leaving the fort well garrisoned, the band played and the advance began. Besides the thirty-five hundred men on foot, there were a thousand on deck. A fleet of two hundred and fourteen boats floated on the bosom of the Susquehanna, bearing the artillery, salt provisions, flour, liquor, ammunition, and heavy baggage. On land, about twelve or fifteen hundred pack horses carried stores and food, and seven hundred cattle were driven along to provide fresh meat. Game and fish in the forest might provide tit-bits, and in the lake region were corn, potatoes, and vegetables; but meat and flour they must carry with them. Like a snail the army had to carry its house on its back, while moving on its belly.

The march to Tioga Point, a distance from Wyoming of sixty-five miles, through the rough forest country, was one of great hardship; but, on August 10th, the army halted at a point a mile below the junction of the Chemung River with the branch of the Susquehanna flowing from Otsego Lake. Then the whole body of infantry, locking arms, stepped waist deep into the water, and the men, bracing themselves firmly against the swift current, crossed to the opposite side. Then, going westward a mile, they forded again the Chemung River, and encamped at Tioga Point, between the rivers flowing out of the heart of New York, the seat of the Iroquois confederacy. Here were the headquarters of the army

and the base of supplies for the farther march westward. The stores and boats, as well as the sick and wounded, were to be left here under guard, in the large fort which was to be built and named by the army after its trusted commander.

To this place with her father, John Harby, in charge of the army wagons, came Henrietta Harby, who, as it proved, was to spend several weeks in Fort Sullivan, and lose her own heart.

We must now glance at that country, rich in grain fields, which the Continental Congress had ordered Major-General John Sullivan, with his five thousand Continental troops, to invade, wherein pined many scores of captives, survivors of the hundreds who had sunk under the tomahawk or who filled unknown graves.

## CHAPTER XI

### KING GEORGE'S GRANARY

UNTIL after the Revolutionary War, nearly all central and western New York was a wilderness. The Palatine Germans had settlements in the Schoharie and in the upper Mohawk valleys as far west as the Utica of to-day. Between Schoharie and Oswego, the respective headquarters of the patriots and the British, there was Fort Stanwix, later called Fort Schuyler, where is now Rome. These people had been driven out from their homes in the Rhine River region by the ravages—equal to anything ever wrought with torch and knife by red Indians—of the generals of Louis XIV. of France. Some had sailed away to South Africa, to help, with the Dutch and Huguenots, to make the Boer Republic. Others, their kinsmen, helped by the British government, with the idea of making “naval stores,” had come into the colony of New York; but they and their children, like General Herkimer and his Oriskany heroes, were stanch supporters of the Continental Congress. At Cherry

Valley and on Otsego and Schuyler lakes, there were clearings and hamlets, occupied chiefly by Scottish people, some Tories, some patriots. Not a few Highlanders had found peace and prosperity here after the disaster at Culloden, which broke forever the power of the clans.

Watercourses and Indian trails furnished the only paths by which the adventurous wood-runner or white trader made his way among the lands which the Iroquois claimed as their own. When the Revolutionary War broke out and the savages sallied forth in small bands, five, ten, fifteen, rarely twenty at a time, or when the Tories and redmen joined forces, numbering hundreds of warriors, to kill, burn, or destroy, where did they hatch their plots? Whence did they begin their march?

Apart from the Indian council fires and tribal capitals, with the great central council-hearth at Onondaga, near the later Syracuse, and the large palisaded towns and fortresses at places which we know only by their modern names, such as Pompey, Aurora, and Batavia, there were, besides Niagara at the extreme west end of New York, two points at which magazines and storehouses furnished supplies. From these issued the great marauding parties. One was at Oswego, easily reached from Canada, and by all the waterways east and west. From Oswego, by Oswego River, that supplies the thread on which many lakes are strung together as

on a rosary, long journeys by canoes, of warriors fully equipped, could be made into the Mohawk Valley and the eastern settlements. Farther south lay that region which supplied waterways by its chain of fifteen "finger lakes," and their connections, besides the Delaware and Susquehanna rivers and their many tributaries. Their valleys and tributary water routes could bring the redmen within easy striking distance of the white population in eastern Pennsylvania and southeastern New York. The capital of all this region "the Seneca Country" — was at Kanedasaga, near Geneva, at the northern end of Seneca Lake.

Here, between 1776 and 1779, with storehouses filled with everything to please the Indians' tastes and desires, dwelt British Canadians and Tories by the score, and sometimes by the hundreds. There were civilians as well as soldiers, who lived among the savages, keeping their guns and war gear in repair for them, helping them to improve in agriculture and house building, and ready to give them, so far as the savage desired them, whatever material advantages the white man's civilization afforded.

If the Caucasian teacher went too fast in his suggestions of progress, the Indian plainly told him that beyond a certain point he could not proceed, and that he proposed to stick to the traditions and ways of his fathers. The savage would fight and he would work according to his own ideas, but the

squaw must be the chief beast of burden. As to using a plough or the tools of the white man's special crafts, the redman would not. So the ploughs were left to rust, and the grindstones and carpenter's adzes, planes, and chisels, lay idle or were turned into toys. Bullets, lead, powder, axes, knives, iron arrow-heads, beads, woven goods, and things that accorded with the Indian's style of life, with rum and brandy for his debauches, were eagerly sought. On the subject of firearms, the taste of the warriors was highly cultivated. No quality of guns was too fine for the redman. He wanted the best. He would make almost incredible sacrifices of comfort, pride, or pelf to get a rifle. This latter rarity among soldiers, who had only smooth-bore muskets, usually came from Pennsylvania or the continent of Europe. The British and American army authorities furnished only the ordinary guns that shot a larger ball, but with less distance, certainty, and power of penetration than the leaden pellets of the riflemen.

The two garden spots of Iroquoisia were those of the Genesee Valley and the inter-lake region between the Cayuga and Seneca sheets of water. Like two middle fingers of a great hand, they lay on the rosy bosom of mother earth and between them, like dimples were the fat valleys filled with thriving villages. In the early summer of 1779, tens of thousands of acres of young corn, fruit trees, — peach, apple, and pear, — with gardens of beans, squashes,

and vegetable food in wonderful variety, were in their glory of greenery and bloom.

It had been the purpose of the British government to make this fertile portion of New York a granary for the feeding of its army. The newly imported British soldier and the Hessian mercenary could hardly be made to eat maize or corn meal, or, as it was known in England, "Oswego flour," but all the king's native-born adherents, Canadians and Tories, with the soldiers long on service in America, had learned to eat the delicious food, whether as "suppawn," hasty pudding, "hoe," "ash" or "johnny" cake; while, as boiled on the cob or as roasting ears, few even of the "green" troops were proof against the attractions of this succulent grain, monarch of American cereals. It is true that some skill was necessary in learning to eat boiled corn on the cob. The beginner who had never seen "beans growing on a stick" was apt to bite deep into the cob, to the detriment of his teeth. How to nibble just deep enough, get the sweet grain, and let go the hard core, was the problem which all could not master at once. Yet, when once learned, the art of eating corn on the cob added notably to the joys of life.

It was hoped and planned that, with the Indians' aid, a considerable saving of British revenue could be made by feeding the royalists among the revolted colonists from the maize lands of New York. In return, the red allies were to have unlimited ball,



powder, whiskey, woollens, beads, mirrors, and other coveted supplies.

The impartial historian and the truth-seeking philosopher are more ready to-day than of yore to do justice to our grandfathers' red foes. No philosophy of religion is now accounted sound which does not take into account the fact that the redman, though a savage, was religious. He bowed in awe before the Power that rules this universe. He saw in the lightning and the storm, in the sun and moon, in the cloudless blue and the star-embroidered sky, in the carillon of the waterfalls and the sougling of the wind through the forest, signs and proofs of the Great Spirit's presence and power. He pondered on the mystery of creation, generation, and being. However rude his ideas, grotesque his ritual, or revolting the form which his notions took, we must acknowledge that the Indian was a worshipper. Many a rock, a precipice, gorge, and tree, was sacred or awesome, because of the supposed presence of Deity or Spirit. Along the forest trail and the river path, and at the great landmarks on the lake, were totems, idols, pictures, shrines, and votive tablets. Offerings, which, in purpose, meaning, and self-denial, ally themselves with the gorgeous worship in the Christian cathedral, were made continually.

The Indian had a diplomacy, also. He possessed and made use of what stood for written parchments, engrossed documents, marks, and seals. He held

conventions and sat for days in deliberative bodies. His orators made eloquent speeches and argued the various points and sides of a question. He had ceremonies for the making of war and peace, of which the tomahawk and the calumet were the respective signs. Wampum, or belts of shells woven together, was his money and his documents of state. Sent rapidly by special messenger, or ceremoniously delivered in council, they were, in importance and the forcing of decisive action, as significant, as compelling, as royal despatches. Stored up in the tribe's archives, they had a significance such as the great seal of the state, the steel dies of the mint, the book's title-page, or the originals of standard weights and measures have among civilized nations.

## CHAPTER XII

### THE CAPTIVE AT KENDAIA

WE now return to the lone captive girl at Kendaia, Mary Vrooman, who had been seized by the savages at Cherry Valley, and see how savage life looked to her. It was many months after she wrote to her brother, Claes Vrooman, that he received the letter. When it came, it was not an affair of folded sheets of white paper, duly held together with wafers and directed by the outside, as in the days of '79. Nor had it any sign of postmarks. Nor did it in any way look like an epistle, either of this or the last century. In outward form it was a package of layers of birch bark, cut into pieces about six inches square. The writing was done with a sharpened reed, dipped in some kind of red vegetable juice, which made a legible mark on the white bark. Ten or twelve of these birch sheets, pressed down together, were tied with a piece of fawn skin and sewed up all around, with strings to tie and hold it inside of a man's shirt. Thus, between the heart and the buckskin of a faithful negro, a captive like herself, it reached her brother, Claes Vrooman, the rifleman, right after the

decisive battle of August 29th. Of the negro we shall have something further to say, and also as to how Claes Vrooman found him. As the letter was dated late in June, this is the place to tell about its contents, which are clear enough : —

“KENDAIA, June 20, 1779.

“MY DEAR BROTHER : I am alive and not dead. The negro boy, Drusus, who is here a captive like myself, is to be my postman. He remembers gratefully your own and father’s kindness to him, and has offered to take a letter to you, when the braves march southward, though he must run great risks in getting to you. I gladly take this opportunity of letting you, and through you, all my friends, know that, by the great mercy of God, I am not only alive but very well, and surprised every day at being treated so kindly. Nevertheless, I do not give up for an hour the hope that I am yet to see my home and friends again.

“Let me tell you about this negro boy Drusus. He belonged to a Tory from Cherry Valley who came, with his slaves, to live among the Indians, and who died here. The negro, without political opinions of any kind, seems quite happy, but says he would rather be among our people and in his old ways of life again, than with the Senecas, for, when the war parties go off on long distances, the warriors take him with them. He finds the travelling too hard,

and they make him do all the hard work they can, treating him, he says, 'like a squaw and nothing else.' His fault lies in having too good an appetite. He is so fond of whiskey, and of getting plenty to eat, that both the Tories and Indians amuse themselves by playing on his weakness or — shall I say — his strength of stomach.

"They do it in this way: Drusus has a tremendous thick skull, even for a black fellow, and quite often, to get even so much as an acorn cup of whiskey, or some nice thing a squaw has cooked, he will let some of the most muscular of the Indian boys crack him over the noddle with a club. The blows would certainly stun a white man or crush his skull, but, after taking off his cat-skin cap and rubbing his woolly head a little while, Drusus does not seem to mind it, though the squaws giggle endlessly over it and call him 'Stone-head.'

"He has never forgotten the kindness you showed him, in Schenectady, when nearly frozen and tired to death while on his way with a bundle of ginseng root to Albany, for which the Dutch, who export it to China, pay such high prices. You gave him a good warm dinner in the kitchen, and let him rest there for an hour or two. I can remember that I once warmed some soup for a black boy, but apart from that, cannot think of any details; but his memory of our house is extraordinary. He tells me of the standing clock in the hall, and the print of Prince

Maurice and the painting of John DeWitt that hung on either side on the wall—though he cannot, of course, tell the names of these worthies. He speaks of the brass andirons faced with the Leyden arms, the keys of St. Peter crossed, and remembers the two rifles set on pins over the fireplace. What more than anything else made me certain that he was not lying, but was the same man I helped to feed, was that he recalled that our cat, Jan Steen, had six toes. Drusus has not only been very kind to me and a blessing, because able to talk with me in English, besides knowing a little Dutch, but he is certain that he can get this letter to you. The Indians do not like him to act as a fighter, and think he may escape if he goes with arms on the war-path, but they trust him as a burden-bearer and general ‘squaw-man,’ or laborer. Already rumors of the coming of General Sullivan’s army are flying about, and all the fighting men are expected to march southward soon.

“I cannot get over my kind treatment by everybody here. My ideas of savage life have changed in some things. How fortunate for me that I had so many Indian girls as playmates, when we learned the catechism under Domine Vrooman, so that I knew enough of the Mohawk language to talk easily with these Seneca people, whose dialect is different, but not very much so. You have heard, perhaps, how at Cherry Valley, Sarah and I were seized at the same time, and our hands tied behind our backs with deer-

skin thongs, and how we were put with the other captives under guard of some warriors till the fighting was over. The next day we were marched off. I cannot remember much of the journey here, except the awful weariness, but I want to tell you at once that Sarah was left at a village of the Tuscarora tribe called 'Coreorganel.' It lies on the banks of the creek running from south to north into Cayuga Lake. The Indians call this stream by a name meaning 'pink with salmon,' as indeed the water often is, in spring or spawning time. Then, passing around the southern end of Cayuga Lake, our party of Senecas travelled northwest, and came to this place, called Kendaia, which is in a very pretty country, between the two lakes, Cayuga and Seneca, within a mile or so of the latter. About half the captives were distributed in different Indian villages before we reached this place where I am.

"There are about sixty houses in our town, made of poles and bark. They are quite water and air tight, except that they have only smoke holes for chimneys. Four or five of the buildings inhabited by the chiefs are two stories high, of hewn and sawed timber, and painted; but these were made by white men from the settlements, who got their pay in skins and produce, for some of the chiefs are smart traders, and know how to strike a bargain.

"In our long house there are eight families, each living in a big room with the fireplace in the middle.



A hallway runs the whole length of the building, from door to door, and the family rooms are on either side. Though you know Indian houses and apartments pretty well, I must tell you that the one in which I live with five squaws, — one a widow woman, and the others her daughters, — is cleaner than most of them. As the house is only three or four years old, the rafters are not so black and shiny with smoke, and the soot does not hang in such long streamers as in the others.

“Many of the walls are decorated with scalps, plain and painted, some old and well smoked, others so new that I can recognize the property of owners I formerly knew. For example, no one could be mistaken as to Mrs. Jane McMurtrie’s hair, for it is of such beautiful golden-auburn tint. Poor thing, I wonder how her four bairns, now orphans, fare without their mother! It seems that when the Indians entered at one end of the village, she had time to escape to the hills, taking her baby in her arms, and one child by the hand, the other two children following. All day long she was able to keep hidden, though she saw the fires and heard the yells below. Toward evening the children were so hungry and cried so persistently for food, that she found she must go down toward the house for some milk. As all seemed to be quiet, she ventured forth, hoping to get to the spring house.

“Alas! the children saw their mother no more. They cried themselves to sleep in the woods. The

next morning the older boy, cautiously venturing forward, saw hanging on a bush to dry what he knew to be his mother's hair. The children were nearly starved, but I have heard from a later captive who passed through Kendaia that they were all living yet. By the way, all the Indians in our village declare that Brant was not in the Cherry Valley massacre, nor anywhere near at the time.

"Except that I have to work hard like the squaws here, all through the winter, gathering fire-wood, pounding corn, making clothes and baskets, and dressing skins and furs, I cannot complain, for I have good health. Now that summer has come, I work out in the corn-fields, and in planting, weeding, and tending the vegetable garden. I do not find my life hard, except for the loneliness. Being kept so busy, the time passes away tolerably well. I have been adopted into the tribe, and am now the daughter of the old squaw woman, who lost her husband and only son on the war-path a good while ago. All her daughters are older than I am, except one. Just think of your sister as a Seneca damsel. My name in Indian means Rising Moon.

"Although I have to hear a great deal that is rough and even vile, no Indian man has in any way abused me, and I must say that many of the braves are very respectful. Although I knew that the redmen were pagans and had heard nothing about the true God, I have been surprised to find they have many customs

and beliefs which seem very much like doctrine and worship, and are so to them. I must tell you about these, for the warriors, when they know that they are going on a war expedition are, after their way, particularly religious. The most wonderful of their festivals is that of the White Dog, which they allowed me to see and even take part in, because I am one of the adopted daughters of the tribe. After this feast of the White Dog are the ceremonies of planting, of which also I shall tell you something.

"The Indians think that a white dog, when offered up, is particularly grateful to their god. The great festival of sacrifice takes place usually in the month of February. I asked the squaws why they chose white dogs for this purpose. They answered: 'Because the color, like that of the white cloud, is acceptable. It suggests purity, and the skin of the animal is especially desired for the making of a tobacco pouch which the Great Spirit uses. He needs a great deal of the dried leaf to be properly supplied, but after he has had a pleasant smoke he is in a good humor and will the more readily grant favors.' I have noticed that at the edge of the woods, before a rock which seems to be sacred, they will throw some tobacco or occasionally a pipe, as an offering. I am told that at dangerous points in every one of the lakes in this region and along the river banks, there are such holy places where the redmen cast tobacco in honor of their god. Much tobacco is also

burnt on the fire, when the Indians pray or return thanks to their god.

"The festival took place quite early in February of this year. Two white dogs, the fattest and finest looking in the village, were taken to the Council House, in front of which were two poles. There they were decorated in the most wonderful manner, with all the pretty things that the squaw mothers and daughters could furnish. The gifts of the unmarried girls seemed to have especial value. When the dog was dressed, he could hardly move, for the ribbons, beads, strips of buckskin dyed in bright colors, and, in fact, nearly everything with which the girls adorn themselves, put upon him. Then, after some incantations by the medicine men of the tribe, the white dogs were taken out and hung by their hind legs on the poles which stood in front of the Council House gate, and about twenty feet high from the ground. They were strangled, for no knife ever touches them.

"This done, a band of about forty or fifty maidens, with their wraps or blankets around their heads, each holding in her hand an ear of corn, marched round the council room to the sound of Indian music and out again. They then proceeded in a line to every house in the village and into each room, a certain number marching around the fireplace, extinguishing all the fires. When nothing was left but ashes, the trash and rubbish from each house

well cleaned out, was brought together, placed in a heap, and set on fire. The whole population of the village, from the pappooses (except those asleep and hanging in the tree branches) to the chiefs and medicine men, gathered to see the blaze. When all was burning hotly, they took the two dogs from the poles and threw them on the burning heap.

“Meanwhile the principal men of the tribe, one from each long house, most honored for their character, or because they were the depositaries of the traditions and secrets, led by a chief whose special business it was to carry the brand which lights the council fires, or that which, as in this feast, begins the new year, moved slowly and solemnly around the big blaze, with the idea of getting upon themselves as much of the heat and smoke as possible.

“Then, at a certain signal, when the fire had burned low and the dogs had become a true burnt sacrifice, the chief men formed in line. One placed his hands upon the other with the idea of throwing off and out from himself, and upon and into the other one, all his sins and evil. The second man, with the same idea, slapped or laid his hands upon the third, and the third upon the fourth, and so on to the end of the line. Then the last man, who was supposed to have taken all the sins of the whole tribe into himself, went through some incantations, which soon became violent contortions. When apparently nearly exhausted, he made one final ges-

ture, by which he threw the whole burden into the fire which had burnt up the white dogs, and fell to the ground. The past record was now effaced and the gods were well pleased with the offering.

"After this, the new life for the year began. The tribe and each member made a new start. The maidens began their march again. Entering every house and room again, they relighted the fires for each family, and the routine of life commenced once more.

"There is also another festival, — one, indeed, that reminds me of our Thanksgiving.

"When the warriors start out on the war-path they are expected to be very serious and to give up foolish habits and ways. I have heard the old chiefs lecture and warn the young warriors, almost as if they were domines and the braves were in the catechism class. Each fighting man worships at one of the holy places, consecrates himself to the god, and makes an offering of tobacco, war paint, a pipe, wampum, or something that belongs to himself. He also makes a vow of chastity, while on the campaign. It is against the Indian's law to cut down any tree that gives food even to an enemy. On the march and while hunting, the braves pay great respect to the snakes, tortoises, and the animals which are their clan totems, or signs. They speak of the various animals almost as if they were relatives and talked, thought, and acted like human beings. The stories of imaginary

actions, which the old men and squaws tell the young people as what actually happened, are much like our fairy tales, or Æsop's fables.

"Several war parties have gone out and returned since I have been here, some with scalps and some without them; some coming back in full numbers, but others retracing their steps with their number diminished, having had some killed on the way. No new prisoners have come to our village, but at the end of the lake, where the great Seneca Castle is, I hear that four women and two boys have been adopted into the tribe by the widows or relatives of those killed on the war-path. Besides the negro boy here, there is a white man, a Pennsylvanian, who is kept so busy making salt for them, and is away so much, that I do not often see him. Besides selling it, they have much ceremony and many notions about salt, of which I shall tell you if I ever see home again.

"I must tell you how they plant and raise corn here. This is an old village. Many of the maize fields have been cultivated, the old men say, during ten generations. Some are almost as smooth as our own at home. When they would make new plantations, they go right out into the woods. After first making sure that the soil is rich, they chop or cut the bark down near the roots of the trees and up to where the branches grow, girdling the tree right around, or, as they say, 'scalping' it. Then, they



draw another cutting line perpendicularly down from the top to the bottom, with hatchet or knife, and strip the bark right off, leaving a white and naked trunk. Of the best and most flexible pieces of this bark, they make their canoes. Some of these are very pretty, both in their shape and decorations. I have sometimes seen a hundred of them on the Seneca Lake, which, like Cayuga, is very long and without islands, so that one can easily see what is going on at the other side.

“With the bark not used in this way, they build the walls and roofs of their houses. These are made by cutting down trees, sharpening their ends, and driving them into the ground. Poles are lashed along the side and front for walls and between the rooms, partitions, and hallway, and on these poles they fasten the bark. You would be surprised to know how comfortable these big bark houses are. Some of the single dwellings are, as I have said, built of hewn timber, for axes and hatchets seem to be plenty here.

“Almost as soon as the trees are stripped of their bark, they begin to die, and soon the leaves curl, wilt, and fall. Then the woods, that but a few days before were dark and like twilight, become very warm, full of sunlight, and, where the balsam trees are, very aromatic. The corn is planted as soon as the bark is stripped away and removed. Soon the sun warms the ground and makes the little blades

turn into stalks, which are hoed and tended by the squaws. This is the story of the first year, for in the second the trees are burned down, and in course of time the fields become quite smooth. The harvest time is always one of gayety and merriment, as well as of work. When the grain is all ripe they put it in great storehouses made of wood and bark, and these hold the crops for the winter; but the crop last year, they say, was very poor, and this spring we had none too much suppawn.

“The Indian is very superstitious, or, ought I not to say religious? He thinks that while work in the field is beneath *his* dignity as a warrior, yet that in some way the women are more easily influenced by the powers of Deity, and that a good crop depends more on them than on the men, or, as they say, more on woman’s spirit than man’s toil. So he lets the women do all the work of hoeing, planting, and tending the corn. The only young woman in the tribe who does not toil in the fields is one who has been in Canada and is the widow — for they say she was married in the church by the French priest — of an officer of Butler’s corps of rangers. He was accidentally killed near Niagara, and she came back to live with her people. She has a beautiful seal ring which he gave her. She is very kind to me.

“A very curious custom is that of ‘mothering the fields’ after the seed has been sown. All the wives

of the tribe, who hope before the harvest time to be mothers, are expected to go out at night after the seed has been planted, and walk up and down between the rows of corn, both lengthwise and crosswise, so as to surround each seed; for the Indians think this action of hers will increase the fertility of the soil and the certainty of the crop. Indeed, a chief would consider it a great calamity not to have an expectant mother go up and down the fields at least once.

"We have also orchards here of peach, apple, pear, and plum, and you would be surprised at their size. They cover many acres, and in blossoming time they look more beautiful than I can tell you. Indeed, the peach trees made me feel homesick; for I thought of our own pink-blossoming tree in our yard at Schenectady. Nothing has so brought before me the picture of my home as the blooming trees of May, and this year the prospect for a great crop of fruit is very good. The Indians always had squashes, pumpkins, and beans. Succotash is almost a daily dish in late summer and autumn, and often even in winter. Within four or five years, the Canadians and British people have distributed at Kanadasaga many seeds of other vegetables, so that we have now growing, either here or in the other villages near by, a variety equal almost to that found in our gardens at home.

"O brother dear, I am finishing and closing up this letter weeks after I began it, for the messengers from Kanedasaga have been here calling the warriors to march south on the war-path. Is the army coming? God grant it! I shall try to escape if possible. Brant is the leader, they say, but three hundred white men from Canada are with him. May we meet!

"My daily thoughts for months have been on how I might escape. Now, perhaps, my opportunity is near. I do not know what route the army will take, but I feel sure that if the destruction of the Indian villages and crops is the main object, then you will pass around the southern end of this lake, where, facing west are two rocky gorges, in one of which is a magnificent waterfall.

"Now, I have found a place in which I shall hide. It is in this gorge, and I can give you a sign by which you may at once recognize the spot. On the south face only of the rocky sides of the high precipice grows a pink flower of the primrose family, and I cannot find that it grows anywhere else in this region. It is so rare that it will be a sign and clew to my whereabouts, for though I hide I shall keep within call. It has bloomed for this year, but its leaf is easy to recognize. I enclose some specimens.

"If our army gains victory, the Indians will retreat, they say, toward Niagara. As soon as the people here begin to make ready to move, I shall

hide in the corn-fields at about the last moment, and in their hurry they will not seek me. Oh, rescue me if it be possible! If our army is beaten, or retreats, then I see no hope but of living and dying here among savages."

## CHAPTER XIII

### THE PARSON'S PESSIMISM AND GIDEON'S OPTIMISM

HUMAN nature was much the same in "the times that tried men's souls" as in our own days of the Spanish War, when "embalmed beef" was in both the air and nostrils of the nation, and when various scandals connected with this name or that were bruited abroad. Our Revolutionary sires suffered from scoundrelism and mismanagement and delay also, and often the prospect seemed dark enough. To great and real disorders were added those individual and imaginary troubles that spring from bad livers and sluggish digestion. Let us look into the rough board hut set up within Fort Sullivan at Tioga Point, in which Dr. Kinnersley, the surgeon (Franklin's rival in electricity), the Rev. Dr. William Rogers, the parson, and Captain Bush, of the Continental infantry, were messing together while in Fort Sullivan.

The parson had been taking rather pessimistic views since the misfortune of the 13th of August, which we shall now describe.

On the evening of the 11th, Captain Cummings and a scout went forward twelve miles or more westward, up to the Chemung River valley, finding the large Indian village of Chemung occupied. There were sixty houses, some of them built of planks, with a council house, amid fertile fields of grain. On returning, toward noon next day, and reporting to General Sullivan, a council of war was called and a night expedition resolved on.

All the force then in camp, except two regiments, moved forward at eight o'clock in the evening. Sullivan commanded in person, Hand's light troops leading, Maxwell's and Poor's being in reserve. Through narrow defiles, in the pitchy darkness, and into foggy daylight, the army, on nearing the town, proceeded to surround and surprise it, Sullivan even throwing two regiments across the river to head off possible fugitives. At five o'clock, our men rushed from all sides into the town.

But all was silent. Not even a dog barked. The savages had evidently seen the scouts of the day before, taken the hint, and fled.

Resting the main body in this town of Chemung, General Hand sent forward Captain Bush and his company on the trail to Newtown. After a mile or so, they came to a village with fires burning, plenty of skins and blankets lying round, as if men had slept there and but recently risen, and one dog asleep. Captain Bush sent back for reinforcements, and, these



coming up, they advanced another mile, and had reached the low ground under a ridge or hill on their right.

Suddenly, from scores of Indians in hiding, a deadly fire was poured into Hubley's regiment. In a few moments, sixteen men had reeled and fallen to the ground. Six of the Pennsylvanians, a sergeant, drummer, and four privates, were killed on the spot. The guide, eight soldiers, an adjutant, and two captains were wounded. It looked very much like an ambushade.

But not for one moment did the Pennsylvania Continentals falter. Colonel Hubley, sending Captain Bush to attack the savages in the rear, ordered his men to charge up the hill. This they did with cheers, setting the redskins on the run at once. These were soon far away and invisible, before Captain Bush got near their rear. As usual, they bore off their dead and wounded, only blood drops here and there, and a coat and hat with bullet holes in them, telling of the effectiveness of the Continental fire.

Besides mounting the severely wounded of his command, Colonel Hubley had the corpses of his slain comrades tied on the horses that had carried provisions, and these were brought to camp and buried. The officiating chaplain, the Rev. Dr. Rogers, delivered a discourse appropriate to the sad occasion. Then Proctor's regimental band played the mournful tune, "Roslin Castle"; and there, under the leafy

aisles of the forest, under Nature's great cathedral floor, were laid to rest the brave Pennsylvanians. Here is the score of the music set to Sir Walter Scott's lines:—

**Roslin Castle.**

*Andante espressivo.*

PIANO.

General Hand wished to push on to the larger Newtown, but General Sullivan thought best to halt and return.

Returning to the Indian village, the torch was applied to the sixty houses, and the whole laid in ashes. Crossing the river, the thousands of corn stalks full of ripe ears were razed by the men of Maxwell's and Poor's brigades. While at this work of destruction, prowling savages came near, and killed one man and wounded several others. After twenty-three hours of severe and continuous duty, the weary men rested in camp again near Fort Sullivan. It was this night expedition that helped to fill the parson, and perhaps the captain, with evil augury and gloomy forebodings. Certainly, as to success, it was hardly equal to Gideon's night attack on the Midianites.

The pessimistic parson, Dr. Rogers, chaplain of the Third Pennsylvania Brigade, had been ordered to duty at Wyoming, and was waiting in the fort until the boats should be ready to proceed thither. They were to load with provisions and stores, and then come back to meet the army on its return march. Let us see how he felt about the prospects of an avenging expedition, which rascally contractors had ruinously delayed, and which many of the Tories in their treason and Quakers in their principles hoped to see defeated. It was a chill evening in August, and the three gentlemen, representing medi-

cine, theology, and war, invited in Mr. John Harby and his daughter Henrietta, for a pleasant hour or two indoors, for the cool nights made shelter very agreeable, and even a fire in the morning seemed very appropriate.

It was on the evening of August 25th, after Henrietta had written her letter to Philadelphia, that the surgeon and the chaplain, feeling in a mood for mutual confidences, unbosomed themselves. They "told tales out of school"; or, shall we say, because "the cat," the commander-in-chief, was now "away," the mice felt at full liberty to gambol. At any rate, Surgeon Kinersley, after the usual polite common-places were over, broke out at once.

"Well, chaplain, what do you think of it all? Will the army succeed, or soon come back a-flying?"

"Now that you ask me, doctor, I must speak plainly. I have no hopes of General Sullivan's accomplishing anything; but let us ask the opinion of Captain Bush, and call for reasons. What think you, captain? Are the Six Nations to be crushed?"

"Well, I must confess, parson, the task is difficult, and ours is the worst equipped army for such an expedition I could imagine, for an advance into a pathless wilderness. Our men are to move with pack trains and artillery in a wild forest land, unmapped and unsurveyed, against foes which have

every resource of cunning and that can keep themselves invisible, while ready to spring like panthers at every weak spot, and able to lure even the most cautious men into ambush. I shall not be surprised if the men of our army, while being harassed and subject to loss continually, will not see a hundred Indians at any one time. I should even be willing to wager that many soldiers will come back without seeing a single redskin, unless it may be the tip of his nose or scalp-lock behind a rock or a tree!"

Both parson and doctor laughed very heartily at this, and then the medical man said: "What I worry over is the insufficiency of food and supplies. Why, think of it! They have only twenty-seven days' rations. Even suppose that the cattle do not stray off or the horses get stampeded, what can they accomplish in so short a time? The enemy will surely lure them on from their base of supplies. Even supposing they should meet with no serious mishaps, and even reach Niagara, how can they get back again without food and through a wild wilderness? In such a case, the more men there are, the more mouths to feed, the worse it will be; besides, we know that in those dreadful swamps many animals will be mired or lost, and the horses, lacking proper fodder, will have to be shot."

"Rather a dark view, doctor," said Captain Bush; "but I understand also they have hardly any

medicines or hospital stores. What if they should have two or three serious engagements, with a good many wounded on their hands, up beyond the lake country, where they will have neither boats nor wagons?"

"The case is indeed serious," said the doctor; "for they are very poorly supplied and the surgeons are very few; but what I wonder at is, how they can take cannon with them. With one or two hundred men helping with ropes behind, the wagons may possibly be drawn up and down the hills, but think of the heavy guns being pulled through the forest and over the rough face of the wild country, where there are no such things as roads. I confess that my wishes are warm, but my fears more than counter-balance. I rather look for them to come back inside of a fortnight, having given up the task as too hard."

"But the general seems to be very punctilious, and will probably hold his men together with great vigilance and care," said Mr. Harby.

"Oh, yes," said the chaplain; "that is what I am really most afraid of. The great parade and regularity which is observed must unavoidably, in the end, letting alone all other obstacles, greatly defeat the purpose of the expedition, considering the coyness and subtlety of the Indians. This firing a morning and evening gun, and thus giving the Indian notice of the approach and

whereabouts of the army, does not seem to be a good thing."

"On the contrary, parson, if you will pardon me for saying it," said the doctor, "the Indians look upon the cannon as loaded with all the 'bad medicine' in the world and the very embodiment of mystery. Hearing it in the distant forest will make them want to keep away. Mark my words, they will not want to get near a howitzer. Further, is it not humanity to the women and children that, hearing the sound, they can escape? What I fear most is that the lack of meat food, to which the men have been accustomed, will bring on disease, which will be the ruin of the army. What is the reason the salted beef is so much tainted this year? One expects more from good salt and good beef, as these certainly were when put in the casks — were they not, Captain Bush?"

"On my honor, yes. I was government inspector, and saw the meat and the salt. I cannot tell why so much of it is spoiled. Can you give me some light, Mr. Harby?"

"Why, yes," promptly answered the civilian; "the truth is, that the demand of the Continental army for salt meat rations long ago exhausted the supply of casks made of seasoned wood. Then, the coopers being mostly in the army, the raw hands had to use green wood. Now, this spoils the brine, and makes a fermenting compound which first sours and then taints the meat."



"For this reason, then," said the doctor, "our men must go hungry in the wilderness. I prophesy that within a week our men with General Sullivan will have to come to half rations. Then their patriotism will be tested. I fear a revolt, or at least a refusal to advance. It is pretty hard to be a patriot when you are hungry, and we shall see whether the Continental boys will come back having accomplished nothing."

"Well, better that, than have another Braddock affair," said Captain Bush.

"Well, gentlemen," said Mr. Harby; "since we are, from present appearances, not likely to have any battle or victory in this part of the world, let us have something from ancient history. Come, parson, can't you tell us about a Bible battle, and cheer us up a little?"

"Oh, do, domine, please," said Miss Harby, clapping her hands.

"I will, fair lady, if you will promise to decorate my fireplace with goldenrod to-morrow," said the parson, looking archly at the young lady.

"I'll do so," said she; "but you must be sure to tell about some battle that brought victory to the right side, and a great victory, too."

"I join with the young lady," said Dr. Kinersley; "tell us about something successful. We want our leader to be a Gideon."

"The allusion is a happy one," said the parson;

"and I'll turn to the book of Judges at once, for there we read how the Hebrew republics strove for their freedom."

"Yes, domine," said Miss Harby; "and about King Bramblebush, too. I once heard you preach about how the trees went forth on a time to anoint a king over them, and how, after the olive, and the fig and the vine declined the honor, the bramble accepted. I declare, I have thought of that when I have seen some of these swamps we have been through on the march from Easton. But do tell us about Gideon and his victory. I never could understand about those pitchers and trumpets, and, as for lamps being inside the pitchers, how could they manage them? Imagine our Continentals bringing crockery and lamps into this wilderness."

All laughed heartily at this. "And yet, my daughter," said Mr. Harby, "I imagine that a few Indians rushing around our camp at night with fire could create a panic by scaring the horses. Do you suppose that was Gideon's idea,—by making a noise and fire to demoralize the host?"

"Come, doctor, give us all the facts in the case, as you can out of your learning," said Captain Bush.

"I shall be glad to do so," said Dr. Rogers; "for the story is well told in the seventh chapter of Judges. A great army of Midianites and Amalekites and other desert tribes had pitched

their tents in the valley by the hill of Morah. They were like grasshoppers in multitude, and their camels were without number, 'as the sand by the seaside for multitude.' Nevertheless, Gideon, the wise leader, knew that a few tried and brave men are better than a mighty host, and so he said in substance:—

“ ‘Cowards to the rear!’

“At once twenty-two thousand of his men left him and went home. He had ten thousand left, but the Divine Spirit in him told him that even these, unseasoned and conceited as they were, were too many. So, after letting them get thirsty, he brought them down to the riverside to drink. Now, in war time, vigilance is the first virtue. Certainly it is so with our General Sullivan's army. Gideon's test is a good one, even for to-day. If a man is, first of all, intent upon satisfying his selfish appetite, he will, without thinking of the wary and watching foe, fall down upon his knees or lie upon his belly at full length and put his mouth right to the water and drink greedily. That is just the moment when the enemy can take him unawares, charge upon him, or shoot him. Or, if it be a thirsty army, he can drive the mass of men, huddled together, into the stream, and drown or shoot them at leisure.”

“Isn't that the way that most thirsty men would drink?” asked Dr. Kinersley.

“Yes, doctor, I grant you the average man would ;

but the trained veterans, like our scouts or riflemen, who know that an Indian is likely to lurk in ambush especially near a spring or open water-side, would not do this. Such a man would not kneel at all. He would crouch by the river or spring side, and, without taking his eyes off from possible danger, but surveying all around him, he would dip up in his hand a little water at a time, and drink even while watching. In a word, he would never be taken unawares.

"These were the kind of men that Gideon selected, who did not bow down, like the rest of the people, but that lapped, putting their hands to their mouths. These alert and vigilant men that formed his chosen band of three hundred could carry their provisions on their backs and their trumpets with them. With such men, Gideon felt that God had already given the Midianite host into his hands."

"But the trumpet, chaplain, was not much of a weapon, was it?" asked Captain Bush, with a pleasant smile of mild credulity.

"No, captain, I grant you that," said Dr. Rogers; "but then, in war it is the moral as well as the physical state of the soldier that we must consider. The race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong. The bravest men in a panic seem good for nothing, while even delicate youth not naturally brave can be made to fight like lions under an inspiring leader."

"Ah, yes, chaplain," said Mr. Harby; "then our artillerymen will give a good account of themselves, for the Indian has not the moral courage to face the cannon. Why, a bomb that bursts behind him scares him worse than one that explodes in front. Noise is a great part of a battle, and the Indian seems to know it, for his yells are meant to scare."

"Yes, quite true," said the chaplain. "Gideon understood well, also, how a man feels when he is only half awake. Penetrating the Midianite camp, he heard the story of the dream, how the flat sheet of barley bread rolled into the camp of Midian and completely overturned the tent. Gideon was mightily cheered by the interpretation which the dreamer's comrade gave, and went back to immediately arrange his three hundred men into three companies."

"But tell me about those empty pitchers and the lamps inside the pitchers. How funny it must have seemed!" said the young girl.

"Oh, yes!" laughed the parson; "but you must not think of a table ornament, or a stone jug, or a bedroom ewer standing in a basin, nor even a water pitcher; but picture in your mind one of those big earthen vases or two-handled jars, with a comparatively narrow neck, and a long, rounding body tapering to a point. In place of a hand lamp, think of a torch. Then imagine Gideon leading his three hundred men, each one silently holding a dark lantern —

his lighted torch inside the big earthen vase or jar, which he could smash with a single blow of the trumpet, revealing the light within. Thus, though unseen in the darkness, Gideon's band could suddenly form a scattered line of three hundred fires."

"True," said Mr. Harby; "but I do not see yet how the mere sight of three hundred torches should so frighten an army."

"Well," said the domine, smiling, "that shows our necessity of studying oriental customs. Consider the ancient way of laying out an encampment in an Asiatic country. A group of camels would be placed here, one tribe with their tents and encampment there, and each division in its appointed place; but at the headquarters, the general's tent, there would be a great torch burning. This was the invariable rule that, at the tongue of the commander-in-chief's chariot, this light should burn all night. The common soldier and subordinate officer were not allowed this mark of honor, so that when waking up at night the half-dazed soldiers would see not one torch burning, but here and there many of them, even three hundred. Such being their military habits and mental associations, would they not imagine that instead of one army attacking them, there were many of them, even a host without numbers, and that every torch represented not a soldier, but a general with a host at his back?

"At any rate, this is just what did happen. It was

at the beginning of the middle watch, just after the first had been changed, that Gideon with his hundred men came near the outside of the camp. Suddenly, with a blast that roused all sleepers, the valiant Hebrews sounded their trumpets and, smashing the earthen vases which held their lighted torches, they uttered their war-cry. Then the great host of sleeping men imagined that a multitude without number was attacking them. In a moment more, at the fresh blasts of the trumpets, their fears led them to suppose that those nearest to them were their enemies. So they either fought each other, or else fled in utter panic."

"Well, well," said Dr. Kinersley; "that is a story well told. It shows how three hundred alert men, under a brave and resourceful commander, can accomplish a miracle. Now, I do hope that our young Continentals, led by the veteran riflemen and Sullivan, whom I trust to the utmost, will clear all New York State of its hosts of savages. They are no better than wild Arabs of the desert. It is a case of thirty-five hundred against many thousands fighting with consummate craft on their own ground; but God guard the right."

"Amen!" cried the whole party.

Evidently there was no Gideon among the Indians, or in the Tory camp not many miles westward. Several times the prowlers of the forest succeeded in killing men sent to pasture or drive in horses or



cattle; but pursuit was hardly worth while, for the savage tactics consisted in this, — to sneak, to fire, to run. All this made the Continentals eager for a fair stand-up fight, and this they were to compel the enemy to give, or fly in force.

## CHAPTER XIV

### JUST BEFORE THE BATTLE

THE cool nights and mornings of late August had already come, and the days of the foggy month were nearly over. The young Continentals woke up at the morning reveille, given by horn and drum, to find the dew sparkling not only on grass and leaf, but also upon their blankets, accoutrements, and stacked arms as well. Several times, in order to see clearly for marching, they had to wait till the sun was well up and the thick fog rent by the sunbeams.

General Clinton's troops had made junction with the main army on the 22d, and, after some reassignments, the permanent order of battle was formed. Colonel Van Cortlandt's regiment was ordered to act with Clinton's, and Alden's regiment was joined to Poor's brigade, while Colonel Butler's regiment, with Major Parr's corps, were included in General Hand's force of light infantry. Colonel Dubois's brace of cannon were to be left in the fort, but all of Proctor's were to go forward.

The barrels of flour were now to be taken out of

the boats, emptied, and put into bags, which were to be carried on the backs of pack horses, for from this point the river was too shallow to float loaded boats, though flat craft, put together with wooden pins instead of nails, and almost like rafts, could be pushed and hauled some miles further up the Chemung River. With plenty of water in winter and making a terrific flood in the time of the melting of the snows, the river channel in summer is for wading rather than for boat navigation. Its purpose in nature is to irrigate and drain one of the loveliest valleys in the world. The artillery must move along the river flats, have a path chopped through the forest, be rafted over streams and have corduroy roads made in the swamps and swales, all of which meant plenty of work for the axemen and pioneers.

A large division of men were at once set to work to cut up the old tent cloth to be made into sacks for the flour. All the women of the camp, some forty in number, lent their needles and fingers, and the work was kept up all night. On one day, dropping this manipulation for real soldiering, the signal gun was fired at 5 P.M. in order to form the line of march, according to the new assignments, to see how well the comrades, thus rearranged, could move and complete formations. At seven o'clock the army encamped in proper order, everybody feeling that, except in the very roughest country to be traversed,

the alignments could be kept, though a half mile of width would be necessary for columns, pack-horse trains, and flankers.

The horses and cattle, as being the more easily stampeded, formed the weakest part and must be well protected, as well as guarded against, by those who were dependent on them for rations and cartridges. Men and horses together carried twenty-seven days of soldiers' provisions; for, indeed, this was all they had. As for the horses and cattle, they must live off the country. In a word, Sullivan must conquer or return between moons.

The next day was entirely devoted to packing up and getting everything in order, although the heavy rains which fell hindered movement, but on Thursday, the 26th of August, at eleven o'clock, the great army of chastisement set forward. First of all, Major Parr with his riflemen moved ahead, examining every hilltop and valley, defile and turn of river, rock, and clump of trees, to prevent possibility of ambushade. Then followed the surveyors and chain-bearers under Lieutenant Lodge, who measured the distances exactly. After them came the hundred or two men of the pioneer corps, skilful with axe, spade, and crowbar, who widened the path, chopped down trees, or improved the road. Sometimes they had to stop for an hour at a time and fill up the miry places, in order to give the artillery wheels and pack trains a solid basis. Two columns of the main

army then followed, between which moved the horses and cattle. On the right and left, the host was guarded by the flanking divisions commanded by Colonel Dubois and Colonel Ogden. Clinton's brigade, holding the post of honor and danger, brought up the rear.

During the days of routine life at the fort, after the army had left to go into the wilderness, a party went out after strayed horses and cattle. They succeeded in driving into the fort twenty-four cows. From living long in the forest, these creatures had become almost as wild as deer. The twelve hundred people in the fort, whose supply of visible meat provision had been reduced to five lean and ill-favored beeves, were mightily pleased. Visions of juicy beefsteaks and pot-pie danced before their eyes. Toward evening, sixty boats with the sick and wounded, and with the chaplain, took passage to Wyoming. A large detachment from the garrison went on board to work the boats down the Susquehanna, and to bring back supplies for the returning — victors?

The first march was short, and the general camp was made at the upper end of Tioga flats, only three miles distant from Fort Sullivan.

On the next day, August 27th, the army moved in the same order of march, but slowly, on account of the roughness of the country. Toward night, having arrived near the last defile, or narrows, to

be threaded that day, they saw all around Nature's table spread with a feast that would delight the soul of a vegetarian. Here were corn-fields and gardens, whence they could and did draw all the corn, potatoes, beans, cucumbers, watermelons, squashes and other "sauce" necessary for a liberal banquet.

The business of the next morning, August 28th, was to discover a ford for the artillery, pack horses, and cattle, by which the river could be crossed, so as to find, if possible, a more practicable road ; for between a very difficult defile called "The Narrows," only a few inches wide, and the high hill, there was little to choose. So Maxwell's brigade and the body of left flankers were posted to protect the artillery, pack horses, and cattle, and prevent any possible rush out of the forest by Indians who might hope to stampe the animals. The four-footed creatures crossed through the water, with the rafted guns, to the west side of the river, and moved forward a mile and a half. They then recrossed the stream, so as to get on the Chemung flats.

Meanwhile, General Poor's New Hampshire men and those of Clinton's brigade, with the right flanking division of the army, took their march over the almost inaccessible mountain on the east side of the river. It was hard work to climb, but on the top they found level land and superb oak timber. On reaching the westward slope, a magnificent panorama

burst upon their eyes. Glorious plains, rich in grass, grain, and fruit, with glittering streams of water, covered the country for twenty miles round. The broad and fertile valley was flanked on either side with glorious hills. Even the Mohawk Valley men, accustomed to one of the fairest spots on earth, broke out into exclamations of delight. They could see the river running forward and then bending round in a splendid curve, where to the westward, near Newtown, pillars of smoke rose up against the blue sky. Here they knew they would meet the enemy. The united army of men, with artillery horses and cattle in the same order as set down on paper, now moved forward, and at six o'clock encamped on the site of the Indian town of New Chemung.

Wonderful things were here to be seen. At least ten thousand bushels of corn in the ear stood on the stalk, ripe for roasting and ready to be cut and stored, while all the material for succotash, pumpkin pies, and potato salad, thousands of bushels in quantity, lay in or on the ground, ripe and ready. Evidently here was the chief storehouse and rendezvous of the enemy, the key to the frontier of New York and Pennsylvania, from which an army could always be victualled. Beside the dwelling-houses were great granaries built of stout timber, with bark walls and roofs. That they had never been occupied was proof conclusive that the food was to be stored for King George's allies.



The soldiers went rambling around after supper. Many a time was the cry "Eureka." Not only in the houses but hidden in various parts of the woods were all sorts of plunder, carried off by the marauders from the white man's settlements. Here were books and candlesticks, poker and andirons, copper kettles, pot hooks and kitchen equipments, carpenters' tools, jewelry, combs, women's clothing and ornaments, with occasionally a chair or picture frame, linen and bedroom necessities, or broken fragments of them, which showed that the Indians had employed pack horses or canoes, and not merely their backs, to carry off the spoil of Cherry Valley, Wyoming, Springfield, and other settlements, to reward or amuse their squaws and papposes.

While the men lay around their camp-fires, a scout, who had been sent forward on Friday evening, August 27th, to reconnoitre and who was no other than Claes Vrooman, came in to report to General Sullivan. He had gone ahead as far as the ridge near Newtown, on which the battle of August 13th had been fought. A few hundred yards beyond, camp-fires were burning, and the flame or smoke could be traced far up the sides of the hill. From these he judged that there must be a thousand or fifteen hundred men. Evidently they were going to make a stand, and dispute the advance of the American army.

This was indeed the case. After the battle on the 13th, which had been fought entirely by the Indians

against our troops, the Senecas had sent a runner up to Geneva, where the British and Tories were encamped, urging their instant march, with all of Brant's Indians following. Preparations were hastened, and, on the 25th, Brant, Butler, MacDonald, and all their forces, numbering in all a thousand, of whom about one hundred out of the three hundred white men were New York Tories and the remaining two hundred, Canadian rangers and British regulars, reached the rendezvous, west of Baldwin Creek, near Newtown. With skill and cunning, they selected their ground at a place where they thought Sullivan's army must march. The only possible path seemed to be over low ground, along a narrow defile, between a ridge and the river. On this ride, they built breastworks and carried their line of timber and earthen defences up the side of the hill well on toward the top, making a wall of defence nearly a mile and a half long. The whole fortification was shaped roughly like a V, with its point eastward toward the coming Continentals, the British left resting on what is now Sullivan's Hill,—where the monument stands,—and their right resting on the ridge, which ran to the river and commanded the only ground fit for a path.

Now, in order to make theirs a masked defence, and to give no sign that anybody was behind the ridge, they took pains to have no chips from the axes or any marks of human presence on the side toward

Sullivan. There were three or four Indian houses outside the lines. These served as bastions, and enabled the enemy, by zigzagging their lines, to deliver a flank fire on an army charging the intrenchments. These log houses were not touched, nor were those of the deserted village farther up the creek. They were left standing as if recently deserted; for it was hoped that Sullivan's men, in search of plunder, would crowd into and around the houses, and be thus taken unawares. In a word, nothing on the eastern side of the intrenchments gave any sign of danger or of an enemy's presence. It was the western or inside portion that contained the hornets' nest of war.

To carry out their plan of ambuscade, they tore down the houses at Newtown, dragged the logs and poles forward, and with these built their works and fed their fires. Their idea was that Sullivan's advance, seeing no signs of an enemy, would pass around the heel of the hill and, marching in a long, thin line along the flat ground between the ridge and the river, move up the valley to destroy the Indian town. Then, by making their main body invisible inside the concealed breastwork, and posting on the hills on either side unseen parties of Indians to act as flankers, they hoped, by pouring in a heavy fire along the whole line, while the outlying parties rushed down and stampeded the pack horses, to throw the American army into such confusion as to

demoralize or cripple it, and to compel its return. In a long, thin line, extending clear up to the hilltops, both on this side of the river and across it, were parties of Indian watchers, who had signals arranged by which they could give notice of any attempt on Sullivan's part to flank them, should their plans be divined. To these hills could be summoned strong parties of picked warriors. In a word, they were ready here, where the Chemung River bends, near Elmira, to make either a Braddock's field, or to fight a pitched battle, hoping eagerly for the former.

To make assurance doubly sure, they waited before putting on the finishing touches of concealment, until the night of August 28th. Then they knew from their spies that Sullivan's army was quite near, and would be up the next day. They piled on the green boughs and brushwood, and even cut down and transplanted a large number of young trees, so as to still further hide the works and to remove the possibility of being discovered. But their landscape gardening did not avail them, as we shall see. Theirs was not the art which conceals art, for our riflemen, as wary as foxes, had eyes like eagles. These were to expose the ass in the lion's skin.

Yet had it not been for the excessive caution of Sullivan and his trusted officer, Major Parr, of the riflemen, the green boughs and young trees might

have utterly concealed the presence of a fortification, and our men have been surprised.

There was no time for preaching or worship on that sultry Sunday morning of August 29th, for no one knew what an hour might bring forth. Sullivan expected a battle before the day was over, but exactly where or when, neither he nor any of his men knew. Breakfast over, the horn blew at nine o'clock and the army moved forward, the light corps being first, marching in six columns, Colonel Butler leading the right and Colonel Hubley with his Pennsylvania Germans being on the left. Behind them came the axemen, artillerists, and cannon; after that the main army, with the pack horses and cattle in the middle. Thus slowly the great host of thirty-five hundred men advanced, the surveyors and chain-bearers measuring every rod of distance made.

After fording a stream, Parr's sharpshooters scattered themselves widely through the woods, the men craning their necks and peering into the bush. Their rifles were held in both hands, all ready to cock at any moment. Thus every man alert, the riflemen had no sooner passed over the ridge where the battle on the 13th had been fought, than they caught sight of some Indians moving about in front of them, one of whom fired. Then they all ran. This was suspicious. Going one mile farther, they saw, stretching off to their right, a large area of low, marshy ground. Between this and the little hillocks on the

left seemed just the place for an ambushade, so their vigilance was doubled. Pretty soon they started up another and larger party of Indians in war-paint. These also fired hastily and ran. This was strange. Why had not the savages hidden themselves and taken deliberate aim?

These Pennsylvania riflemen were regular bush-beaters and accustomed to start up game, whether on two or four feet. They were veterans in a hundred forest battles, where logs and stones are forts and a tree is a tower. They did not fear to move straight on, yet the signs of danger had so multiplied that Major Parr, bidding his men watch every moment, ordered a lithe young fellow to pick out a tall tree and to climb to the top, to see if anything dangerous was visible.

Like a monkey the youth shinned up a grand trunk and, clambering to the topmost limb, peered around on every side. At first he could see nothing, but, watching keenly through the forest ahead, he noticed first of all a ridge of land running down to the river, and that scores of young scrub oaks on the slope in front of it, especially between the ridge and the creek, seemed planted with astonishing regularity, in rows. Indeed, it seemed more like a young nursery than natural forest growth. This was like a piece of news. Still peering through the leafage, he discovered several Indians moving about inside of the little ridge of land and up the hillside. As the sun was

shining in their faces, he could see the great streaks of war-paint. From that he knew they were all ready for a fight, and expecting one. Very soon he noticed others likewise well smeared with gay colors, and also a tall chief with plumes of feathers on his war-bonnet. Occasionally, there was a flash of a steel weapon or brass ornament in the sunlight. By studying the landscape a little longer, he made out a zigzag line of breastworks covered with green, but none the less artificial, running down to the river on the left, and over to the mountain on the right, the angle being almost directly in front of him. In some places the defences were quite low, but here he noticed pits or holes dug, in which the enemy could lie and easily defend themselves. Facing the works, about a hundred yards this way, was a stream of water, and between the ridge and the river, that here made a great bend, was an open space on which corn was growing.

When the man came down he made his report so clearly and intelligently that Major Parr at once saw the situation in his own mind's eye. He sent back word to General Hand to bring up the light troops immediately, and also notified General Sullivan of the state of affairs. Only a few minutes were necessary to do this. Hand quickly deployed his men, forming them in line of battle this side of the creek and within three hundred yards of the works. The riflemen went forward as skirmishers, and lay under



the banks of the stream within one hundred yards of the enemy.

Inside the breastworks rapid action was necessary, for Brant and Butler at once made up their minds that their scheme had been detected. Seeing that there could be no surprise, and that they must now have a regular stand-up fight, they agreed to attempt first the tactics which had been so successful at Wyoming, Goshen, and Minisink. They would make a feint of a sortie, sending out a squad of savages who should pretend to be themselves surprised. Firing quickly and in apparent confusion, the Indians would then retreat with the idea of luring on the soldiers in pursuit, in the expectation that the Americans would rush pell-mell after them, and into the line of fire of hundreds of guns aimed by cool-headed men in ambuscade.

But this time Brant and Butler were not to deal with raw militia, or even with regular troops unused to Indians. They were to face the Pennsylvania riflemen. All veterans, and led by officers who were graduates in the school of forest war, they could be neither scared nor lured. So after Parr had warned his men, and Hand had given strict orders not to pursue or move forward a single foot, our riflemen were ready, and on the lookout for a little fun. They were soon to see played in opera, as it were, "the spider and the fly," while fully prepared to decline "walking into the parlor." With the winking of the

eye and even with certain gyrations of the fingers with thumb to the nose, vulgarly called "sniggle-fritz," they would greet the oncoming foes, knowing well that these were shamming fight. Yet, if Tory or Indian meant more, they were even ready for them, bullet for bullet; yes, scalp for scalp.

## CHAPTER XV

### THE DECISIVE BATTLE IN THE WILDERNESS

THE riflemen posted along the banks of the creek were not long kept in waiting. The enemy soon showed his old tricks. Out from the angles of the breastworks emerged a body of nearly four hundred Indians, and Tories painted like them. Leaping through the greenery and uttering wild war-whoops, they scattered themselves among the trees and on the ground, but keeping themselves well protected. It was not a rush or charge, but only the play of war with a deeper purpose underneath, and the riflemen knew it. They kept up a lively fire, which our men returned with spirit, as they lay safely protected by the banks of the creek, so that very little damage on either side was done. Suddenly one of the Americans, tired of playing soldier, and, after arrangement with his fellows, started a chorus of defiant yells, and holding out their caps as if about to move from their cover and rush forward, drew the full fire of the savages, who then, pretending to be panic-stricken, rushed back into the works, crawling, climbing, or sneaking in at various points.

The answer to this feint from the riflemen was a loud guffaw all along our line. Instead of leaping up and giving pursuit, some of the men laid their guns against the trees or on the ground, indulging in a long, loud laugh. Getting out their tobacco, they enjoyed a chew and lighted their pipes, while others looked their arms over to see if everything was in good order. Exchanging winks and jokes, and jeering at the unseen foe inside the breastworks, they invited them to come out again, but they themselves stirred not a foot. They knew well that they were well supported by the whole of the light corps near at hand. By and by a much smaller part of the Tories and savages, though jeered at, apparently attempted the same old trick once and again. Nevertheless, they kept themselves so well under cover that it was evident that this time they were trying to find out our movements and strategy. For this reason, the riflemen made it so hot for them that they could learn little or nothing, and soon crawled back into the fortifications. Thus for several hours our sharpshooters kept the enemy penned up within their works and occupied. Yet they made no change in front, nor did Hand's corps advance any nearer. After much firing and plenty of smoke, nothing of note seemed to be done.

But by this time Sullivan had made all his plans. He expected to beat the enemy and start them on the run. The only line of retreat for the allied British,

red and white, on the left was between the hill and the river up through Newtown to the northwest, toward the great plain on which the city of Elmira now stands. To head off the enemy's flight by this route, Sullivan sent Ogden's division forward on the left.

In the centre and front, beyond the riflemen along the creek and Hand's light troops just behind them, he kept Maxwell's brigade as a reserve in the rear. Ordering Colonel Proctor to post his nine guns on a piece of rising ground just over against the angle of the breastworks, so as to enfilade both lines, he had him wait an hour before opening fire, expecting to do the heaviest work of battle on the hill by a flank attack on the right. Believing that the Indians could not long stand the bombshells and grapeshot, Sullivan hoped to encircle them in their flight up the valley. For this work his main reliance was on Poor's New Hampshire men, with Dubois for support on the extreme right and Clinton's brigade in the rear. Poor's riflemen were to scatter in front to clear the woods of ambuscade and to fire as skirmishers; for Poor, like Wayne at Stony Point, hoped to gain the mountain in silence and then dash upon the enemy with fixed bayonets.

It was Sullivan's ardent hope that Poor and Dubois could make the detour in time to strike the decisive blow; but fighting a battle in an unmapped and unsurveyed wilderness is not like a game of chess,

and time is an uncertain factor. In a country thoroughly surveyed, where every road, house, barn, and windmill may be down on the map, and all distances accurately known, a general who fails to arrive at the time ordered may be courtmartialled. But in a wilderness, how can one gauge the progress of soldiers who may meet an unknown swamp? Wading waist deep in mud and water is not like tramping over an asphalt pavement.

Sullivan allowed sixty minutes for the flanking column to march around to the extreme right and up the hill, so as to strike the enemy in the rear. Had it not been for the terrible nature of the swamp, which delayed the movement of the flanking column, the battle would have resulted in a much more decisive victory. "Time and tide wait for no man," but a swamp makes men wait for it. Instead of being one hour, the flanking corps was much longer in floundering through the morass. At last the men had pulled their way through the bushes, and, crossing the creek flowing into the main stream, passing through the Indian village and then fording Baldwin's Creek proper, they formed in line of battle and began the climb of the mountain. For tired men on a sultry day, this meant pull and tug with much loss of breath. Yet Poor, who had already heard Proctor's guns opening on his distant left, cheered on his men. Streaming with perspiration they hurried up the hill, panting like driven stags.

Two regiments in this unknown country got somewhat farther off on the right than Poor had planned, and Dubois being still a greater distance to the right, as was proper, Colonel Reid's Second New Hampshire Regiment, on the extreme left and lower down the hill, was somewhat separated from the others by a dangerous distance, while Colonel Dearborn's Third New Hampshire, perhaps having easier ground to march on, got farther up and nearer the crest, and was considerably in the advance. It was a terribly hot day, and the ground was frightfully rough. There, at about five o'clock in the afternoon, on that Sunday of August 29th, a day most decisive in American history, we leave them for a moment, to return to the rifles, muskets, cannon, and cohorn of the main body, and the brave hearts behind them.

When Sullivan's watch told him it was three o'clock, he ordered Hand to have his men ready. They were to advance and charge immediately after the artillery should cease firing. He then gave the signal to Proctor. At once, the whole battery of nine pieces opened with a roar that seemed to rend the mountains. The two bomb-howitzers were posted in the centre and flanked by the six pounders and light guns. At first, the three and six pounders sent in solid shot, aiming at the works; but later, when the enemy were visible, the gunners, sighting their pieces carefully, poured in grape and canister. The little cohorn, kicking itself over each time after the dis-



charge, threw its bombs neatly within the angles, while the howitzers, delivering their five and a half inch shells, quickly knocked to pieces the house-bastions. Exploding within the works, the bursting bombs made it impossible for the Indians to hold together without seeking cover farther back in the woods. Even there, the idea of missiles that could not only kill you from the front but tear you to pieces from behind and on all sides, up, down, and around, was too terrifying to bear. The ripping and tearing of the tree branches above, and the explosion of bombs over their heads, sending down a rain of iron, was too much for the redman's nerves. One Indian, in later life describing his sensations, declared that it seemed constantly as if the heavens must fall flat and crush him and everybody, and he wondered every moment that they did not.

Now, there is a difference between physical and moral courage.

The savage Indian can fight bravely from under cover, especially if he can hide and slowly sneak up to his victim, or rush at him when unarmed or with empty musket. He can bear hunger, cold, and pain. He can stand the torture of his enemy without a groan. In this, perhaps, he excels the white man, at whom he laughs because his white enemy in agony shows emotion. Yet the savage Indian has not the moral courage to look into the muzzle of cannon. He cannot face an open fire, or stand in



" . . . HE LED THE CHEERING."



ranks under discipline, while bombshells are bursting around him.

Brant, the chief, at first tried to hold his terrified followers together. Dressed in Indian costume, and conspicuous by the feathers in his head-dress, he brandished his tomahawk, and moved up and down among his tribesmen, cheering and encouraging them to hold their ground. Many a rifleman that day tried to bring down this proud chief. He was known throughout all the land for his intellectual ability and physical vigor. His sister, Molly Brant, had been the mate of Sir William Johnson. To have killed him would have added mightily to the reputation of a rifleman. Yet he was unhurt. He seemed to bear a charmed life, as if protected by the Great Spirit. Although his clothes were pierced, no bullet drank his blood.

Nevertheless, as Proctor's gunners stripped to their work, and poured in unceasingly a rapid fire, made more effective by the cool aiming of the officers, the slaughter was terrible. According to Indian custom, no wounded were left on the ground. Only those corpses which could not be hastily carried off were visible. Just before the battle, Butler had scores of canoes moored in the Chemung River, to bear away the wounded and, as far as possible, the dead. The witnesses on the ground after the battle testified to the grass and timber looking as though smeared with buckets of blood. The crash-

ing of the branches, the horrible sounds and odors out of the screeching and bursting iron, so unnerved the Indians that Brant saw, and Butler knew, that something must soon be done to move them to activities that would cheer them, or the day would be utterly lost. What should they do? It would be useless to make a sortie, for two brigades of alert and eager American soldiers lay in front of them, all ready for that assault which they knew would take place when the cannon ceased firing. What sign of hope was there for the British cause?

This came unexpectedly from the left flank, and in the nick of time. On the hilltop, the Indian sentinels had caught sight of the gleaming rifles of Poor's skirmishers. Waiting only for a moment, to be sure that the enemy were in force—a fact which was quickly made certain by the whole brigade's forming in line of battle after crossing the creek near the deserted Indian village at the base of the hill—they sent courier after courier to Brant, telling of this imminent danger.

Receiving this as joyful news rather than with alarm, Brant at once led off about half his warriors on the run. Reaching the slope of the nearest hill, his hope turned to exultation. Fiercer yet was his joy when, by half-naked runners dripping with perspiration, he was informed that one regiment of soldiers had got separated from the others, and were toiling, half out of breath, up the rough slope. In-

deed, they were at that moment within five minutes' striking distance. At once giving silent signal to his followers to form a semicircle, so as to enclose Reid's regiment, Brant raised a yell that was repeated from five hundred throats, until to the white men earth seemed to have opened and the forest to be suddenly populated with demons. Hot and wilted by the sultry and lifeless air, with their breath nearly spent, the New Hampshire men looked up and found themselves nearly surrounded by a force three times their number.

The prospect was gloomy enough. Had the Indians not been so sure of victory, or their nerves not been demoralized by the bombshells from which they had just fled, they might have, by their first fire, decimated the little regiment. As matter of fact, from the hill's crest they fired too high, for the most part down and over the heads of the New Hampshire boys below them.

What should Reid do? The thin line of riflemen skirmishers, who on discovering the foe began firing up hill, seemed not to check the redskins for a moment. His men's guns were empty. Their bayonets were in their scabbards. Must he retreat and fall back on Clinton's reinforcements, too far, it might be, in the rear for speedy help? Where was Dearborn? There was no chance to communicate with his superior officer, Poor, who was too far over on the right, with Indians in between.

Should he make a desperate charge against overwhelming numbers, and run the risks? For a moment, visions of their own scalps, fresh and bloody, hanging to dry in Iroquois lodges, blanched the faces of the New Hampshire lads, but only for a moment. Thought was like lightning. Decision was instantaneous.

"Fix bayonets!" rang out Reid's order. Within ten seconds, the men had ordered arms, and the clinking of three hundred weapons, as the bayonets slid over the beads, and the slot, ring, and barrel of each musket made unity, as of a spear, was over.

Before Brant's savages could think of reloading, came another order, "Forward, charge!"

Then, with a wild cheer, the New Hampshire men dashed ahead with the cold steel, yet against heavy odds and in fearful danger. Though they broke the redmen's defiant front and scattered them, these quickly found shelter and began reloading and firing, and down dropped the charging Continentals, until a dozen lay helpless and bleeding. Meanwhile, the riflemen, who had moved to the right and left as flankers, kept the savages from re-forming their curving line, and made them keep their distance. Yet though the New Hampshire men, to gain their breath, stopped to load and bravely stood up to the fight, the superiority in numbers told fearfully against them. In a very few minutes, over thirty of the men



from the Old Granite State lay dead or wounded. It was still what the Dutch taught us to call a "verloren hoop" — a forlorn hope.

Just at that moment help came from an unexpected quarter.

Colonel Dearborn, with the Third New Hampshire, having reached his post farther up the hill, and missing Reid's regiment, heard firing behind him. Instantly divining the situation, and suspecting that the flankers were themselves flanked, he took the responsibility of action. "About face!" was his order. It was quickly given and superbly executed. Forward on a run, until within firing distance, and then lining up handsomely, these fresh boys from the old Granite State struck the rear of Brant's forces, very soon after Reid had ordered a charge. Here the Continentals had the heaviest musketry battle of the day. Being able to fire two volleys, they laid many a red-skin low. By this time, Clinton had hurried forward Gansevoort's regiment, while the other forces near at hand pressed Brant's in front and rear, and the proud chieftain, seeing the danger of capture, sounded the retreat.

When Butler saw the red clouds of beaten Senecas flying toward Newtown, he knew that the game was up, and had ordered his men on the run to save themselves. Soon the whole host, red and white, Johnson Greens and painted Tories, were streaming pell-mell through the town and corn-fields, and over the ford

of the Chemung. In swift canoes, the wounded were paddled up the river out of sight.

By this time, Hand's riflemen and light troops had charged with cheers, leaped over the breastworks, and were well forward in pursuit. Some of Poor's men, being around on the right and far ahead of them, tried to intercept the fugitives, but they broke with impetuosity through the thin line and escaped, though the commander of his Majesty's forces, Colonel John Butler, came very near being taken prisoner. Clinton's infantry moved forward more leisurely, burning the Indian villages both east and west of the intrenchments. At six o'clock all the army gathered at the Indian town of Newtown.

Now came the opportunity of the gallant Irishman, General Hand, of the light brigade.

"Pull out the stars and stripes, and let the Continentals give three cheers, General Hand," said the commander-in-chief. "Men, here is one of the first flags made by order of the Continental Congress. Let us salute it with a long-metre doxology of cheers. Give your orders, general."

"Ay, sir, general," said Hand; and as he sat on his horse it seemed as if the war-steed was enjoying the thrill and excitement of the moment with its master.

Then turning to the dust-stained soldiers of the regiments, all ranged in line, but with eyes flashing and eager to try their throats in patriotic vigor, General Hand cried:—

“Three times three, my gallant victors! Once for the flag, once for the Congress, and once for our commander.”

Then, pulling out from his bosom the flag made by Betsey Ross and given him by Mrs. Eyre, he led the cheering, which made the welkin ring.

Breaking ranks, camp and a rich vegetable supper were now in order.

How the battle-field looked and what the surgeons had to do was told very clearly in Claes Vrooman's letter to his father at Schenectady. At Newtown, he found quill pens, ink, paper, and apparently all the accessories of Butler's headquarters. Before the torch was applied, he had made spoil of the stationery, and part of what he wrote is as follows:—

“DEAR FATHER: We have had a great battle, and I have been in the smoke as well as under fire six hours. I never knew of so much powder burned at one time, in all my life. ‘So much mustard to so little meat’—for our butcher's bill is quite small. Parr's riflemen opened the battle, and amused the enemy all the morning in front, spoiling all their plans of entrapping our army into passing a line of intrenchments, which they had cunningly covered with green boughs and trees. While we were useful in front, without being able to accomplish much on men hidden behind breastworks, the New Hampshire men with Clinton's brigade were sent around

up the hill on the right, to strike the enemy on the flank, while the artillery was ordered up to a little rise of ground, sending bombs and round shot over our heads as we lay on the ground. There was some fighting on our flank, and, indeed, the New Hampshire boys did the hardest fighting; but Brant, thinking that his Indians might be surrounded, retreated, and Butler's forces of white men soon followed in their tracks. I have been over the ground with the surgeons and must tell you about the dead and wounded, but especially about the black prisoner, who, to my delight and joy, actually brought me a letter from your own daughter.

"She says nothing about my wife, Trintje, except that she is probably at the Tuscarora village of Coreorganel, in the valley near the southern end of Lake Cayuga."

The story-teller would add that, during the battle, Colonel Van Cortlandt was standing near a tree directing his troops. Catching sight of his well-known enemy and recognizing him, the chieftain Brant called to his side one of his favorite marksmen.

"There," said he, "is a commander of five hundred men. Aim carefully and bring him down."

The man, whose gun was empty at that moment, loaded with particular care, for the colonel, resting his hands on his sword, the point of which was on the ground, seemed not likely to stir for a minute

or two. Then, sighting his piece, and deliberately taking aim, the sharpshooter pulled the trigger. The ball struck the tree, not more than two inches above the top of the colonel's cocked hat, filling the back of his neck with fragments of bark, causing him to shrug his shoulders and bend forward to shake out the debris, but this was all. He was unhurt.

Years afterward, when Brant and Colonel Van Cortlandt sat together as guests at the same dinner in Albany, Brant asked his companion, —

“How near did a certain bullet come to your head when you were standing in front of a tree, during the battle of Newtown?”

“I should say within two inches,” was the reply.

“Well, I am not surprised,” said Brant; “for the man who fired at you that day was my best marksman, and I directed him; but now I am glad he didn't hit you,” said Brant, laughing.

## CHAPTER XVI

### AFTER THE BATTLE — IN THE CHEMUNG VALLEY

**I**T was a terribly disheartened band of beaten men that Sullivan's light-armed troops drove before them. The dead and wounded, put in light canoes, manned by the most skilful paddlers, were moved up the stream so rapidly that they were soon beyond pursuit, while on land those who were fleeing had but one idea,—the saving of their lives. Without stopping in their village at Newtown, they sped on with their women and children.

Now that the victory had been achieved, Sullivan was able to send back his howitzers and two of the heavy cannon. At this order, shouts of joy went up not only from the artillerymen and the soldiers who had to drag them, but from the pioneers who knew that there would now be less road and bridge work and haulage through the forest and the mire. Nevertheless, since they might meet with fortified towns on the way, and possibly more breastworks, the four light pieces and the little coehorn were ordered to go forward. At this order, there was not a little private

growling. One man declared that to take cannon to Canandaigua was like carrying a mountain through the forest.

But a far more serious duty now faced the army. To do without cannon was delight; to go forward lacking a good supply of meat and bread was grief. Touch a soldier in the stomach and you rouse a protest from the lowest foundations, for even an army, like a rattlesnake, moves on its belly. A man is what he has eaten. When the men were called on to make the sacrifice and enter upon short rations, some asked, "How can a man live on succotash?" For, from this time until they should return, a half pound of flour and a half pound of beef a day were to be the rule and the ration.

Nevertheless it was a question between forward with glory on half rations, or backward in disgrace on full stomachs. Though the enemy had been beaten in the field, the main purpose of the expedition, in destroying the crops and desolating Iroquoisia, had not yet been accomplished. Sullivan was not the man to turn back when his work was but half done; and the army was worthy of its commander.

It was a fine sight when, after announcement being made in general orders, and permission given to all who would not accept the reduction in rations to return, not a man retreated. All stepped forward, and from the whole Continental line went up three rousing cheers. It was a soldier's vote to "carry the war



into Africa," and live off the country. Yet it seemed easy to do this in a country where corn stalks were eighteen feet high and corn-cobs a foot and a half long. They were to pass from a succession of woods, mountains, and swamps, into a level country dotted with lakes.

How it all seemed to our young volunteer, Herman Clute, may be learned from his letter to his mother, written from Canandaigua.

"SEPTEMBER 10, 1779.

"DEAR MOTHER: I have gone through a battle, and have come out unhurt. If I had ever been told, when at home in Dorp, that so many thousand bullets could be fired by men used to guns and yet so little harm done, I should not have believed it. I find that calmly shooting at a target, on a fair day, at home, with plenty of time to take aim, is a very different thing from fighting when excited in the woods, and in a cloud of smoke, where you see an Indian dodging about one minute and find him gone out of sight the next.

"On Sunday morning, August 29th, we came to a place in the woods with a ridge of hills which had been fortified by the enemy and covered up with green stuff. When General Hand found it out, he sent word to Sullivan, who took his time and arranged the plan of battle. We had to wait several hours, while the riflemen in front along a creek kept up a lively cracking, though they could see very little to fire at.

Indeed, from about eleven o'clock until five in the afternoon, there was a tremendous amount of lead shot at us by the king's people from inside their lines, while our folks kept up the fire steadily. The New Hampshire men and New Yorkers were sent far off to the right up the hill, and they were the lucky fellows, for they were the only ones in our army that saw any real fighting. In fact, that was the one time in the battle when men got close enough to see each other's faces.

"While they were gone from us, our artillery was also playing on the enemy, and the noise was deafening. At first, I was mightily interested in seeing the red jets of fire leaping from the mouths of the guns, and listening to hear the bombs burst in the enemy's camp, for I could see nothing very far ahead of the cannon. But by and by, I got so tired of waiting, hour after hour, doing nothing and without any dinner,—for we were kept in line to be ready at an instant to charge after the artillery had stopped firing,—that I fell asleep, and so did several of the other men. Indeed, after the first excitement was over, we felt tired; but, about half past four or five, we heard what was music to our ears,—the horn sounding the order to move forward. We waded through the creek, rushed up over the intrenchments and after the enemy, whom we could see here and there in the distance through the woods and at full speed. But we never caught up with

them. They seemed to run like deer, and nearly all got away safely.

"It turned out that the New Hampshire troops and Clinton's brigade had taken so much time to get through the swamp that they were too slow, while Proctor's men were too fast. The bombshells had got in among the enemy so early that, when the retreat began, there was no one to head them off. I do not think that I saw more than four or five dead men, all Indians, lying on the ground as we passed by; but there were places where it looked as if the shells had exploded among groups and knots of men, for the trees and grass were dreadfully bloody. We could see where they had pulled off and away the dead and wounded down to the river, to get them into canoes. The doctors say that about fifteen dead Indians were found, and two Tory prisoners taken, but that only five of our men were killed and about thirty-five wounded. Yet I cannot get over it, that with all the firing in front of the breastworks, and with the hard fighting on the hill, in fact about seven hours, more or less, of shooting, so few on our side were hurt.

"I think that the Indians on the hill must have been made nervous by the bombshells, for they fired over the heads of our men down below them. On the low ground where we were, what with a half a peck of iron scattering among them every time the coehorn or a howitzer opened its mouth,

while our side was protected behind the banks of the creek, the Tories and Indians could do little to harm us. Hardly anybody on our side fronting the great works was hurt, and the killed and wounded were almost wholly among the New Hampshire men.

“I do not like the way our men act after the battle. Some of the riflemen are rough fellows. As soon as they got over the intrenchments they rushed right at the dead Indians, whipped out their knives, ran them around their foreheads and pulled off their scalps. They washed these in the creek, and now they are hanging them on sticks set near fires. The owners of these horrible relics seem to be as proud of their property as if it were jewellery. One man secured three, and another boasted that he had taken in his time twenty-seven.

“Yet this is not all. I saw two men bending over the biggest of the dead Indians, whom one of the riflemen had already scalped. While one held up the redman’s leg, another one took his knife and skinned it from thigh to ankle. Wondering what in the world he wanted to do with the hide off an Indian’s leg, he replied: ‘Why, sonny, I am going to tan it and make a pair of boots out of it. My comrade, here, has a pair of leggings made of tanned Indian, and I’m going to be up with him.’ So he skinned the other leg, and, having already stuck the scalp in his belt, walked off with his bundle of raw-

hide Scalping the redmen seems to be as common with our frontiersmen as with the Indians themselves.

“After pursuit was over, our men went round the field and found a great many packs and knapsacks, blankets, tomahawks, knives, and other things belonging to the Tories and Indians. Butler’s papers, jewellery, and coat were found and taken to the general. After they buried our men, they kindled big log fires over the top of the ground. When I asked why they did this, they said it was quite common for the Indians to dig up the dead and shoot arrows into the bodies, and they wished to hide the place of burial. I am sorry to say that some of our own men, especially those who lost relatives in the massacre, tell stories of their doing the same thing to dead Indians. Indeed, all along our march to Canandaigua, our men found fresh graves, which they usually opened. They found in them the bodies of men wounded in the battle.

“The Seneca village here, called ‘Newtown,’ was surrounded on every side with fields of corn, beans, pumpkins, squashes, and other vegetables. As we rested the next day, we had good eating. From this time forth, I suppose, we must be vegetarians, for General Sullivan in his orders showed that we could have only a half pound of flour and a half pound of meat a day. All who did not like short rations and wanted to go home could do so, but not one turned back. Indeed, all stepped forward and

gave three ringing cheers for the general and the country. Nevertheless, when we are not near corn-fields, we have to lie down hungry. Our poor horses seem to suffer worse than their masters. That night, the four heavy guns, the wounded, all the wagons, were sent back to the boats to be taken to Tioga Point.

"Claes Vrooman read me the letter which his sister in captivity had sent him by the negro boy Drusus. He was found at the far end of the battlefield and scared almost white by the effect of the bombs. Our men passed over him in their pursuit, but afterward found him and a Tory, who also had a black face. They thought the Tory was a negro, until they noticed his hair. Then, pulling open his shirt, they found he was a white man. Though our men threatened both of the prisoners, they did not hurt them. When brought into the presence of General Sullivan, the negro told how fearfully the Indians were demoralized by the bombs. Inquiring for Vrooman, he delivered him the birch-bark letter.

"When, on the 31st, we again started to march, the right column went over the hills some distance from the river, but the left column and the cannon took the route by the river. Oh, what a beautiful country we did pass through! As usual, we burned all the Indian houses and cut down the corn. At a point between two streams, we came to a pretty

Indian town called 'Kanawaholla,' and up the river saw some boats full of escaping Indians. You would be surprised at the plunder which we find in those Indian houses. They were built with the help of white men, for there is a good deal of split and sawed timber in them, and not a few paint pots have been emptied on them to make them gay.

"We found many things stolen from the settlements: feather-beds, nightgowns and caps, women's and men's clothes, and chests that were filled with table ware, pewter dishes, and stuff of all sorts. I have a silver spoon fashioned at the top with the three-cross arms of Amsterdam, and marked 'A. V. C.,' and under it a sheaf of bending grain. Could this be Arendt van Curler's spoon, which has been in our family ever since his widow died? At any rate, the end is all worn off from frequent scraping out of pots of suppawn,—which the Massachusetts men call 'hasty pudding.'

"The next day, I think, was the worst marching time we have had yet. Just as down at Tioga Point we found a great farm carried on by Queen Esther, so, near the end of Seneca Lake, was the Indian town and horse-breeding place of her sister, Queen Catherine, who has two of the handsomest daughters in all the land of Iroquoisia. Her farm seems, with its fences, horses, colts, cows, calves, hogs, and chickens, more like a stock farm on the Hudson River than the abode of savages. We have often heard



of this famous woman, who is a great granddaughter of Count Frontenac, who, in 1690, sent the French and Canadian Indians on the raid that destroyed our town of Schenectady. Her husband is a famous Seneca chief, and she and he have become quite rich by breeding and selling the finest horses known in Iroquois land. I was therefore quite anxious to see her town of forty big houses, of which I had heard much.

“But before we got there, we had to go through a most horrid, thick, miry swamp, covered with water from the recent rains, terribly dark from the closeness of the hemlocks, with plenty of rocks and sloughs and swales, in which horses and men floundered dreadfully. Some of the beasts stuck fast and could not get out, and so died there. Others lost their bags of flour and boxes of cartridges. We must have crossed the little river in the swamp about twenty times. It was seven o'clock in the evening before even the advance guard got out of this Bear Swamp, which extends nine miles. On either side was a ridge of hills, along which the main column could march, but how we ever got the artillery through I do not know. To-day the pioneers are nearly dead with exhaustion, for they had to fill up many of the pools and holes full of stuff as soft as suppawn, besides bridging with corduroy a great many hollows. Our brigade got out of the wilderness about eight o'clock, but Poor's and Maxwell's did not make camp till near midnight. Many of

the men fell asleep by the way, utterly worn out, and did not join their regiments till next day.

“As for Clinton’s soldiers, being in the rear guard, they lay in the swamp all night, hungry and miserable. Vrooman tells me that this dreadful morass is the dividing line of the waters, those on one side going to the Susquehanna, and the other into the St. Lawrence. So we shall follow the streams flowing north hereafter. There is a great difference in the fog-making power of the streams, ‘according as they run toward Cancer or Capricorn,’ as our geographer Lodge says.

“Here in this swamp, especially, is where the king of bears, the messenger of the Great Spirit and the prophet of the weather, has his lair. The Senecas send a party every year in, to watch him come out. If he sees his shadow, he stays out, and there will be early spring and warm weather. If he does not, and no shadow is cast, they know it will be a backward spring, cold and raw for six weeks. So they can arrange for their crops, fishing, hunting, and war parties.

## CHAPTER XVII

### QUEEN CATHERINE'S TOWN AND INDIAN STAR LORE

“HOW the Indian dogs did howl as we approached Queen Catherine's town ! It consisted of forty houses, all large and well built, with splendid corn-fields and orchards all around it. A Dutch family lived here among the Indians, and there were plenty of feather-beds in the house, and two of their horses were in the fields. The queen's palace was a two-storied, gambrel-roofed house, about thirty feet long and eighteen feet wide. Warriors, squaws, papposes, and dogs decamped so suddenly that the horses, cows, calves, and hogs were left behind. The baggage of many of the officers being still in the swamp, some slept on feather-beds and some on strips of bark torn from the houses. The next day we hungry fellows had a banquet, for all the cattle were barbecued. No half rations of meat that day ! Some of the wild oranges were as big as common limes. We rested and feasted, burned the houses, and cut down the trees and corn. It was awful work, but, as our chaplain says, ‘Washington is our Samuel, Sullivan our Saul, the Senecas and Tories our Amalekites ; and, if we catch Brant or

Butler, our men will make him as Agag.' Some of the Pennsylvania riflemen shouted, 'Remember Wyoming,' as they rushed over the breastworks at Newtown.

"I must tell you about an old squaw that we found here. I was walking out in the woods, and found her hidden in the bushes. She looked to be a century old, and as leathery looking as one of Domine Vrooman's tomes of Bor or Voet ; but, unlike the smooth parchment on the books, her face was puckered like an apple baked too long, as if every year since her fortieth had added a new pucker. I couldn't make her understand anything I said, though I knew Mohawk pretty well ; but I called one of Domine Kirkland's Oneida Indians, who can rattle off several of the dialects, but every time she shook her head as if she did not understand. Convinced that she was only shamming, we took her before General Sullivan, and he threatened her with punishment if she did not answer, promising her food and kind treatment if she would tell what she knew. Then she became voluble.

"She said that Butler and the old chiefs had held a council here. He had been reinforced by two hundred Niagara Indians, who wanted to fight at once ; but those who had been in the battle and under the artillery fire shook their heads. The majority were against beginning hostilities at once, but voted to wait for a good chance, after Sullivan had got well

into the wilderness. Two of the old chiefs and all the squaws were in favor of peace, yet Butler would not allow any surrender. He told the women that Sullivan would kill them all.

“Brant was moody, but defiant. He was disappointed at the non-arrival of a big band of Cayugas whom he was expecting. Fearing they might come on the trail after his retreat, Brant ordered a picture-message to be left for them near one of the holy places so well known to the Indians of the whole confederacy. One of our scouts found this and showed it to General Sullivan. I walked out to see it. On the rocks was a drawing in bright colors, showing twelve men with arrows through them. Near by was a live young sapling, with its top branches bent down and twisted around the trunk. This, alike for friend and foe, was the meaning of the double symbol, — the picture-message and the tree set for defiance: ‘We have lost the battle, in which twelve warriors were killed; but, though beaten, we are not conquered.’

“The old squaw said further that many Seneca families were mourning the death of their relatives, and that hundreds of women and children were hiding in the place about five miles away. This stirred the general at once. He started up, ordering Colonel Butler to take a regiment and the coehorn and go immediately in pursuit. Could he capture these, the whole Seneca nation might have to sue for peace.

Yet, except hard marching, the expedition was useless.

"The general is a kind man at heart. He ordered a comfortable hut to be built for the old woman, and left her food enough to last for several weeks. Then her savage eyes overflowed with tears. Some of our men begrudged the old woman the keg of pork and the round of beef left her, for good meat is so scarce. We marched on the next day, and moved on through open woods and over level country. We came to a small Indian village that was a model. It was made of only one house, but this had ten fires in it, one fire to a room, showing that as many families lived under this one roof. I think you would open your eyes wide, were you to see how well furnished some of these Indian houses are. They have not only plenty of grain, but horses, cows, and wagons.

"Yet we burnt them all and cut down the corn, for the object of Congress and General Washington is to make this country uninhabitable for years to come. True, there are clean Indians and dirty ones, and some villages and the houses in them are nasty beyond description, being more like pig-pens than habitations for human beings. Usually they do not take any care to have clean water, never dig any wells, but take the water for drink or cooking right out of the lake and river.

"The next day we came to the famous Apple Town, or Kendaia, situated about a quarter of a mile from

the lake. It is the Indian town in which Mary Vrooman was a prisoner for nearly a year. Here the houses were built of hewn logs covered with bark, and some of them were well painted. Eleven of them stood on a ridge sixty rods long and twenty rods wide. The corn-fields were at some distance from the town.

"The Wyoming militiamen had been very eager to get to Apple Town, for it was out of this village that one of the most active parties in Brant's raid on Wyoming and Nanticoke had set forth. You should have seen the soldiers rush into the place and begin at once to hunt in the bark houses for the dried scalps of their relatives, some of which they found, and at least four were recognized. Then how lustily they did swing their axes on the trees and put the torch to the houses! I tell you it was a good sight to behold. Our men drove three Indian ponies into the lake, but caught them easily.

"Among our other surprises here was our seeing a white man named Luke Sweetland rush out from his hiding-place, some distance from the town, and greet his old friends from Wyoming, some of whom he knew by name. He had been captured at Nanticoke in the raids last year and adopted into the tribe. He said that in winter he lived mostly on suppawn, and that from April until corn was fit to roast, he was nearly starved, but now he was fat, for succotash was plenty. He told Vrooman and me some-



thing about the salt-making among the Indians, which we have long wanted to know.

"Mr. Vrooman remembers that several years ago, when he was present at the blacksmith's shop in Cherry Valley, a squaw brought a copper kettle to get a rent soldered up, which had been accidentally made in it by a slip of a tomahawk. Seeing a shining incrustation in it, he asked the squaw what the crystals were, but she made some evasive reply. Whereupon he swept some of it into his palm and putting his tongue to it, found it was pure salt. The squaw seemed displeased, and, though he plied her with questions and promises of gewgaws, she would say nothing.

"Sweetland says that these Cayuga Indians regularly sent him about twenty miles off to the salt springs, which lie in a ravine on this side of Cayuga Lake, several miles south of the northern end, and also in the flats at the lake's end, near a big fall of water, one of three streams about two or three miles this side of Coreorganel. This salt the Kendaia people make and sell to all the savages in this part of the country. We wish they had left a store of it for us, as we shall need a good deal of salt while living on so much green food. Both lakes, Seneca and Cayuga, are full of fish, particularly salmon, trout, rock, and sheepshead, while game on land is plentiful.

"Sweetland tells us that there were many wounded

in the battle, and the savages are much cast down. They took Vrooman's sister along with them, when they retreated northward, but Sweetland thinks that his wife is still over at Coreorganel. It was at Kendaia that I received your letter, which an express had brought up from Tioga Point, where it had remained over a week. By the same messenger we heard about our own wounded after the battle. I am sorry to tell you that Colonel Dearborn's nephew, only sixteen years old, and with whom I got acquainted, because we were boys together, died of his wounds on the 22d. Although Kendaia must be an old town, for some of the trees appear to be sixty years old, yet our horses and cattle could not get any pasturage here, and many of them strayed away.

"So the next day we could not march till three o'clock, and even then the horses and cattle were not all recovered. Some time before sundown we stopped for supper and the night. Wild pea-vines grew very luxuriantly, and here our horses enjoyed them as if they were clover.

"We could see on the other side of the lake some Indians busy with horses, but they did not look like warriors. There was quite a large town, with houses and corn-fields.

"I remained a long time on the edge of the lake, watching the Indians and the horses on the other side, for something unusual seemed to be going on. Old men and squaws seemed to be trying which

was the fastest of the colts, for the animals appeared to be young horses. There were many Indian children interested and lively. I borrowed an officer's spy-glass, and, though the sun was now pretty well down in the sky and the shadows beginning to stretch long toward the east, I saw that they brought out a squaw and tied her on a white pony. They rested her body on the animal's back, her head toward the tail, and then fastened and tied her feet around the pony's neck. Whooping and yelling, the old men and squaws gave the animal's flank a whack, and off it went upon a gallop along the lake, and finally I lost sight of it, white though it was, in the woods. What could it mean? When I told Vrooman of what I saw, he seemed at first interested and then distressed, but said nothing.

"I talked to one of the friendly Oneidas, named Hanyari, a splendid specimen of a redman, about what I had seen. He was highly interested in all I could tell him.

"'It must be a case of witchcraft,' said he. 'Some squaw has been accused of bewitching a man or woman. Or, what is nearly as bad, of saying something offensive to the tribe or predicting calamity or defeat.'

"'It may be she foretold the thrashing the Senecas got at Newtown,' I suggested.

"'Quite likely. Probably the old men and squaws may have heard of the loss of some of their warriors,

and though her words may have been uttered months ago, yet even now recalled or even dreamed of, they may be the means of accusation, punishment. She will certainly starve, poor squaw.'

"From my friend the Oneida guide, I learned many of the Indian notions of witchcraft and of religion. As night fell, the stars came out one by one, covering the heavens, while Seneca Lake was spangled with reflections like jewels. Vrooman joined us and we had a talk about the stars, and the lake, and the Indian's idea of creation, which I must write down for you."

Here the story-teller must add that it was not all marching, fighting, cutting down corn-fields, or dragging artillery up and down hills that occupied our young Continentals. Some of them, students, school-masters, lovers, friends, enjoyed mightily the sight of the flowers by day and the stars at night. It was superbly clear weather during that whole month of September, 1779, and every night the glorious heavens showed the sight that never palls on the eye. On this night, by the shores of Seneca Lake, when the silver baldric of the stars stretched its palpitating glory across the whole heavens, from horizon to horizon, Vrooman turned to Hanyari and politely asked him what the Indians thought of "the milky way," and how it originated. Hanyari was one of Domine Kirkland's warm friends. He knew

how the white men thought, but he was not wholly ashamed of Iroquois lore, and when in the mood, loved to talk freely.

"Oh," said Hanyari, good humoredly, "I'm tired of answering your questions; tell me what *you* think of it? How did the great white light come there? Why do you call it 'milky way'?"

"Well, in our story, which comes from the Greeks, there was a very stout little baby, named Jupiter, who lived a long time ago up in the heavens, and once, in a temper, spilt his milk all over the sky. But our fathers have no story of their own to tell, so you must tell me yours."

"We have not much of a story," said Hanyari; "but one of my uncles told me that this band of light was the track of the great tortoise walking across the sky. Others say it is the road which departed souls travel on to reach the land beyond the western heavens, and the lights in it are the shining foot-marks of the greater heroes."

"Have you any name for the other stars?" asked Vrooman.

"Oh, yes," said Hanyari, and his eyes brightened.

"Well," said Vrooman, "what about the north star?"

"Oh," said Hanyari, "that is the star we travel by. Since we learned some things of you white men, we call it the 'compass' star."

"Have you names of groups of stars when seen together?" asked Vrooman.

"Oh, yes," said Hanyari. "We have the fisherman's star, the loon-hunter in a canoe, the travellers in the big boat, the bear's head and flank, the morning star, and the seven stars."

"What about the great bear?" inquired his white friend.

"Oh! is that what you white men call it?" inquired Hanyari. "Our fathers tell us that one day one of the great stone-clothed giants was walking through the woods, when he found some Iroquois hunters chasing a big bear. The giant took the animal's part, and, seizing some rocks, hurled them at the hunters, killing all except three. Yet he enjoyed seeing the men have the sport, and would not stop it. So, taking the bear and the hunters in his hand, he hurled them up into the sky, and there they are. See those four stars together? The big ones are the bear's body and legs. Do you see that big star next? That's the foremost hunter, intent with his bow and arrows on shooting the bear. See that second star? That's the second hunter. He is carrying a kettle to cook the meat in, when the bear is cut up. Last of all is the third hunter, who is gathering brushwood to make the fire."

"Oh," laughed Vrooman; "you have a 'kettle,' and we have a 'dipper.' Is that the whole of the story?" said Vrooman.

"No; my aunt told me that when all the leaves turned red in autumn, it was because the foremost

hunter had shot the bear to death, and through the hole in which the arrow entered, and along the shaft and over the feathers, the bear's blood drops out. In autumn, this drips upon the leaves of the trees, making them all red, until at last they, too, die and fall."



## CHAPTER XVIII

### THE RESCUE OF TRINTJE VROOMAN

“WE were all in high spirits when we started again next day, for we expected another battle at the outlet of the lake at its northern end, which we had to ford. The scouts were sent out on all sides, but found the coast clear. Crossing this outlet in water knee deep, we marched farther on through a terrible quagmire called the ‘soap mine,’ and still another swamp, and then along the lake beach until we came to Butler’s buildings. These were four or five in number, containing, until recently, great stores of tools, seeds, provisions, and war material. We set them on fire, and then moved on to the famous Seneca Castle, or Kanedasaga.

“The capture of this Indian stronghold, of which we have heard so much, was accomplished with more fun than dignity or bloodshed. General Sullivan is not yet used to the slipperiness of our invisible enemy, but he takes no risks. Surely expecting resistance here, if anywhere, he cautiously surrounded the town with several brigades. After being for five hours within three miles of the ‘castle,’ General Hand’s

and Colonel Dubois's men, under connivance of their officers, who had learned from their scouts that the town was empty, loaded themselves with vegetables. Bound to have a good supper, some of the soldiers had as many as three pumpkins stuck on their bayonets, or were staggering under a breastload of ears of corn or strings of beans, when suddenly General Sullivan appeared on the scene. Half vexed, that after all his elaborate plans, there would be no need of either tactics or strategy, and half in good humor, he roared out sternly, even while his eyes twinkled :—

“ ‘You clumsy, unmilitary rascals! What! Are you going to storm a town with pumpkins! Open at once to right and left, and let men unaccustomed to plunder carry out my orders.’ ”

“ At once the whole host was disrobed of its vegetable accoutrements and armor, and an avalanche of pumpkins, squashes, melons, and mandrakes rolled down the hill, while beans and corn strewed the ground.

“ After a few moments, however, the general rode on, and the men gathered up their spoil again and entered the town.

“ Kanedasaga contains fifty houses, some of them with well-made chimneys, surrounded with orchards and corn-fields, and with many marks of the white man's assistance, such as ploughs, axes, and vats for tanning. We found here a great many things of Indian workmanship, which our boys would like to carry

home as curiosities, if they were not already heavily loaded. The Indians had left in a great hurry, but we found a little white boy, about three years old, undoubtedly a captive. A milch cow was browsing not far away from him, but he was playing with a chicken. He was thin, very hungry, and perfectly naked. He could not talk a word of Dutch or English, but prattled in Indian.

“‘Can a mother forget her suckling child?’ I thought; but, poor baby, his mother is probably dead. One of the officers took care of him, and he seemed very happy to have a foster father and to get clothes. You ought to have seen him eat some of our army bread, with fresh milk, when the cows came up. One of the Oneida Indians made a pannier, or basket, on one side of a pack horse, balancing the boy by bags of flour on the other side, and thus the little fellow has travelled with us, the pet of the regiment. He gets daily rations of milk from Colonel Hubley’s cow.

“I am afraid we shall not have any more battles, but I am surprised at the Indians giving up their houses and corn lands so easily. It must be the artillery that has so taken the spirit out of them. Dr. Campfield, the surgeon, says that the land here is a good deal worn out from long cultivation, but that the town is in a healthy place. It was regularly laid out by Sir William Johnson, and in the centre is a large, green plot, like a white man’s town. Twenty-three years ago there was a fort built here,

and some of the old palisades are still sticking in the ground.

"This was the home of a famous chief called 'Old Smoke.' The particular honor he enjoyed was to carry the burning brand to light the council fires. He took part in the raid on Wyoming. His successor is a boy under twelve years old, and he has a daughter married to Roland, a son of Queen Catherine. •

"From this place, the general is going to send back all the sick and lame men, together with the broken-down horses, and Captain John Reed, with fifty men, will escort them back to Fort Sullivan. Then the captain is to come back again to Kana-waholla with supplies, to meet us on our return. Although we shall have to live on vegetables chiefly, making this a 'succotash campaign,' General Sullivan is determined to push on to the Genesee castle.

"We are now indeed in a strange country. Hitherto we had guides like Mr. Vrooman, who has been through this region, besides Hanyari and his Oneida Indians, and Domine Kirkland, who lived here two years and once nearly lost his life, when the Senecas turned against him. But westward from this point not one soul in the army has ever been. So the general must depend upon his scouts. We know the route we have passed over, for we have with us a party of surveyors who have chained and measured every mile of the path. Their chief, Lieutenant Lodge, has made maps of the region traversed,

that is, of the river routes over which we have thus far come, but now we leave the rivers and are in the lake country.

“Last night, after the day’s march, while all except the sentries were sound asleep, some of the men were awakened by the sound of a cannon, as they thought, and a few even had dreams of a battle. The sentinels all cocked their guns and held them ready for what they supposed would result soon after the booming sounds which they had heard. Were Butler and his Canadians reinforced and marching on them with cannon? But nothing further came of the noise. It seemed to be down in the lake. What could it have been? Has Seneca a ‘lake cannon’ like that in Cayuga?

“As we rested yesterday, several bands were sent out to explore and to destroy. Colonel John Harper called for volunteers, and I was delighted when he took me as one. We followed the Seneca River about eight miles, and came to a town of eighteen houses, called ‘Skoiyase,’ in which, it is said, Red Jacket often spoke. This eloquent chief and orator, who belongs to the Wolf Clan, has a name which means ‘he keeps them awake.’ He is said to have been in favor of our side in the war.

“The most curious thing I saw on this raid was a line of fish ponds, and here, it seems, lived an Indian chief named Fish Carrier, who made a good living by raising fish and selling them. There is a great

trail here through this town. It extends all the way from Albany to Niagara. While we were here, Major Parr's riflemen began the work of destroying the town and crops which I saw a few days before from across the lake, at which the squaw was bound to a horse, and driven away into the wilderness like a scapegoat. This place is called 'Shenanwaga.' There was so much to do that the major sent for four hundred more men, to help in completing the work. The twenty houses were new and surrounded with fields of maize, orchards of apple and peach trees, stacks of hay, hogs, chickens, ducks, and geese. Even the fields were fenced, and the whole village seemed quite equal to a white man's frontier clearing, yet everything was destroyed."

Here the story-teller must narrate what happened to Claes Vrooman on this side-raid to Shenanwaga. In his letter to his mother, Herman Clute only refers to the incident that so affected the disconsolate bridegroom, and says that Vrooman "will write fully to his father, and thus you and all the folks will know about it"; but we must give it here.

Vrooman, as one of the rifle corps, numbering about one hundred men, went with Major Parr, as guide and scout also. While this party, and afterward the extra four hundred men detailed to assist, were busy with torch, axe, and knife in levelling village and crops, Vrooman with Nathaniel van Patten,

a comrade, took position on a bit of rising ground to guard against surprise. The afternoon and night passed by without an adventure or any sound save the cries of the wild animals, but on the 8th of September, as morning dawned, Van Patten, being on guard, awoke Vrooman, saying :—

“Claes, get up. By the holy sacrament, if here isn’t a horse, loaded with a squaw. She is tied to its back. And what do you think? She’s actually singing. It’s something we know, for I heard the music played by the band. She can’t see me, but I had a strong notion to shoot the animal. I could bring down the horse, without hitting her. The beast is white and I could take him in the head easily.”

“Are you sure it’s a squaw?” asked Vrooman, as he rose hastily, and, out of sheer habit, opened the pan of his rifle and shook some fresh priming into it.

“Sure of it. Come and see.”

“Warily and as noiselessly as possible, the two men approached the pony, for such it was. Browsing on the rich grass in spite of the thongs which bound the woman’s feet around its neck, it paid no attention to the men at first. As it moved about, the face of its burden was exposed.

“God have mercy on me! It’s a white woman!

“Hello, who are you?” shouted Van Patten to the object.



"A Christian woman, Trintje Vrooman, of Schenectady, a captive, taken at Cherry Valley. Help me."

The voice was low and feeble, as of one very weak, but mild as it was, the pony started, pricked up its ears and trotted off, sniffing the air and gazing defiantly at the two men.

"Heaven help me and her! It's my wife, Van Patten. We must not lose her, or miss the beast. What shall I do?"

"Here," said Van Patten; "you pick some of these tiny white flowers and set them in the palm of your hand, as if you had some salt, and approach the pony from the front, while I'll go round, and we'll so get about the beast that, even if we cannot catch him, we'll drive him in among our men in camp."

Suddenly the quiet was broken and the men heard distinctly the music and the first verse in Dutch of that famous song of Philipp van Marnix Saint-Aldegonde's, "Wilhelmus van Nassouwe," with its music, an old hunting song of the thirteenth century (see page 219).

So cleverly did Vrooman manage the lure, while Van Patten stealthily approached in the rear, that the former, by coaxing and holding forward the hand half closed, which had in it the whitish flowers looking like salt, was almost within catching distance of the horse's mane or the woman's moccasined foot, when Van Patten grasped the animal's tail, and his captors had their double treasure.

## 1. WILHELMUS VAN NASSOUWE.

VOLKSLIED.

Opgevekt. *f*

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 2/4 time signature. The tempo and dynamics are marked 'Opgevekt. f'. The score consists of five systems of music. The first system shows the vocal line and the piano accompaniment. The piano part has a bass line and a treble line. The second system continues the vocal and piano parts. The third system shows the vocal line and the piano accompaniment. The fourth system continues the vocal and piano parts. The fifth system shows the vocal line and the piano accompaniment. The piano part has a bass line and a treble line. The score ends with a double bar line.

Then was seen the true chivalry of the frontiersmen. Both knives were unsheathed at once, thongs cut, and the cramped woman's body borne limp in the arms of her lover-husband to the fire, to food, and to rest;

while Van Patten, not for one instant relaxing vigilance against possible savage foes lurking near, led the horse and himself away, so that the loved ones might be alone in sacred joy and in gratitude to God.

Trintje's story in outline was soon told. Until the news of Sullivan's advance had been received at Coreorganel, in the Inlet Valley, near the modern city of Ithaca, she had been living there, working hard, but well fed and kindly treated. Then, sold to a squaw in the town of Shenanwaga, she had fallen under the suspicion of being a witch. For, since this white woman had come among them, the black rats, unknown before, had made their appearance, killing off the native gray rats and playing havoc in the storehouses, by devouring the grain. From Coreorganel, the black rats had reached Shenanwaga. Who could have led them or made them but the white woman?

After thus poisoning public opinion, the old man and his squaw had openly accused Trintje Vrooman of turning old water-worn stones into black rats. This she did, according to the accusation, by breathing fire on the stones. Other calamities and portents were traced to the white woman, who was alleged to be able to breathe out fire.

A council, consisting mostly of old men and squaws, — for the warriors were all away under Brant and Butler, — was held. After a long pow-wow, it was decided, before flight — for Sullivan's town destroyers had been discovered on the opposite side of

the lake — to tie her on a swift pony or colt not yet broken to use, and set him free. It was expected that she would starve in two or three days. Almost as soon as she was tied on and the pony struck and sent flying, the whole village, Indians, dogs, horses, and all, fled westward.

Trintje's robust constitution had withstood the strain. The pony had kept for the most part in the open country, and then, naturally, had returned to the place most familiar, whence he had set out. Except torturing thirst, even more painful to bear than hunger, and though much scratched on her limbs and one side of her body, Trintje was unhurt. She quickly recovered her spirits, though the return of strength was slow.

Indeed, when the detachment reached Sullivan's main army, Claes Vrooman was warmly congratulated by General Sullivan himself. And, since it was too late to hope to overtake the party sent off to Tioga Point, the special privilege was given him to have his wife accompany the army to Honeoye, where she could rest at the fort, there to remain while the advance proceeded to the goal of the expedition, the famed Castle of the Genesee.

"What did you think of, most of the time, when the Indians turned you into a female Mazeppa?" asked Claes, seeing that Trintje had recovered her spirits.

"Well, to tell the truth, Claes, after the first fears

and agony were over, and I had prayed again and again the evening prayer we learned at home, 'O Merciful God, eternal light, shining in darkness,' etc., I was not so very uncomfortable during the thirty-six hours or so that I took an involuntary ride on horseback. During the day I kept singing, occasionally shouting, hoping the army might be near, for I had heard rumors of the coming of our men. The next morning I felt sure that white men were near, and I began singing the old *Wilhelmus Lied*. But when I saw and recognized you, I was so happy that I wanted to cry, and yet, as you carried me in your arms, through my light head ran the old nursery song. Here it is, —

“ ‘ Ride a cock horse to Banbury Cross,  
To see the fair lady ride a white horse.  
Rings on her fingers and bells on her toes,  
She shall have music wherever she goes.’ ”

“ Well,” said Claes, “ the rings were not there, but the music, the fair lady, and the white horse were.”  
Laus Deo !

## CHAPTER XIX

### CANANDAIGUA AND HONEOYE — A SUCCOTASH CAMPAIGN

AFTER several days' subsistence chiefly on corn and beans, it was a cheering sight to the main army when the pack horses, returning from Shenanwaga, came in camp loaded with dressed pigs and poultry.

The Continentals seemed in unusually good spirits after their liberal diet of fried pork and chicken. They set forward again on the 9th of September, camping at night by a stream of good water.

Herman Clute's letter continues :—

“On the 10th, we forded the outlet of Canandaigua Lake, marching a mile westward round the town. Its name, Canandaigua, means, ‘the place where we take off our packs to rest.’ It is an important trade town and baiting place on the long trail between Niagara and Schenectady. On entering the town, we saw ahead of us, hung up on a tree in front of the big council house, a white dog, with a string of wampum round its neck, and otherwise most curiously decked and trimmed. One of the friendly

Oneidas told me it was a sacrifice to the gods, and an offering accompanying prayer for victory.

"No one was in the town, but, unbeknown to us, the island at the end of the lake—the only island we saw in any of these lakes, though Vrooman says there is a very pretty island in Lake Cayuga—was packed full of squaws and papposes in hiding. We should have bagged much game had we known this at the time, for every woman and child captured is a hostage for the braves. All around the edge of the lake are many thousands of rounded stones.

"Canandaigua town had twenty-three log houses, large and new, some of them of framed timber. These are by far the best-built Indian dwellings we have yet seen; but they and the corn all went on the same pile and up into smoke from the same fire. The first things we noticed were two posts fixed near the council house, and alongside of these two war-mallets. Was it an execution ground?

"This Seneca country is so very flat that there are very few springs. This makes it hard for a marching army, on these hot September days. Over many miles that we have passed, tall, wild grass as high as the horses grows, showing that here were old, cleared lands for maize, which the Indians burn over every year. The smoke fills the air for hundreds of miles, and makes that haze which we associate with Indian summer, though exactly when that comes no two Americans are agreed. The



Indians say that it is the smoke from the pipe of the Great Spirit, and a proof that he is in a good humor.

"I noticed while here a hill that seemed strangely bare, for most of the hills we have seen are wooded. That evening, as usual, around the camp-fire at Canandaigua, Mr. Vrooman and Hanyari talked, to my great delight, about old Indian legends. This time we had Mrs. Vrooman with us as a listener. She survived her rough bareback ride astonishingly well.

"‘This is a wonderful place for the Seneca Indians,’ said Hanyari. ‘Indeed, this is the nation’s birthplace. The Senecas claim that they are unlike the other Iroquois, for their first ancestors were all born together, at once and here they got their name.’

"‘How is that?’ said Vrooman.

"‘Well, you know their name means, ‘the big-hill people,’ and this is the hill which gives them their name.’

"‘A good story here, I suppose,’ said Vrooman. ‘Let me have it.’

"‘Well, a long, long time ago, the Great Spirit was much pleased when he looked on this beautiful Canandaigua lake and landscape. These he thought the fairest on earth. So, in his happy mood, he touched this hill, which the white men call “Bare Hill.” For a moment there was no sign or motion, but before

many minutes the mountain opened and out came little things which at first looked like worms, but pretty soon these grew into bodies with arms and legs, and when the sun shone on them they proved to be boys and girls. They grew up and began to play with each other. In time, they turned into men and women, and went forth to live in the land a little farther south, but they always looked back on this mountain with pleasure, and called themselves the "People of the Great Hill." That is what the word Seneca means.'

"'Do they ever visit this hill,' asked Vrooman, 'for any purpose?'

"'Oh, yes; very often. They come here to give thanks and pray to the Great Spirit. They talk of it as the Mother Hill. For both joy and grief they come, and sometimes even to mourn. They have great pow-wows here, and hold councils. Some of the most important decisions, both of trade and hunting and war, have been made on this hill.'

"'What's the name of it?' said Vrooman.

"'Genundewa,' said Hanyari.

"'Oh, yes,' said Vrooman; 'I know that. It means the big hill. But why is it so bare? From top to bottom toward the lake, there is hardly a tree. It looks as if your Hawenniyu had tobogganed down on a big rock and scraped it bare. How came it to be so bald?'

"'Oh, I have heard the Senecas tell that once,

when they had a stockade on this hill, there was a great serpent made by the evil spirit Ha-ne-go-ate-ge, who wanted to destroy the Seneca people, and he frightened them so that they all ran inside the stockade. After driving them all in, he coiled himself around, and, his head and his tail meeting at the gate, he lay there, keeping up such a cloud of his poisonous breath that none dared to go out, while all were more or less stupefied, as if they had been filled with fire-water. Finally some of the leading men planned a way of escape; but they were not smart enough for the serpent. Seizing their weapons and cooking utensils, they thought to walk out of the open gate so noiselessly that the serpent would not awaken from the torpor in which he seemed to have fallen. Instead of this, the serpent had opened his great mouth in front of the gate, and they, going out at night, thought they were walking down hill, when in reality they had gone right down the throat of the reptile and into his stomach.

““ This would have been the end of the tribe, but, fortunately, a boy and a girl had been forgotten and left in the villages outside the fort. To them the Great Spirit spoke, telling the boy to make a bow and arrows out of a certain kind of tree in the swamp. Then they were to go up behind, and send the shaft in such a way that it would strike the serpent's flesh under its scales. The brave did as he was told.

Stealthily approaching the serpent, he sent his poison shaft into the soft flesh.

“‘Immediately the serpent, writhing in pain, straightened itself out and slid down the hill, leveling the trees and hiccoughing as it went. It was in such a terrible sickness that it dropped out of its mouth all the heads of the Senecas which it had swallowed ; and these, all rolling together, fell down into the lake, forming the very stones which may now be seen lying in the water. Of the blood of the serpent were created other little snakes, which crawled off into the woods and waters.

“‘From the boy and girl, another race of Seneca Indians followed, and gradually the land was over-spread, until the great tribe has become what it is now.’

“‘Well,’ said Vrooman, ‘that was a very industrious serpent. Are any other wonderful things credited to him?’

“‘Oh, yes,’ said Hanyari, ‘you know our Oneida talk is a little different both from that of the Mohawks and the Onondagas, and this serpent is the cause of the difference ; for at first all the redmen spoke one tongue, but it was the serpent that in some way divided them, so that they could not understand one another.’

“‘Oh, then,’ said Vrooman, ‘here, then, is the Iroquois Tower of Babel.’

“‘Yes, I understand,’ said Hanyari ; ‘and, what is

more, the Senecas claim to have a language that was first of all spoken. They say that they speak the original in its purity, which we Oneidas and Mohawks have confused. However, the Onondagas laugh at the Senecas, for they consider that theirs is the first and best.'

"During the telling of Hanyari's stories, in spite of fire and smoke, the mosquitoes were large and lively. What was very surprising, they seemed to enjoy drilling and draining the seasoned riflemen, so inured to the woods and swamps, as they did me," wrote Herman Clute.

"'How on earth did the mosquito originate, in Indian notion?' asked Vrooman.

"'I'll tell you,' said Hanyari. 'I don't know how the first one came into the world, but we know how the little ones that bite us got here. They came from the Onondagas.'

"'Oh, that's an Oneida story, making a rival tribe responsible for such pests. Always a rap at the Onondagas, I see,' laughed Vrooman.

"'Well, I have been told,' said Hanyari, 'that a long time ago, the Holder of the Heavens came down to their great fortified castle, to pay a visit to the chief of the Onondagas. Looking out, he saw an enormous mosquito, as long as a pine tree, flying around the fort and getting ready to do what he had often done before. It had attacked not only squaws and pap-pooes, but many strong men, poking each one with

its big bill, and then going for another victim, making a meal out of eight or ten at once and then flying away. After sucking their blood, it left them lying on the ground. The warriors were unable to kill the pest with arrows or destroy it when asleep, so they had prayed the Holder of the Heavens to come to them and help them.

“‘ Seeing the plight of his children, the Great One attacked the monster, but found that it flew so fast that he was kept several days chasing it. Finally coming up to it, he discovered that the flying monster had led him round and round to the place whence they had started. But when right toward the edge of the Lake Onondaga, he struck it a blow with his tomahawk and killed it. Thinking that he had entirely delivered his children of the pest, he let his body lie there, but, lo and behold! the blood of the mosquito ran out over the ground, and this, under the sunshine, turned into little mosquitoes, and so the world is still cursed with them. To this day, this lake shore is called “the mosquito’s bed.”’

“ By this time the horn sounded ‘ taps,’ and at 4.30 A.M. the same instrument called reveille. The whole army was in motion as early as six o’clock on the morning of Saturday, September 11th. A march of fourteen miles brought us to the Indian town of Honeoye. Concerning this spot, the Iroquois traditions tell of war and slaughter, in which

many fingers especially were cut off, as the name signifies.

“One of the most terrible battles ever fought between hostile tribes on this continent was that when the Senecas met their ancient but now banished foes, the Kah-gwas, a tribe that had emigrated from the south and west and settled near the foot of Lake Erie, where they grew in strength and became very numerous. According to the usual Indian custom on such occasions, the Kah-gwa women had made great numbers of moccasins with which to shoe the captives which they expected were to be taken. So the women accompanied the warriors to within a short distance of Honeoye Lake. The battle raged nearly four days. In those days no firearms were used. The Indians on either side, dressed in bark armor and helmets, with only bows and arrows and stone-headed lances and clubs, fought out in the open. The younger braves were set in the front of the battle and the middle-aged warriors farther back. Both sides fought until the stream which they charged over, back and forth, flowed red. The Senecas nearly exterminated the Kah-gwas, who fled to the southwest, and nothing more has been heard of them.

“The village in 1779 consisted of twenty houses at the foot of the lake. It was on all sides, except toward the water, surrounded by corn-fields. The men joked about honey, but we found neither hives



nor bees there," continues Herman Clute. "Our way went through fields of grass, with very little timber, and evidently much of what we saw was fallow ground. There were plenty of wild flowers. I heard one Yankee, who had punned on the sound of honey, twitting a New Yorker for moping after his lady-love who lived at Saugerties, New York, which the New Hampshire man pronounced Sugar-ties, telling him he ought to emigrate to this place when the war was over.

"Supposing the army to be about twenty-five miles from the Genesee Castle, the general determined to leave here his cattle and horses, with all the sick, the lame, and the lazy,—about three hundred in number. So the strongest house in the Indian village was selected, and its walls were strengthened on the inside with kegs, casks, and bags of flour. Two port-holes were cut into the sides, out of which the two three-pounder guns poked their yellow, brass noses. Then, chopping down the apple trees, we made an abatis and ditch about the house. So here in the wilderness is another of the three forts our men have built between Wyoming and Seneca Castle, which latter place is the goal of our expedition. This, some call only a 'post.' I name it 'Fort Honeoye.'

"There are three lakes here, lying right in a row together,—Honeoye, Canadice, and Conesus. An Indian village of eighteen houses lies east of the

Conesus Lake inlet, with the usual large corn-fields all around. We encamped on the flats. Here have lived two persons of importance in Iroquois land, one black, the other red,—a negro called Captain Sunfish, who has made much money and has great influence, and the Seneca chief, Big Tree, who, as we used to suppose, was a friend of Washington and Congress. Mr. Vrooman thinks that he was not at heart a traitor to us, but was our friend until he found the war sentiment of his tribe too strong for him. It was a game of *rouge et noir*, as our Yankee joker says.

“Evidently the Indian spies are very near us, for I myself have seen their tracks in the fresh mud. Vrooman surmises that Brant and Butler have been reinforced, and that we may have a battle pretty soon. So be it; we are ready for them, and even to go to Niagara.

“The general has ordered Vrooman to remain here at the fort, as the chief scout. He is both happy and sorry, for his joy at regaining his wife is tempered with regret and anxiety as to the fate of his sister.

“We have four days’ rations with us, and will march to-morrow against the largest town, the capital, indeed, of the Senecas, the largest of all the six tribes of the Iroquois. After destroying this, we are likely to turn our faces homeward, for the frost will soon be along, and we cannot live on succotash.

Yet we have not found Mary Vrooman, and neither her brother nor I wish to go home till we at least know whether she is alive or dead. All of us hope to rescue more captives. Perhaps we will have a battle. Vrooman thinks the enemy will be in force near Conesus Lake, just at the place we are to reach to-morrow."

## CHAPTER XX

### BOYD AND THE GROVELAND AMBUSCADE

VROOMAN'S surmise as to the enemy's movements after the battle of Newtown was true. Brant and Butler retreated until near the site where now stands Avon in Livingston County. Here they were joined by fresh reinforcements of Indians and Canadian rangers. Butler, greatly encouraged, now planned to "Braddock" Sullivan's army. At the head of Conesus Lake, where the soil is soft and miry, the Indian path to the big town near the Genesee, following almost the present roadway, crossed the inlet by a rude bridge, which Butler had ordered to be destroyed, but the work was only partially done.

West of Conesus Lake was a steep bluff, with deep ravines cut in it by the rains of centuries. A path to the hilltop ran between two of these ravines. As the land above the lake was covered with forests, it was possible to post a large body of men in the brushwood on the crests of the ridge and in the ravines, and thus flank an army that would pass over the path to the town.

Hence it was that here, on the 12th and 13th of September, 1779, making almost the exact duplicate of Braddock's field in Pennsylvania, the servants of King George, red, white, and black, were posted, awaiting the approach of Sullivan's Continentals.

Thinking that he was near the "Western Door of the Confederacy," which he hoped to capture, General Sullivan sent forward Lieutenant Thomas Boyd, on the night of the 12th, to reconnoitre. He directed him to take but three or four riflemen, make a rapid examination of the country, and report at sunrise next morning. As the army, having left their base of supplies, had but four days' rations when they left Honeoye, every moment was precious.

Were the heads of the young Continentals swelled by the ease of their victory at Newtown? Had they begun to despise their enemy, because no hostile shot had been fired since that success so easily won? Did they think the Senecas were so cowed that they would always flee before the riflemen? However we explain it, Lieutenant Boyd, twenty-two years old, a Pennsylvanian of superb physique, fine manners, and brave even to recklessness, instead of taking but four men as ordered, allowed volunteers to join him, eight of whom were musketmen, and two of them, red allies, one an Oneida and the other a Stockbridge Indian, making a party of twenty-nine in all. No one can believe that Boyd increased his force because he feared to go with a quartette only. No, the proba-

bilities are that so many volunteers were eager to follow such an intrepid leader, that he exceeded his instructions in order to gratify their martial valor. Many young men who had not even been in the battle at Newtown and were still thirsting for adventure, hated to go back home without having fired at least one hostile shot against their country's foes.

Nobody knew exactly where the big Indian town was located. The so-called maps were farces, and for want of exact knowledge all leaders were equally at fault. It was a case of blindman's buff in the wilderness. Sullivan did the best that mortal could do, and, apart from his insubordination, Boyd did likewise. In the darkness the lieutenant and his company crossed the outlet of Conesus Lake, went north along the base of the hill for a quarter of a mile. He then climbed up the steep hillside and moved westward along the Indian path. In doing this, Boyd actually passed Butler's right wing without either party knowing the other's whereabouts. About a mile and a half from Sullivan's camp, the path forked, one trail passing to the northwest to Little Beard's Town or the Genesee Castle, the other, which Boyd, perhaps misled by his guides, took, led to the village on Canaseraga Creek, two miles from the Genesee River.

Boyd halted his force and then went in among the empty houses, finding little except baskets of common utensils, with here and there a scalp hung on the

sooty walls. Nevertheless, the fires were still burning. This showed that enemies could not be far away. After a time he rejoined his men, who needed rest. Making concealment in the woods, he sent back four of his party to report his discovery to General Sullivan.

Daylight soon broke in the eastern sky, and another of the lovely days, for which the late summer and early autumn of 1779 was as noted as was its terrible winter for its days of storm, broke on the glorious landscape, then golden with ripened grain. As the sun was just beginning to tint the clouds, four Indians on horses were seen riding into the town. Boyd at once sent a party to capture them, but only one was killed. The others, one of whom was wounded, got away.

Boyd now began his return march, sending out flankers and keeping constantly alert. After four or five miles, expecting soon to meet the army, Boyd halted and sent two men forward to make a further report to Sullivan. It was evident that the party was now watched, and likely soon to be called to face enemies, for in a few minutes the two men sent ahead came back, saying they had found five Indians on the path. So the march was resumed, and soon they saw the same party of Indians and fired at them.

Now, is it not strange that, with so much experience of the old Indian trick of pretending to retreat



in order to lure their enemies into an ambushade, experienced Nimrods like Boyd should want to pursue such enemies on unknown ground? These five savages were as so many decoy ducks to lure the game into the line of fire of the war-hunters, Brant and Butler. Again and again had our frontier militia been entrapped into ambushade and massacre. Brave always, but at times rash, Boyd determined to pursue them. Hanyari earnestly protested, advising him not to do so.

"They are only the minnows which the fisherman Butler hopes we shall snap at and bite on his hook, that he may string us all," warned the Oneida, but in vain.

Hanyari was right. All the time the Indians were moving ahead of their pursuers and cunningly drawing them within the lines of their hidden comrades. They even allowed Boyd's party to get within easy rifle range in order to tempt and draw their fire, while dodging behind trees and underbrush so as to be really out of danger. Suddenly, when within a half mile of the crest of the bluff above the river, a little northeast of what is now Groveland, New York, a yell, that sounded as if hell had opened all its doors and let out all its demons, broke on their ears, and Boyd's party found themselves confronted by eight hundred Indians and Tories. It was as one to thirty. For every bullet of defence, there was a shower of lead. In less time than the story requires

for telling, a circle of fire, ever narrowing, enclosed the band. The end could not be far off. The eager Indians, so sure of their prey, approached so closely that the unburned powder of their guns was driven into the flesh of Boyd's men, though very many of their own number were killed, probably three times as many as were in Boyd's party.

We must now go into Brant and Butler's camp to see what had happened there. After the retreat from Newtown, where the British allies, red, white, and black, were so badly beaten that they "feared the tops of the tall grass," they recruited near Conesus Lake. Yet, although reinforced by hundreds of warriors from the Six Nations and by rangers from Canada, not a hostile musket was fired against Sullivan's victorious army, until in this "Groveland ambushade." Yet the royal expresses were busy. All along the path spies had kept watch from the hill-tops, and runners had brought the news thrice daily, and sometimes hourly, to Brant and Butler, of Sullivan's movements.

Having seen the building of the fort at Honeoye, and noticing that no wagon or long trains of pack horses or cattle were with the army, and only three of the lightest guns, the British leaders made up their minds that the Continentals had no food or supplies beyond what they carried on their backs. They therefore deliberately resolved to strike a blow and risk a battle. After a long council, in which

the orators among the younger Indians, that had not yet faced cohorn or cannon, were particularly eloquent, the usual strategy of ambushade was decided upon. The spot most likely to secure utter ruin to the Americans was selected and occupied near Conesus Lake.

So, on that morning of September 13th, 1779, the Canadian rangers and the braves of the Senecas and allied tribes were thickly posted in the ravines and on the edges of the hill slope. Wherever stones or underbrush could hide the tawny warriors, whose buckskin shirts looked so much like the rocks, or the Johnson Greens could lie in the tall grass, to be discovered only by the keenest of eyes, there were the servants of King George and his corrupt Parliament posted to kill the "anti-revolutionary" founders and defenders of the United States of America. It seemed as certain that the Continentals this time would be as surely "Braddocked," as that the autumn winds moving through the trees loaded with ripe apples would cause them to drop.

Sullivan's army, soon after beginning their march at seven o'clock on the 13th, came to an Indian town of eighteen houses situated near Conesus Lake. While with sword, knife, and axe the soldiers levelled the corn for the fire, the pioneers began at once to rebuild the bridge over the creek or outlet of the lake. To protect them in their work, Sullivan posted a line of sentries on the farther side of the water, up

and down the hard land between the morass and the hill crest. While the bridge makers plied their tools, the sentries paced up and down, and the surveyors and chain-men went still farther westward beyond the pickets, where they were busy measuring distances. All this time the white leaders, Butler and MacDonald, with their glasses, and hundreds of pairs of keen black Indian eyes, were watching from the hill crest above, the work below. It must have been hard for the individual braves to resist the temptation to crawl forward and fire on the sentries below. Nevertheless, Butler held them back, for he hoped to strike and defeat the whole of Sullivan's force as it defiled in a long line over the bridge and narrow path. Would he not have them hopelessly muddled between the advantageous hill crest and the deep creek?

Suddenly Butler heard firing on his left flank. This surprised him very much. He could not tell what it meant. He knew nothing about Boyd's party, and, if he had, he would have sent only a party of a hundred or two, to attend to such small game, which he could surely capture. The memories of Newtown, the vision of the New Hampshire Continentals bursting, as it were, out of the clouds on his flank, were very vivid. Butler knew that he had an able foe to contend with, ever alert and fertile in resources. Was he again to be outwitted? Had Sullivan amused him with a show of bridge-building, while sending a brigade of men that had risen early

in the morning to strike his rear and drive him down the hill into the morass and into the jaws of the cannon and the main army?

While thus his active brain churned in anxious thought, the firing became so very lively that he felt assured that Sullivan was practising the same tactics as when Poor's brigade struck his flank at Newtown. No time must be lost, so he ordered at least half his whole force to face about, deploy in semicircle, and then surround what he supposed to be the riflemen skirmishers of a larger body, hoping to defeat this supposed flanking force before the bridge was finished, and the cannon and main body of Americans could get over the stream. Then he would call his men, flushed with victory, for the capital work in hand.

Thus Butler lost all chances of victory, for the twenty-five Americans had found shelter in a clump of trees, and, firing unerringly from behind the trunks, sold their lives dearly. Killing perhaps two or three times their number, they also gave time to Sullivan's main army to form. The enemy closed round them, getting nearer and nearer; and then, rushing upon them, fired in their faces, one after the other. All of the twenty-five were slain, except Boyd and his sergeant, Michael Parker, who were captured alive. Among the dead was the brave Oneida chief, Hanyari. After Boyd had refused to give any information in regard to the Continental army, both

were delivered over to the Indians and to incredible tortures. Goaded to desperation by the loss of their homes and farms, the Senecas looked upon Boyd as the head and front of their woes. They gave vent to those brutal instincts which a savage man has in common with the wasp, the rattlesnake, the panther, and the wolf. They revelled in mutilation, as if they were in a Spanish Inquisition; their chief, Little Beard, being master of ceremonies.

Butler gnashed his teeth in rage to see his high hopes once more, as at Newtown, crushed. A paltry band of twenty-five Americans had occupied half his force, given the alarm to Sullivan, and jeopardized the day.

Yet, though so much time had been lost, and his plans disarranged by the fight with Boyd, he had not been flanked as he feared. There were still several hundred Tories and Indians on the hill crest; the corduroy road over the morass, and the bridge, were far from complete, and the special scouts whom he had sent out assured him that all of Sullivan's men, except the sentries and pickets, were still on the eastern side of the stream. Hence there was no danger in his rear. So there was still a prospect of victory in a stand-up fight.

## CHAPTER XXI

### ABOUT FACE!

IN fact, Butler might have re-formed his men and perhaps "Braddocked" Sullivan, had it not been for another happy accident which contributed to the benefit of the American side. Just what that accident was, let our young soldier tell in the letter which he wrote to his mother, from Fort Reed, when the army halted on its return march.

"DEAR MOTHER: Well, we are on our way home again. We have actually been on the march eastward for four days. Our general would certainly have gone to Niagara, and our fellows would have captured the place, I know, except that our provisions were really all gone. The night before we reached the end of our journey, and the night after, we actually heard the British evening gun. When we got near the last of the great chain of lakes from Otsego to Conesus (I have seen them all now), the body had to halt and build a road through the morass and fix up the bridge that used to continue the road over the stream which is the outlet of the lake.



Although we did not know or suspect it, the enemy were hiding on the hill up which we had to go to get to the famous Seneca Castle. Lieutenant Boyd, commanding his scouting party, went forward the night before, but early the next morning got into an ambuscade. Some of his party escaped, but most of them were killed, and Boyd and his sergeant taken alive and tortured.

"You can imagine how curious the situation was, at sunrise on that morning of the 13th. An army of about fifteen hundred British and savages lay hidden in the grass and behind the trees, within a musket shot of our pioneers, who were making the road and building a bridge. Boyd's party of twenty-nine men had actually passed close to the enemy without either party knowing it, but when Boyd, on coming back, was enticed into the Indian lines and got into a big fight, Butler must have thought himself flanked, and ordered out half his men. Those who escaped of Boyd's detachment say there were about eight hundred Indians that surrounded them, so that seven or eight hundred more must have been left on the hills, waiting for us.

"Among those slain was Hanyari, our brave and wise Oneida comrade. I grieve over his loss, and Vrooman will be a sad man when he hears the news.

"Now, it was my duty to be sentinel that morning, and the general posted a line of us along the bottom of the hills between the crest and the swamp. I

imagine that the savages hiding foremost in the grass could easily have picked us off, by firing from the hilltop just above us, but they had their orders not to, and did not. Pretty soon I saw Lieutenant Lodge, with his four or five chain-bearers, cross over the stream and begin the work of measurement on the Indian path. This Mr. Lodge is a very fine gentleman. I have made his acquaintance and been well treated by him. He and his men have measured every mile from Easton, and he has shown me some of the maps he has made. The party of surveyors soon passed beyond me, although I was at the line of sentries, and they even went up the hill out of sight.

“I thought he was running a risk, but it was none of my business, so I walked up and down the distance assigned me by the officer of the guard, until suddenly I heard firing to the westward. I cocked my gun and held it ready for use. I trembled at first, but very soon was calm again. In a minute or two out came the surveyor and chain-bearers, one less in number than when they went into the woods. They were running for their lives, and a dozen Indians after them with tomahawks, one of whom threw his hatchet at Lieutenant Lodge, but it missed him. The other savages fell back, but a big, brawny red fellow, who had a brass medal on his breast, kept on chasing him. He was just raising his tomahawk to let fly at Lodge, I suppose, when I found he was

within range. Taking aim as coolly as if I were shooting a squirrel on a tree trunk, I aimed at the medal, and fired. The Indian tumbled backward dead, and Lieutenant Lodge got into our lines safely.

“Now all this, as General Sullivan has himself told me, upset the plans of Butler, and demoralized the men hidden on the crest; for by this time the bridge was sufficiently completed to allow Hand's light troops to cross over it on a run. It would have done you good to see how those Pennsylvanians rushed over the log road through the swamp. They stepped neatly over the tree trunks and rapidly over the bridge. Then, with cheers, they moved in the most lively way up the hill. Although Butler was actually at that moment coming back with his reinforcements, and his Indians had the scalps of all of Boyd's party that had not escaped, fifteen in number, he could not get his rangers and savages, whom he had left on the hill crest and in the ravines, into good form again. They were in as much disorder as a flock of scared wild pigeons, and they did not dare to stand before Hand's brigade. I think the glimpse they got of the shining brass cannon moving over the bridge completed their confusion. They didn't even take time to put their packs on their shoulders. Even the white men left their hats behind them; so that, when our whole army had crossed over, we had only a promenade to the great Genesee Castle.

"We destroyed the Indian town to which Boyd had gone, after we had got over the river and marched several miles. It had twenty-two houses. One of them was already burned, for in it the enemy's dead, killed in the fight with Boyd, had been piled up on timber and then all was set on fire. Toward sundown our advance guard found the redskins and Canadians apparently ready for another battle, for they were drawn up in line. For a while it looked as though there would be another fight, but just as soon as the general had started off his flanking divisions, they were so afraid of being struck in the rear that, without firing one gun or giving us a chance to fire one, they retreated. We camped on the spot, and the next day it took two thousand men six hours to level the tall grain, eight or nine feet high, to the ground.

"The next day about noon we started to reach the great Genesee town. Such grass as grows in this valley I never saw before. In moving through it we could see only the shining tips of the bayonets of the regiments near us. Our general had ordered the army to march in the same order as laid down on paper, so we trampled down the grass in a swath half a mile wide. A wonderfully flat country it is, without hills or bushes, and only here and there a clump of trees. On coming to the river, we found it deep and wide, and too big to be bridged. So we locked our arms together and crossed in platoons,

though, on account of the warm day, we were well dried before evening. This is Little Beard's Town, named after the famous Seneca chief, and the largest I ever saw. There were one hundred and twenty-eight houses, and some of them very much finer than the average farmer's log cabin in the upper Mohawk Valley. The savages called this place the 'Western Door' of their 'Long House.'

"Three things happened to us while we were at this town which I shall never forget. The first was, the discovery by Mr. Sanborn, in Clinton's brigade, of the mangled bodies of Lieutenant Boyd and sergeant. The heads lay some distance away from the bodies, for the dogs had run away with them and partly eaten them. I could not tell you all the horrible mutilation which these men had to submit to, besides their tortures. I never saw anything like it. It reminded me of what I had so often read of the Spanish Inquisition, from which our ancestors suffered when King Philip of Spain tried to change our fathers from being Bible readers. It made our men determined to fight to the death, rather than be taken prisoners by such allies of the king of Great Britain. Boyd's men were very fond of him, and his own rifle company were sent to bury him. I saw them digging the graves under a wild plum tree which stood near the forks of two streams.

"The other incident was much pleasanter, I can tell you. Last November the Indians captured, near

Nanticoke, down in Pennsylvania, a woman and her little child, having shot her husband and father, and she was brought to this place. I talked with her, but she could not tell me anything about Mary Vrooman, though she had seen many other captives, both male and female. She escaped very easily, for the Indians were in such a hurry to move toward Niagara, which is eighty miles distant, that they paid no attention to her, and so she hid herself and came within our lines.

“The next morning we were up before sunrise and breakfasted quickly. Then the whole three thousand of us went into the corn-fields to cut down the tall stalks, chop down the fruit trees, and make mighty heaps of the timber and fodder. Then we set the whole on fire. About twenty thousand bushels of corn were destroyed here. As for the size of the ears, I never saw anything like them. We think our Mohawk Valley flats fat land, but this is far fatter. The New Hampshire men, who come from a pretty stony region, I imagine, could hardly believe their eyes at seeing ears of corn twenty-two inches long. A great many of them have carried home specimen ears in their knapsacks. As for the stalks of corn, they are from twelve to fifteen feet high.

“The third incident took place after we had had our dinner. Then we got the most joyful order we have heard yet. Some of us would like to have seen



Niagara, but to march there on green victuals would have been too much, and we should have starved on our way back, for our meat and flour were wholly gone. So we gladly faced to the right about, and marched toward the rising sun.

"We crossed the river again, and, as we put on our clothes, which we had carried over our heads, I don't think there was ever a happier lot of men. Our camp was on the river flats. The next day we passed the scene of Boyd's big fight, and found there the bodies of fifteen dead and scalped. I think we felt more sad over the fate of Hanyari, the Oneida chief, than for even our own men. He was a great favorite with us.

"At each Indian town, we have seen that the poor savages are in a fearfully dejected state of mind, and I have heard that they just behaved like Baal's prophets. The captive white woman says that they leap and howl in anguish of mind, calling on their gods to come back from their hunting, or wake up from their sleep and to help them, and drive back the men sent among them by the Town Destroyer. That is the name they give to Washington. Yet some of their own chiefs who have wiped out whole settlements are called by the same name, and Destroy Town, a Seneca, is well known.

"Many of the Senecas have no tobacco left, because they have thrown it all in the fires as a sacrifice to their god Ha-wen-ni-yu. I was wondering what it





" . . . A SHOUT THAT WOKE THE ECHOES OF THE ROCKS."



meant, when I found two white dogs hung on poles about fifteen feet high before the council house in the big town. In one place I saw a war-post made of a big tree, cut and carved, painted, and set in the ground. It was wrapped round with the skins of white dogs, so as to be nearly covered. These, I was told, were to appease their god, who takes the hides to make jacket, breeches, tobacco pouch, and moccasins. The captive woman says that after the big battle at Newtown, they went at once after two dogs and killed them and hung them up on poles, all the while beseeching their gods not to be angry with them. This seems to have been done in every village. How terrible must their suffering of mind have been!

“At this place, we had good news from the world, which we had seemed to leave behind us, for General Washington had sent an express with news that Spain had declared war against England and will help us, and that the great Spanish and French fleets have made a junction at sea and will sail together to our shores. I forgot to tell you that most of the men we left at Honeoye are better, and are now marching with us. This is not the case with the poor pack horses. They have been so run down that many of them are worthless, and so we had to shoot a score or more, just as we did with a lot of them after the battle at Newtown.

“All the artillery, five pieces, has got safely

through. This I know, for I counted them, but some of the men say that they lost a cannon at Honeoye. Others declare that it was at another stream, or in a miry swamp, they cannot tell for certain which. I expect that some of the men who have been down on the idea of taking artillery at all, will keep up this notion of a 'lost' cannon. It seems to be the thing to believe, and, if we listen to all the stories, there have been cannon lost all the way from Conesus to Kanedasaga. On one day, the breaking down of a cannon carriage cost a delay of two hours to the whole army, during which time all sorts of stories started.

"A party of Oneida Indians came to the general to plead that the Cayuga Indians on the east side of the lake should be spared, for they are relatives by marriage of the Oneidas, and if all their fields should be wasted, the Oneidas would have to support the warriors' families. General Sullivan, however, determined to carry out the programme of destruction laid down by Congress, because these men were hostile and liars. He has sent Colonel Butler with five hundred men to destroy their settlement. Colonel Gansevoort, with a hundred men, will march into the Mohawk Valley and return to Schenectady by way of Fort Stanwix, or, as we now call it, Fort Schuyler."

## CHAPTER XXII

### MARY VROOMAN AND THE GLEN FLOWER

LEAVING the main army, Colonel Henry Dearborn, with two hundred New Hampshire men, started to march from north to south down the west side of Cayuga Lake, and then to cross over the intervening country and to go from south to north up the east side of Seneca Lake, thence joining the army at Fort Reed. Like the former marches, this was one in which the torch and the sword joined their forces of destruction. One of the three Indian towns burned on the first day was Ganoga, famous as the birthplace of Red Jacket, who had so used his eloquence in trying to persuade his fellow Senecas to neutrality, that the Tory Butler looked upon him as only a half-hearted warrior, and afterward taxed him with treachery. The next day, burning another town, Dearborn found three squaws and a young crippled Indian, and took them along as prisoners, in the hope of learning something from them.

The pathless country back of the bluffs of Lake Cayuga was "so horrid rough and brushy" that it was almost impossible to advance but with much dif-

ficulty and fatigue. Coming in sight of that rocky and precipitous cape so well known as Taughannock Point, which projects itself into the water, he imagined he had reached the end of Cayuga Lake. In this he was mistaken. The shale rock, which æons ago was grooved or scooped out by glaciers, is here cut up into numerous picturesque gorges. It was impossible to move along the bluffs overlooking the lake, nor was there any Indian path there. But about two miles back, along the heads of the ravine, passing through what is now Hayt's Corners and Ovid Centre, lay the trail. So, moving back to this better ground, Dearborn arrived at the end of the lake near where to-day lies the city of Ithaca, and where, "far above Cayuga's waters," rise the hills on which Cornell University rears her proud edifices, and where, above all, soars the gold-tipped library tower, with its sweet chimes, gleaming against the blue sky. —

May we not stop here, to recall Lowell's lines cut in the granite arch beneath? —

"I call as fly the irrevocable hours,  
 Futile as air or strong as fate, to make  
 Your lives of sand or granite, awful powers;  
 Even as men choose, they either give or take."

\* \* \* \* \*

By this time, feeling that he must be near the Cayuga capital, Dearborn sent out small parties to tread every trail, and scour all nooks. Moving up what is now "the Inlet," they found ten or twelve scat-

tering houses and large corn-fields and at last came upon the great town of Coreorganel. The Catawbas, whose fathers had lived between the Potomac and the Roanoke rivers, had, after a long history of war, finally at Sir William Johnson's house, in 1753, smoked the calumet of peace with the Iroquois. Hither on the stream, "the Inlet," flowing into Cayuga Lake, they had come to light their council and home fires.

They had not yet completed three decades of life on this spot, which Dearborn's detachment of Sullivan's army made the grave of a nation.

The work of devastating Coreorganel, two miles from the modern Ithaca, was accomplished on September 24, 1779. Small parties of the New Hampshire Continentals had scoured the region round, burning the outlying and isolated bark lodges and timber houses. They penetrated even into the gorge, through which flows the stream which to-day furnishes the water supply of the Forest City, Ithaca, and through the western end of which bursts the glorious Buttermilk Falls, the actual sight being more sublime than its homely name. It was one of the thirty or more of gorges famous, and of waterfalls three hundred and known, within a radius of fifteen miles of Ithaca, one of the latter excelling Niagara in height.

From 9 A.M. until the long shadows of sunset lay over the landscape, the firing, chopping, girdling, and uprooting went on, until smoke and ashes covered the



once lively place of habitation, like the floor of a furnace. Then the weary Continentals slept, to march at sunrise. It was the pall of smoke hanging over the Inlet valley, that next day made an air mark, to guide Colonel Butler on his way thither.

While all the journals kept by officers and privates, and many of their letters, tell of Dearborn's and Butler's operations in the devastation of the lake country, few or none, thus far recovered, give information concerning Colonel Pierre van Cortlandt's movements around Cayuga Lake.

For several days his regiment camped on ground now in the very heart of the city of Ithaca. Here had dwelt a remnant of the once proud Neodakheats, for even yet there come to light, from time to time, many proofs of their sepulchres continued from time unrecorded. Three ravines or gorges seam the hills facing the west, and, flowing from the plateau on which now stands Cornell University, were two streams of water, which readers of geological time say were made during or after the ice age. The third stream, flowing between East and South hills, is believed to be still older, or preglacial.

On Prospect Hill, a lower plateau of South Hill, overlooking the Inlet valley, the flats and the lakes, and commanding a view of the Western hills was an Indian signal station. It was on this point of vantage that one detachment of Van Cortlandt's regiment encamped during several days in late Sep-

tember, while the other found space, water, and conveniences by the oldest of the future Ithaca's four streams that fed the ever beautiful lake.

The landscape was then clothed in the loveliest of autumn's myriad hues, and the men were happy in anticipation of home; but Herman Clute, despite his glory won at Conesus Lake, felt wretched and disappointed, for Mary Vrooman was as yet unheard from. Must he go back, not knowing whether she still pined as a captive, or was dead, or — the thought vexed him — had she been found or rescued by others?

Then he bethought himself of what Vrooman had told him of the glen flower — the wild primrose, hermit of the ravine, whom botanists of to-day salute as a very Methuselah among plants as to age and a very Melchizedek in royal rarity. He drew out of his leather pocket-book, kept within his bosom, the drawing and colored picture of its root, leaf, stalk, and flower, with a scrap of descriptive environment of rock and moss, and sallied forth hopefully.

The little *Primula Mistassinica* — as later naturalists have called it, from a lake in Labrador — is a survivor of the ice age. It has, as yet, been found only in a few of the deep, shady glens near the lakes in central New York. Here, gloom and shadows, which ally themselves to the colder world of the ice age, love to linger. Its time of bloom is in mid-May, when its clouds of pink attract the skilled observer who

peers into the mingled gloom and glory of the lake region's dark ravines. He who first, as pioneer of science, discovered the primula growing here, felt himself a Columbus; but the Indian maidens knew it long ago.

From the camp on that stream, in science labelled "preglacial," but in common local parlance named the Six Mile Creek, Herman Clute wandered northward over the flats at the base of the plateau which Cornell's edifices now crown. He crossed Cascadilla Creek, and, going a few hundred yards farther, stood within sight of the superb scenery of Fall Creek. He rambled up the gorge, delighted with the beauty of the tumbling, foaming water. Though not then the "local Niagara," that after heavy rains or in time of melting snow it becomes, it was, in volume and beauty, more than enough to fascinate the gazer. Yet despite the thrall of the vision of the forest's colors and of autumn's hardy and richly tinted wild flowers, of dancing spray, and gay fern, and water plant smiling in the foam, Clute was a true soldier, ever alert for a possible lurking foe.

Suddenly, peering into a dark cleft in the face of the southern precipice, he uttered a cry of joy, for there was the leaf long looked for. Pulling up the tiny plant by the roots, and comparing sketch and picture with the reality, he felt sure he had found the place.

Imagination was busy, for, on further sight, he

found the whole cliff so rich in patches of the plant that to think of mid-May, or early June, and its blooms, was to see in faith a firmament of pink. At once he picked a dozen plants, some even with the roots, to take home for souvenirs, and to send by Vrooman to Margaret Eyre in Philadelphia.

But was *she* there?

"She must be near, if alive at all, for this is the place," said the young man to himself.

Thereupon, with a shout that woke the echoes of the rocks, gray with the weathering of æons, he shouted: "M-a-r-y V-r-o-o-m-a-n! A-r-e y-o-u h-e-r-e?"

The echoes died. Not a sound was heard, besides the purling and tinkling of the stream, and the splash and drip of waters, save only as the shrill insect music varied the void of human interests.

Again the young Stentor exercised his lungs. Five times, at intervals, did his shoutings weary the forest with their yearning inquest. The dead gray walls of the north precipice, all the barer in the sunlight, seemed contemptuous in their silence. They even mocked at him, he thought. The south wall seemed to frown at hope. But all the primula leaves seemed to wave in the morning breeze then blowing out of the ravine, and to whisper cheer. They nodded as if to say, "Keep on."

"Well, seven is the holy number, as the domine says; I'll try again."

"M-a-r-y V-r-o-o-m-a-n — a-r-e y-o-u h-e-r-e-e?"

"I am. Wait!" sounded from the opposite cliff. Yet Herman Clute saw nothing. Were his ears deceived?

No! soon the bushes on the other side of Trip-hammer Ravine parted, and a brown face, yet not an Indian girl's, appeared. In a moment the full figure in squaw's dress stood out on the edge of the rocks.

"Herman! I know your voice. Wait! I know the way, I'll come to you."

Disappearing for a moment, she ran like a deer back around and down the northern hill slope to the low land where she could ford the creek at the point where now the road passing along Percy Field — seat of Cornell's athletic triumphs — crosses the stream.

Fleet as the white maid of the woods was, the lover was as swift. With feet quickly bared, he was across in a trice, meeting her, his beloved, on the opposite shore. After one glad embrace, he bore her in his arms to the southern side.

An hour of lovers' talk, joy under the "Primrose Cliffs," and then, triumph and welcome at the camp! That was the morning programme! No one but soldiers long in exile from woman friends can tell how radiantly lovely a maiden in full youth and beauty — albeit in squaw's dress — seems in the eyes of homesick men.

The story told to lover and rescuer by the side of the cliff in Triphammer Ravine, beneath the primula's home and amid the music of the waterfall, was repeated in outline to Colonel van Cortlandt and some of his officers. In the hasty flight of the Kendaia Indians, no one had cared for her. She hid herself in the corn-fields, but, not knowing which way the army would come, had fled to her place of refuge, long ago foreseen and chosen. There, bravely and alone, she had waited, amid the alternate agonies of despair and the joys of hope.

The next day, the march began to Fort Reed, where now stands the fair city of Elmira.

## CHAPTER XXIII

### LEGENDS OF CAYUGA LAKE

THE letters of the young Continental, Herman Clute, to his mother at Schenectady, were full of a fresh glow and enthusiasm and a deep, new joy, from the time that he had found Mary Vrooman in the gorge at Ithaca. His sensitiveness to nature's loveliness seemed to have been kindled afresh, and he wrote freely about the lovely legends that lend such charm to the fairest of the lakes, Cayuga. He thus describes the vision of a glorious dawn, from near that part of the water which the Iroquois named "Constant Dawn" and the white man, "Aurora."

"I witnessed, this morning, what I must call 'the battle of the elements.' Standing on the edge of the lake, I could see the vapors rising cloud-like from the face of the water and then forming again in great streaks and banks. At first they lay still above the surface or moved very slowly, but when the sun rose they seemed to be all stirred and excited, moving up and down hither and yon, until they seemed at times like armies charging in battle. By and by I found the blue sky hidden from my sight, but here and there



the sun's rays tore through the white mass. Gradually, as the heat increased, the once solid banks of clouds were torn and riven, and soon, breaking up into shreds and patches, they went off and became invisible.

“Then the whole blue face of the lake was revealed; but still a new surprise awaited me. Instead of one color, blue or green, there seemed to be a dozen of them. All I had ever read about the stones on the breastplate of the high priest, or the walls of the New Jerusalem, came up to my mind, for here, right on the lake's surface, seemed to be tints of amethyst, emerald, sapphire, ruby, indeed almost every color one can think of, from violet to orange. I had never seen anything like it, and thought that it must come entirely from the varying depths and shallows of the water; but, besides this staining of the water, there were glorious reflections from the sky. I am so charmed with this country that I think that by and by, when the war is over and we get our freedom, I shall come out here to live. I shall choose this spot for my home overlooking Cayuga Lake, where I can watch the war of the elements and enjoy these colors. No wonder that the Indians call this place by a name which means ‘Constant Dawn.’

“I must tell you also of the wonderful vision I had of our flag in the sky. It was the grandest picture I have ever looked upon. I was on sentinel duty, and my post was on the high ground near the

banks of the lake, whence I could see up and down the water and over toward the east. Before sunrise I noticed clouds lay on the sky which at daybreak divided into gray bands or wide streaks. Just as the lower cloud bars began to redden with the rays of the rising sun, the upper ones began to shorten, and within five minutes the whole eastern heavens showed on their face the figure of an American flag, for there were thirteen broad stripes, the red ones as red as those on our standard, with a strip of sky in between. I counted them. There were seven cloud bars or stripes, all flaming in the morning sun, and in the upper left-hand part, there was the great blue space of sky. Oh! it thrilled my soul to see it, and yet there were no stars there. How glorious to think of our flag with the stars of night, as well as the colors of the day sky.

"I never saw such a country as this for cascades. I thought the rapids at Little Falls were wonderful and the big falls at Cohoes amazing, but this region astonishes me. The soil around here lies on shale rock, which is rather soft, and the streams of water running down through it wear out great ravines and gorges. Some of these must have been made ages upon ages ago. Up at the head of the lake there are at least three of these, and the sight of the waterfall right after the rain is very fine, and reminds me of what I have heard of Niagara. But the most wonderful place is a great hollow called by the Ind-

ians, 'Taughannock.' Here the rocky heights, some distance back from the lake, have been so hollowed out that I believe one could put the Colosseum of Rome inside of it. Standing at the bottom, one sees opening into the eastern wall, far above him, the smaller gorge that has been worn by Taughannock Creek. The water flows over the rocks first as though it came from a great spout. Then, as it foams toward the bottom, it curves and curls into a lacelike mass of white water. Our chain-bearers, who have a good eye for distance, say that it must be many feet higher than Niagara Falls.

"Domine Kirkland says that Taughannock is not an Iroquois word, but is a Delaware Indian chief's name. On our first march up on the other side of Cayuga Lake, early in September, when talking with Hanyari, the Oneida chief, we learned the story which he interpreted for us one night at the camp-fire, which is this."

The story-teller here prefers to describe briefly the place referred to, and to reproduce here the talk between Hanyari and Vrooman, when, years before, they had travelled hither with Domine Kirkland. Then they had chatted about this wonder of nature, which the Indian accounts for by the poetry of his mythology, even as the white man explains by science.

It was while traversing the western side of Cayuga Lake, they forded a stream leading out of a leafy

ravine into a deep gorge, or opening at the top of a great cliff on the highlands back from the shore. The waters, after ages of activity, had cut out the rocks and worn them smooth. It is out of this upper gorge that the material commonly called flagstone is to-day supplied from the quarry, the neighboring towns and cities receiving the broad, flat slabs for paving.

Still further beyond this smaller gorge, and toward the lake, was an enormous amphitheatre, hollowed out by the action of water and the movement of pebbles against the bed-rock. The churning of the stream in times of flood had done a work which might have occupied giants for an æon. Many hundreds of feet long and over six hundred feet wide, forest trees were growing in the floor of this great hollow, through which the creek wound its way in a silver thread to the lake, while the trees, when seen from the dizzy height and ravine, seemed of a size like toys. All around at the base of the lofty and rocky walls, lay the débris accumulated through the centuries.

Falling from the brink of the perpendicular cliff, through the outlet of the upper and smaller gorge, like a stream of limpid water from the lip of a marble laver, the stream, broadening as it leaped, turned into a white mass of lacelike foam. Tremulous, wavy, and scalloped, its mass seemed as if it were being woven in a living loom. From a height higher than Niagara's level, and into an abyss deeper than

line had yet measured, at morning arched with rainbows, and at night tiaraed with a lunar arch, it had during untold time fascinated the Iroquois. Though at the top a solid liquid mass, polished in its velocity, it scarce reached the bottom in aught but clouds of watery dust. All around were fern and flower, grass and greenery, nodding, gleaming, laughing, under the constant baptism of spray.

"Wonderful! wonderful!" exclaimed Claes Vrooman, as he gazed upon the scene. "How in the world could ever such a space have been hollowed out of the rocky earth? Come, comrade, can you explain?" said he to his Oneida guide.

"I can only tell you what I have heard," said the Oneida, as his face took on a far-away look. "My fathers have told me of this place, which we Oneidas know well, though it is far from our country." Filling his stone pipe and striking flint and steel, he lighted his forest-grown tobacco, and, after a few puffs, began:—

"Ages ago, when the stone-clothed giants lived on the earth, the spirit of the waters and the spirit of the rocks fell into a disagreement. They had friends among the other spirits of the sky and air: the lightning, the thunder, the wind, and the others that rule the forest, the garden, the corn-field, and the caves. These two spirits, of water and of the rocks, were especially fond of showing their prowess, and wrestled often with each other. The spirit of the water

was considered the gentler, and the spirit of the rock the rougher one, though he was often very lazy. One day the spirit of the rock twitted the spirit of the water with being so active and busy, always taking on so many forms and toiling so hard.

“The rock spirit grew boastful, declaring that he could do more in force and destruction in one minute by rolling a great mass down the mountain, levelling the trees and scraping the earth clean ; or, he could make more splash and noise by having a cliff riven so as to fall into the lake, or could accomplish more by a landslide, in a single night, than the spirit of the waters, with all its rain and dew, cloud and moisture, or even a flood, could accomplish in many hours. While the spirit of the water had to depend on the wind spirit to cause the lake’s surface to rise and mount into waves and foam, or to make much noise or power in the air, the rock spirit, apparently without any effort, could tumble over the gorge, drop from the cliff, make a landslide, or even crack and open in an earthquake. Thus the rock spirit jeered, even boasting that he was a brave, while the water spirit was only a squaw in his eyes.

“Now, the water spirit was usually very gentle, and did not seek to irritate any one. So he kept quiet for a long time, but finally, when thus jeered at by the spirit of the rocks, said :—

““Well, I know a place right near my favorite bed of Lake Cayuga, where I have a little stream serv-

ing me. It runs quietly down the slope, from the upper highlands into the lake. Now, I will back that little stream and it will be my agent, and I dare you to come in the form of a big rock, as high as a pine tree and wide as twenty horses, set side by side, and we'll have a wrestling bout before all the stone-clothed spirits, and before the spirits of the wind, the lightning, the thunder, the sun, and the moon, of the corn-field and the cavern. There we'll wrestle, till one of us is beaten and has to retire.'

" 'Agreed,' said the spirit of the rocks; 'I'll be there.'

" So, on a certain day, all the spirits gathered round in a circle to watch the contest. At that time there was, instead of the great hollow hundreds of feet wide and deep, nothing but a forest-clad slope, through which the stream of water went purling along to the lake.

" The contestants began, and the water spirit and the rock spirit locked arms and began to wrestle. They were not to give up until one or both was spent as to his strength. Even when they were down, they were to roll over and over, and fight it out in one bout.

" So away they began, rock and water, rubbing and grinding; and oh, how the earth and brushwood lid fly! But, while the rock spirit moved round and fussed and fumed, the water spirit held on tightly and persevered, always getting fresh strength



from his supply in the brook. All the time, the two combatants were getting deeper and deeper down into the earth. In their terrible struggles, they dug out a great, big hollow, like two rabbits fighting in the snow, until, by and by, the pit in which they fought was a quarter of a mile wide and a half a mile long. When the wrestling and rolling were over, the rock was all broken to pieces, and the spirit of the rocks had fled out of it; but the spirit of the waters seemed to be no more tired than when he began. First giving thanks to the stream that had helped him as such a faithful ally, and bidding him flow forever over the mighty rock wall, the spirit of the waters rose into a cloud and passed over the lake, to reflect its shadow in thanksgiving there also. And so the creek has flowed on till this day."

"A wonderful story," said Vrooman; "but how did it get its name?" In what dialect of the confederacy does the name Taughannock belong?"

"Well, it is neither Cayugan nor Tuscaroran. It is the name of a chief of the Lenni Lenapes, or, as you white men say, the Delawares."

"How, under heaven, did such a name get stuck on a piece of the earth so far up here in New York? Some chief on the war-path, I suppose?"

"Yes, you are right. I heard the story from my uncle. He told me that long time ago, when the famous Taughannock family of chieftains lived down in the Delaware River valley, before the Tammanys

came into power, they got into a dispute with the white men about the sale of land at the forks of the Delaware. The white people under the Feather (governor of Pennsylvania), knowing that the Delawares had been conquered by the Iroquois and made to wear the petticoat, craftily appealed to the Iroquois to settle the question. Thereupon delegates from the whole confederacy, of whom my father was one from our tribe, held a great council at Onondaga. After some oratory, they agreed to decide in favor of the white men and against the Delawares. This was over thirty years ago. They sent an imposing delegation to Philadelphia, at the head of which was the great chief Kanasatigo. He was accompanied by over two hundred warriors. At the council held in the city of Penn, they addressed the governor, whom they always called 'Feather,' telling him that the Delawares were 'no good; they were women, and had no right to sell their land.' They even went so far as to insult the Delaware chieftains in the council to their very faces."

"Why, yes," said Vrooman; "I have heard that from a friend, who, when a boy, was present at the council. I remember his telling how exultantly the Onondagas sat down to the big dinner and drank unlimited rum, while the poor Delawares went off cowed and disheartened. They made their way into western Pennsylvania, losing most of their old tribal organization and yielding to such adoption into other

tribes as was offered. Yet I remember my friend's telling of one young Delaware chief, named Taughannock, whose eyes danced and snapped like fire. Now, the name of that chief and this place is the same. Is there any connection between the man and the gorge?"

"Yes," said the Oneida; "this chief, whose fathers in a long line had been chiefs, was stung to the quick. He vowed revenge. He separated from his tribe and persuaded about two hundred young warriors to side with him. They consecrated themselves to the purpose of revenge, by what you white men call a war dance. Instead of accompanying his discouraged tribesmen farther west into Ohio, Taughannock led off his band when near Wyoming, and turned northward toward Owego. His purpose was to get into the New York lake country and fall upon the village of Goioguen, where the Seneca Indians and Cayugas had formed a great town of between five and six thousand people. Its name was made up of the names of two chiefs, the one whose mother was a Cayuga and the other whose father was a Seneca. Reaching Ganoga and trending to the left, they went northward. So brave and determined were this band of Delawares that the Seneca scouts and runners, when they had discovered the invaders, would not trust to themselves alone to fight them, but sent messengers through the lake country and even to Onondaga, the central council fire, for aid.

"The chief, Kanasatigo, quickly gathered a band, and marched southward, crossing the lake at Seneca Falls, the Indian village where lived Red Jacket, then a boy. Holding a hurried council at Ganoga, he set out at the head of two hundred braves, and was soon in front of the camp of Delawares, who were painting themselves for the fray soon to come.

"The Delaware invaders found themselves between a band of Neodakheats (Ithacans), who were about to cross the stream on the south, while the Kanasatigo forces were hovering on their flanks on the north. When the Delawares realized their situation and their likelihood of being surrounded and exterminated, they resolved to retreat toward the lake. Seeing this movement, the two bands of enemies signalled to each other, and, while the triple allies, Senecas, Cayugas, and Neodakheats, or Ithacans, moved down the left side of the stream, Kanasatigo moved up from the lake on the left bank, keeping out a line of flankers to prevent the possible escape of the Delawares. The stream was flooded with recent rains, and crossing was difficult under any circumstances, but, in the face of arrows and bullets, how could the Delawares get across?

"This, however, they essayed to do, when near the smaller gorge, just above the falls of the creek. They were repulsed and driven along the banks and on toward the great amphitheatre, with its terrific precipices, yet not dreaming that so large a force

of Onondagas was there confronting them and lying in wait in the forest flanking the great abyss. Suddenly, as the retreating Delawares neared them, these rose up, raising their yells. Then began a terrific battle at close quarters, for the Onondagas in front were now reinforced by the triple band of allies which had crossed the stream. These, with the Onondagas, quickly completed a semicircle of living enemies, while northward was the brink of the awful abyss, whence, far down below, in a sheer line of hundreds of feet distance, lay a multitude of jagged rocks.

“Nevertheless, the Delawares resolved to show themselves, in courage at least, the equals of the Iroquois, to die bravely and at highest cost to their foes. They would leave a name for valor that should cleanse away the stain of disgrace which had so long cursed the Delaware nation. The young chief Taughannock, after having levelled many a warrior to the ground, dashed at Kanasatigo, wounding him with his scalping knife. He might have ended the life of the Onondaga chieftain then and there, but the other warriors rushed to his rescue, and struck down Taughannock. They stabbed him with fiercely repeated blows of their knives, until he was gashed in every part of his body. Then, seizing his bloody corpse, they rushed forward and halting within a foot of the edge of the awful cliff, hurled his body out into the air and down upon the rocks below.

"Only ten of the Delawares escaped. Those who were seized alive were tortured, all singing the death-song and defying their enemies to the last, glorying to have wiped out their nation's shame."

"Thus has Taughannock a memorial in this wilderness, and his fame shall be as lasting as the eternal hills," added the domine, who had listened attentively to the narrative.

Nor can we turn our backs upon Cayuga's waters without recalling the legend which accounts for the presence of Frontenac Island.

Out in front of the lake, looking from Union Springs, is a beautiful island, opposite which, on the mainland, long ago, the Cayuga chief, Pine Cone, dwelt. He had fallen in love with the daughter of a Seneca, at a time when these two tribes were hostile to each other. Failing to get the maiden for his bride by ordinary etiquette, for the old squaws disapproved, he decided on stratagem. To occupy the attention of the wary Senecas, he sent some of his followers, all painted for the war-path, in a canoe to Ganoga. The Senecas, thinking that these warriors were after scalps, gathered together to give them battle. This was just what Pine Cone wanted. Quickly he sped across the lake in his canoe, and seized the maiden, who was waiting and only too ready to go. He put her in his canoe and paddled with all his might across the lake. The Senecas, catching sight of this single canoe and its double burden, suspected

at once what it was. Launching their boats, they started in pursuit, and, since six or eight paddles were at work in the foremost canoe, the Senecas, fresh and strong, began to gain visibly upon the marauding lover. Pine Cone, becoming a little weary from his double journey, feared he would be caught. So, earnestly praying to Ha-wen-ni-yu, he kept on, straining every muscle. This Good Spirit, hearing his servant, thrust down his mighty arm, and, scooping up the earth from the bottom of the lake, formed an island, which enabled Pine Cone to escape to the mainland and turn back the pursuers. This was the origin of Frontenac Island.



## CHAPTER XXIV

### TENTING ON THE OLD CAMP GROUND

THE main army had camped at Kendaia and reached Catherine's town at noon the next day, where they found the old squaw and left her a further supply of food. Alas for the truth of the proverb, coined later, in Indian parlance, "as cruel as Sullivan's soldiers." Yet the facts show that it was a few irresponsible brutes in human form, and not soldiers wearing the Continental uniform, that gave the name of infamy to the whole army. For, near the corrugated hide of leather that held within it a human soul,—the old squaw, with a quart of corn still left her,—there lay in the ditch near her the corpse of a young Indian woman, shot in wanton sport by some camp followers, or letter bearers from Philadelphia.

Trintje Vrooman recognized the aged woman as one who had long acted as a sort of doctress among the Seneca villages, and, with a true woman's sympathy, spoke words of cheer to her as a human sister; but the old woman said she expected to live but a few days. She was very profuse, and apparently

sincere, in her gratitude for kindness received at General Sullivan's hands. Under Trintje's kindly hands, the young squaw's body was washed, rolled up in a blanket, and buried in a grave dug by her husband Claes. Without a pulse of malice or desire for revenge, this was done; for Trintje, though a slave among savages, had been kept in personal honor and without violence. Suffering many indignities of savage life, she yet remembered this shining fact with a gratitude that lent joy to the gift of a grave in the wilderness to the Indian woman whom Christians had murdered.

When the returning victors came within sight of Fort Reed, there was a mighty noise of welcome from the three-pounder, thirteen rounds being fired, to which our men having the coehorn in advance answered by a similar salute. Here the soldiers ceased to be vegetarians, and enjoyed full rations, remaining several days to rest and recruit, for stores and comforts had been brought up from Wyoming and Fort Sullivan.

On the 25th, great rejoicings were held and five oxen were barbecued. There was no fear of any superstition about the number thirteen, for thirteen fires and thirteen candles were kept burning in General Hand's brigade, and thirteen toasts were drunk in honor of the thirteen United States of America. To this grand affair, we shall devote a chapter.

Dearborn had expected to meet Colonel Butler

with his party at Coreorganel, but did not. The next day, some of Butler's men, coming to the smoking ruins, as we have seen, found Domine Kirkland's horse browsing on the prostrate corn leaves and ears.

Dearborn, marching southwesterly across the country, — this American Interlaken, — reached Catherine's town to find the main army gone forward to Fort Reed. So he pressed forward four miles farther, and camped in a place which a few weeks before would no more have been selected than if it were a purgatory. Now, however, instead of a "vale of woe" or "slough of despond," they found this once horrible place a sunny thoroughfare, and their going through was like a picnic jaunt. Indeed, on their return march, all the regiments went through the great Bear Swamp without much trouble, for four weeks of dry weather had made a tremendous difference, and the men joked and laughed at their first night of horrors here.

Several of the detachments scouring the Indian country were not yet in, but, about two thousand Continentals being in camp at Fort Reed, General Sullivan, who loved the pomp of war, resolved to rejoice. Being in a very happy mood, he ordered all the soldiers to discharge their muskets and to parade at five o'clock in the afternoon, to fire a *feu de joie*, or continuous rattle of rejoicing. The epidemic of delight quickly spread until the whole camp was well inoculated. In all the regiments, the men brushed

themselves up, to look as spruce as possible on dress parade. One blank cartridge was given to each man.

Toward sunset, when all were in line, thirteen rounds were fired from the cannon. Then from all the regiments a fire was ordered, not in a volley but by each musket in succession, and this was done. Powder was burned and the air was desolated.

Yet the way in which the two thousand or more reports saluted the general's ear did not suit him. So he ordered a blank cartridge to be given again to each man. Then making the alignment, along the river flats, of the whole force, in one rank only, he ordered that all should be ready to fire, but that not a man should pull trigger until he came opposite to each musket, as he rode along. When all was prepared, he put his horse at full speed, with whip and spur, and rode from the right to the left end of the line, each man firing as the general came opposite to him. This made a very grand effect, and Sullivan cried out:—

“Well done; that sounds like a hallelujah.”

Then, all in line, standing at parade rest, the Continentals gave cheers, three times three, one round for the Congress, three for the United States, and three for the king of Spain. After that followed the dinner of the day, given by General Hand in compliment to his officers. The particularly good feeling toward Congress was that this honorable body

had, on the 18th of August, passed resolutions increasing the pay of the officers.

Saturday, September 25th, the day of the officers' banquet, was one of news, arrivals, and surprises. A messenger from Philadelphia and the Congress arrived, and the officers of Colonel Hubley's command were made happy by receiving their commissions. This officer noted in his diary, also, that about eleven o'clock, Colonel Dearborn's detachment having emerged from Bear Swamp returned to Fort Reed bringing in two squaw prisoners, who looked like frightened deer.

Sunday was enjoyed richly by the veterans, for it was one of complete rest and the day was glorious.

On Monday, two of his men who, on the counter-march had lost track of the army at Canandaigua Lake, came in after seven days' wandering in the wilderness. They were nearly starved at first, but finding along the way two of the pack horses which had been shot, they had taken out their hearts and livers and after that got along very comfortably. Toward evening, all were made happy by the return of the detachment, sent out in the morning to destroy the Indian towns a few miles off, for they saw the men coming back with sixteen boats loaded with most delicious vegetables. "Why, it beats the Philadelphia markets!" said a shoemaker soldier, who remembered the luscious vegetables which he used to buy on High Street.

Colonel Hubley noted also that it was on Tuesday, September 28th, that Colonel Butler's party came into the camp about 10 A.M. of that morning.

While Colonel Van Cortlandt's regiment was on its way to rejoin the army, Mary Vrooman told her lover the mystery of "the lake cannon"—the terrific report as of artillery that had alarmed him when a sentinel by Lake Cayuga's shore, and had even wakened some of the men out of their sleep. This is the story as heard from the old squaw, her quondam foster-mother.

The Senecas have great terror of this Cayuga Lake on a windy day or in a squall, for they think that down at the bottom of the lake lives an old squaw, in a vast, icy cave. All around her are caves and hollows of ice, which she keeps ready to store away the bodies that sink down to her.

It is said that a long time ago, when living on the earth, she conceived a passion for a warrior, but he cared nothing for her. Once, when walking along the steep cliff overlooking the deepest part of Cayuga Lake, she pressed her desire. He seized her in his anger and hurled her out into the lake, sullenly watching her struggles until she disappeared. Sinking down far under the dimpled face of the lake that smiled so sweetly in the sunshine, and far, far down below where fishes can live, into the deep water which is always just on the point of freezing even in summer, her spirit lives. Being lonely and malig-

nant with revenge, she keeps all who come to her. She buries them in ice, so that they can never rise to the top or their friends reclaim their corpses. Her chief occupation is to hew out new caves for the dead. It is the blows of her hatchet, which sometimes dislodges great masses of ice down in the caverns, that causes those terrible sounds like artillery, and which the Indians call "the lake cannon."

All the various detachments were safely united at Fort Reed, before the order to march homeward was issued. Trintje and Mary Vrooman were very happy in their reunion, with life and hope and joyful prospects. It was a pretty scene to see them walking together, to the delight of the young soldiers. Yet they were but one pair in a score or more of white captives rescued from Indian captivity, and now safe and happy.

It was a sight never to be forgotten, too, but often recalled in after years by the veterans who under the bright stars of the cool September night gathered around the camp-fires to tell again the story of their adventures during the "succotash campaign" and their hopes of a speedy ending of the war.

All wondered whether the Spanish alliance would greatly help the American cause. Spain was still the symbol of wealth, despite her real poverty, and "Spanish milled dollars" were what the Continental paper shillings promised to be worth, but were not. The Pennsylvanians, Jerseymen, and New Yorkers



were unanimous in believing that Holland's recognition, when it came, would be worth more than Spain's, for, besides their splendid naval record in the past, the Dutch would be likely to loan the Congress plenty of hard money.

Before we see the rescued captives and the Continentals turning their faces eastward, let us give an account of the officers' banquet by the banks of the Chemung River.

## CHAPTER XXV

### THE BANQUET ON THE BANKS OF THE CHEMUNG

THE officers of Hand's brigade had built a bowery of timber and poles, had roofed it with hemlock and greenery, and decked it with such flags and trophies as they could extemporize. Over mighty fires, made to burn up and leave a bed of live red coals, the ox, split *barbe-à-queue* (from nozzle to tail) and laid across a huge grid made of green poles, roasted and sizzled, the men catching the savory juice and melting fat for gravy, in iron spoons, dishes, and even hollow stones, as they were able. Finally, after several hours of slow roasting and the occasional renewing of the green poles, the fare was served up.

Besides the carvable parts of the savory and juicy pieces laid out on slabs of timber and slices of bark, there were stews made of the beef's heart and liver with onions, while great quantities of roasted and boiled ears of corn, boiled beans, sliced cucumbers, and other spoil from Indian farms, were served up in such metal dishes as they had brought in the camp mess chests. There were neither tables nor chairs, but on the logs rolled up for the purpose, or on piles

of greenery chopped and laid for the purpose, or on the grass, the officers sat down and ate their dinner with that zest which living in the open air always imparts.

Besides water from the sparkling brook and the moderate allowance of spirits ordered by the general, there were pitchers of milk drawn from the generous udder of Colonel Hubley's cow. This "lady of the glens" had gone through the whole expedition, surviving the dangers of miry swamps, scarce pasturage, and stampeding Indians, furnishing milk every day. The men looked on "Betsey Ann," as they called her, with unusual interest and affection. On this day they had her horns so decked with bits of red flannel and her neck so wreathed with goldenrod that she hardly knew herself, and would certainly have blushed, had she not been a cow. As it was, Betsey Ann really seemed to enjoy the fun, and to be vain of the attentions showered on her. She walked right into the shallow Chemung River, and there mirrored, if not admiring herself, in the tranquil water, she seemed to have attained the summit of bovine pride.

When potatoes, beans, and rich roast beef and gravy had warmed the interior economy of all the officers, and every one was in a merry mood, General Hand ordered in the fifers and drummers of the brigade, to take position just outside the bowery and give the proper responses with fife music and

drum ruffles. He then rose to propose the first toast, which was, "To the Thirteen States and their Sponsors." All the officers lifted their tin cups or pewter mugs, — it would seem more proper to write "glasses," but there was not a glass tumbler or wine cup in the army, — and, touching their receptacles together, drank in water, milk, or whiskey, according to their taste. Then followed the fife and drum music, both fifers and drummers playing most hilariously.

The second toast proposed was to "the Honorable the American Congress," — a body of men much abused but also hard working and worthy of honor.

The third toast was to "General Washington and the American Army." At once rose lively memories of the past, of Bunker Hill and Long Island, of Oriskany, Bennington, and Stillwater, of Trenton, of Princeton and Valley Forge, of Monmouth and Butt's Hill, and again the fifes screamed and the drums rattled and boomed.

Now came glory to "the Commander-in-chief of the Western Expedition," Major-General John Sullivan, whom every officer honored, whom every man in the army followed with enthusiasm. He it was who first of all in the colonies advocated independence, that is, separation from Great Britain. He it was, who, when a corrupt Parliament under a foreigner-king, infringed and abridged the right of a free people to keep and bear arms, by prohibiting

the importation of military supplies in the colonies, made answer by raising a company of troops and drilling them. Sullivan and his companions seized Fort William and Mary, and thus provided the powder which filled the horns at Bunker Hill.

Could any one have looked ahead, from that lonely place in the wilderness, and foreseen the future, he would have discerned that the Empire State would be first to do honor in public memorials to New Hampshire's brave sons, and that then, and not until then, his native state would rear a granite shaft in Sullivan's memory, on the site of the old meeting-house at Durham, where the powder was stored.

Did any then foresee the wilderness blossoming as the rose and millions rejoicing in the glory of civilization, and a century later thousands gathering on the battle-field at Newtown to do honor to Sullivan, the leader of the Western Expedition, and that above the bones of the dead — all New Hampshire men — should rise a memorial shaft?

Did Colonel Cilley dream of the time, only a few years distant, when he should stand by his loved commander's grave-side with cocked pistols, demanding that the veteran's body should have honorable burial and that those who would seize his body for debt should retreat from their ghoulish quest? Surely may John Sullivan be named as one of the makers of the Empire State. Had he been "Braddocked," sacrificed his men in rashness, met

with disaster, or led home a broken and defeated remnant of an army, he might to-day be more famous, or notorious, in American history than he is. As it was, he lost only forty men by battle, disease, and accident, and, doing his work so well, many a book professing to give "the history of the United States" does not even mention Sullivan's expedition of 1779.

Amid forests, though so far inland, the American navy was not forgotten. While the Continentals upheld the cause of freedom on land, our sailors and privateersmen none the less, but as bravely, as affectionately, kept the stars and stripes floating on the sea, and this in the teeth of the mightiest navy in the world. It was not Saratoga or Yorktown that decided the war of the Revolution. It was the clamors of the British merchants, whose ships, numbering many thousands, were captured by our armed vessels. Did the Continental army take six thousand prisoners at Saratoga in New York, and eight thousand at Yorktown in Virginia? The navy made thirty thousand British men prisoners, and captured supplies vastly more. One half the munitions of war and soldiers' equipments for Washington's army came through the privateers, which not only fought and defended themselves, but traded or won from the enemy the clothes, powder, and accoutrements for some of the regiments on this very Western Expedition.

Much, and in some years most, of the spoil came from St. Eustatius in the West Indies through the Dutch, and not a little direct from Birmingham; for Englishmen, like Americans and Dutchmen, love money, and a few of them did not object to earn pounds, shillings, and pence in a clandestine way. Every month Dutch ships loaded in British ports with goods for America via St. Eustatius. Even the very paper on which Mr. Thomas Paine's patriotic tracts, read with eagerness before the camp-fires of the army, were printed, was from Holland, and brought in American privateers from this same horn of plenty in the West Indies.

Yes, the soldiers appreciated our navy, and the toast was drunk by Hand's officers amid an outburst of drum and fife music. They had not yet heard of Paul Jones's splendid victory, fought about this very time. Had they known that, the welkin would have rung again with cheers, three times three.

Not many of the Continentals had yet seen a French soldier, except as they had looked upon Lafayette and a few individuals from France. The red and white uniforms of the "sparkling Bourbonnaires" were not yet in evidence, but they were coming. Lafayette's rearrival must have been known at this time. The sixth toast was "Our Faithful Allies, the United Houses of Bourbon." Our men had a clear apprehension of French history, and realized how the Houses of Bourbon had been united.



In the chat following the toast in honor of France, Colonel Hubley recalled that one of Count De Grasse's vessels was named *L'Alamance*; that in North Carolina was a beautiful stream of water by that name; that he had read a novel with the same title, and that at this place the Regulators had first stood up for their rights against the brutal and extravagant royal governor, Tryon, at the battle of the Alamance. The New Yorkers detested the very name of Governor Tryon, for had he not been promoted by the king for his vile work, and made governor of New York? It was after him that Tryon County, in which Cherry Valley lay, had been named. "Bloody Billy" was what the New Yorkers called him. Just now this same ruffian, instead of facing Continental soldiers, was busy in marauding expeditions in Connecticut.

The seventh or keystone toast, as the proud Pennsylvanian, Hubley, called it, was a long one. It is interesting to note that the Congress was here conceived of as in the feminine gender. Was it in pure gallantry and in the yearning loneliness of man away from sweethearts, wives, and daughters? Or, was it with a flavor of contempt for the weakness of that body? Whatever be the philosophy or the cynicism in the toast, here are the words: "May the American Congress and all her legislative representatives be endowed with virtue and wisdom, and may her independence be as firmly established as the pillars

of time " One wonders whether at the mention of "pillars," the soldiers and officers, paid with Continental paper, did not think longingly of the silver columns and floating scrolls stamped on the good, honest coins minted by their new ally, the king of Spain,—even the scroll and pillars which became our graphic mark for dollars,—\$.

The next toast expressed the hope that the civil and military servants of the state would always live in brotherhood, and the man of war ever be the servant of the son of peace. "May the citizens of America, and her soldiers, be ever unanimous in the reciprocal support of each other."

The ninth was a prayer for that unity which gives strength. Here it is: "May altercations, discord, and every degree of fraud, be totally banished the peaceful shore of America."

The tenth was a protest against oblivion and the alleged ingratitude of republics: "May the memory of the brave Lieutenant Boyd and the soldiers under his command, who were horribly massacred by the inhuman savages or by their more barbarous and detestable allies, the British and Tories, on the 13th instant, be ever dear to his country."

This toast was drunk in silence, and for a moment all bowed their heads under the leafy canopy. Then, at a nod from General Hand, the fifers played the Dead March, from Handel's "Saul," after which the drums beat in muffled roll, as though marching in

funeral procession, winding up with a very clear imitation of three volleys over the grave.

This prayer was answered when, in 1841, the bones of Boyd and his companions were disinterred and taken to Rochester, and with elaborate military honors deposited in Revolutionary Hill in Mount Hope Cemetery.

Toast number eleven showed that, while our men were ready to leave the hardships of war and enjoy the comforts of home, they were willing to fight on to the death, unless peace came with honor. The toast explains itself: "An honorable peace with America, or perpetual war with her enemies."

Toast number twelve is unique. It brings up visions of Erin's harp and Tara's halls, of the green flag, of the shamrock, of St. Patrick, of the early centuries when Ireland gave Christian light and learning to Europe, and, last but not least, of later days, when oppressive British trade legislation ruined Irish industry, especially that of flax raising and linen making, which had been introduced into the island by Dutchmen, and which ruinous legislation sent tens of thousands from the northern counties of Ireland to the shores of America. Settling chiefly in New Hampshire and the Middle States, they were powerfully influential in the making of at least one New England state, and of western Pennsylvania and Virginia. They and their sons furnished a tremendous proportion of soldiers to the Continental army.

Sullivan himself, most of his New Hampshire colonels, officers, and soldiers, were of Irish stock, and so were Proctor, of the artillery, and Hand, of the light corps, and many of their fellow Pennsylvanians. Indeed, it might not be too hazardous to assert, or at least conjecture, that the majority of men in this expedition were of the stock of North Ireland.

It was not, then, merely a desire to compliment Generals Sullivan, Proctor, or Hand, or all of them, that prompted the toast. The cynical critic may, indeed, notice in the wording of the toast that vagueness of ideas which is so often associated with the Celt's utterances. Further, since the toast contained a wish, rather than an assertion or prophecy, does it not recall the Addisonian words, "'Tis not in mortals to command success, but we'll do more, . . . We'll deserve it."

The toast was this, — "May the kingdom of Ireland merit a stripe in the American standard." It was drunk with rollicking delight, and the fifers played.

In defiance of all those superstitions which gather around the number thirteen, inherited from mediævalism, but pointing back to the presence of the Master with the eleven disciples and the traitor Judas, which even yet requires the number to be omitted in a hospital, and often in other places, but to which no American ought ever to pay any attention, the list of toasts conformed to the number of the states.

The poor pack horse, which began business before

the days of army mules, was the butt of the Continentals, even as his long-eared cousin is yet with our soldiers. The last toast was: "May the enemies of America be metamorphosed into pack horses and sent on a western expedition against the Indians."

All drank, amid roars of laughter, and the fifers played the "Rogue's March."

By this time the great star clock of the sky showed that it was near midnight. The men of the rank and file were already wrapped in slumber, and the officers happily laid themselves down to sleep on their hemlock boughs. Most of the watch-fires had burnt low, having so far gone down as to leave only here and there a suggestion of red flame. Beyond the stream and out on the flats, one who listened carefully could hear the sentinels walking, and the cry of "All is well."

## CHAPTER XXVI

### BACK TO FORT SULLIVAN

IT was now time to prepare to move eastward, so the sick and lame soldiers were ordered down the river in boats. Then the palisades of the fort, with all the timber stuff, boxes, casks, etc., were heaped up and set on fire.

The next day's march took them past the old battlefield of the 29th, and the night's encampment was on the same spot as that occupied on August 27th.

At two o'clock on the afternoon of the last day of September, they were within sight of Fort Sullivan, at Tioga Point. In the same regular line and order of march, exactly as when they left the fort, over a month before, they moved forward. Besides the whole garrison coming out under arms to meet them, there was a salvo of thirteen rounds from the two cannon of the fort, a salute which Proctor's artillery duly returned.

Once back and inside the fort, Major Fogg, one of General Poor's staff officers, and a graduate of Harvard College, wrote out his impressions.

"Although we are now one hundred and twenty miles

from peaceful inhabitants, yet we consider ourselves at home and the expedition ended : having fulfilled the expectations of our country, by beating the enemies and penetrating and destroying their whole country. The undertaking was great and the task arduous. The multiplicity of disappointments occasioning a long delay at the beginning, foreboded a partial, if not a total, frustration of our design ; but the unbounded ambition and perseverance of our commander and army led him to the full execution, contrary to our most sanguine expectations ; . . . a march of three hundred miles was performed, a battle was fought, and a whole country desolated in thirty days. The very evils that first predicted a defeat were a chain of causes in our favor. Not a single gun was fired for eighty miles on our march out, or an Indian seen on our return. The extraordinary continuance of fair weather has infinitely facilitated our expectation ; having never been detained a single day ; nor has there been an hour's rain since the thirtieth day of August. He who views the scene with indifference in view of the special hand and smiles of Providence being so apparently manifested is worse than an infidel.

“The question will naturally arise, What have you to show for your exploits ? Where are your prisoners ?

“To which I reply, that the rags and emaciated bodies of our soldiers must speak for our fatigue, and



when the querist will point out a mode to tame a partridge or the expediency of hunting wild turkeys with light horse, I will show him our prisoners. The nests are destroyed, but the birds are still on the wing."

Another officer wrote: "Thus, by the perseverance, good conduct and determined resolution of our commander-in-chief, with the assistance of his council and the full determination of his troops to execute, have we fully accomplished the great end and intentions of this important expedition; and I flatter myself we fully surpassed the most sanguine expectations of those whose eyes were more immediately looking to us for success. The glorious achievements we have given in extending our conquest so far, and at the same time rendering them so very complete, will make no inconsiderable balance even in the present politics of America."

How the army looked when at Fort Sullivan, in the first days of lovely October, may be learned from Herman Clute's letter, written to Schenectady:—

"DEAR MOTHER: I feel like a veteran at the end of the war, for here we, that is, the whole army, are at Fort Sullivan, from which we started about a month ago. It is quite a substantial fort, with two gates. The walls are made of palisades three thick, and the blockhouses are very strong. Colonel Shrieve has kept everything in good order here, but in two or

three days all will be burned up, and this place will be left to the deer, the bears, and the rattlesnakes again. I do not believe that the savages will inhabit the place for several years to come; but until the white people fully occupy this country, the Iroquois will make Tioga Point their rendezvous, for all their southern and some of their eastern and western expeditions.

"We had two days' march from Fort Reed. The night we arrived here, Colonel Shrieve, the governor of the garrison, had a most elegant dinner provided for the general and field officers of the army. Besides the good things to eat, Proctor's regimental band and the fife and drum corps played during most of the evening.

"On Friday morning, General Sullivan sent his secretary, General Brewer, to give an account to Congress of the great success of the expedition, for certainly it has been wonderful. Most of us have kept well. We have had almost a month of perfectly splendid weather, with little rain and no storms. We have often been tired and some of us lame, but altogether there have been only forty men out of the whole army that have lost their lives, and this includes all who died by accident. We had three battles, one at Chemung, in which seven of Colonel Hubley's men were killed; the big one at Newtown, where, with all the powder burned and lead fired off, only three or four men were killed, while five have since died of their wounds; and the Groveland ambushade, in which

seventeen were killed. The others were shot by Indians hid in the bush, met death by accident, or were drowned. Not one of the soldiers has died through disease.

"When we started out, we had only twenty-two days' rations of flour and sixteen of meat. So our march has been made on half allowance, but we had more vegetables than we wanted. A good deal of our time has been taking up grating corn. We took old tin pans and punched holes in them with a bayonet, and thus made graters. It was tedious work, and half the men were kept up at night after the day's march was over, grating corn. We made the mess into a kind of a cake. Sometimes we mixed the rough meal with boiled beans or pumpkins, and, pounding or squeezing it into paste, we baked the patties over the fire or on hot stones, and it tasted good.

"But oh, how glad I was at Fort Reed to get a good slice of fresh roast beef! Once in a while I enjoyed a glass of fresh milk. Out of the seven hundred oxen we took with us on the start, some kept up till we got to Canandaigua, but Colonel Hubley's cow, which is a white and black creature of the Friesland breed, showed herself a wonder. She has actually been with us all the time and given us her milk every day. I was really sorry to part with her when we put her in the boat yesterday, to send her, along with the officers' horses, down to Wyoming."

Here follows an account of his finding Mary Vrooman, of the march to Fort Reed, his experiences there, and the return march down the Chemung Valley to Tioga Point.

“On Saturday, General Sullivan gave an elegant entertainment, inviting all the generals and field officers of the army to dine with him. I begged to be allowed to wait on the table, for I enjoyed seeing the officers all together and hearing them talk. They actually did have a long table, made of split timber, and a great many more pieces of table furniture than were visible during our march. This was the first time that I have seen all the officers of the army together. They are a handsome set of men, I can tell you.

“Everything was properly packed up that was to be taken away. Then, all the stores and other baggage, the cannon and the coehorn, were put on board the boats. After resting on Sunday, the whole army was to move on Monday morning, most of the men to march overland to Easton, via Wyoming, and the boats to go down the river.

“The fun of jollity culminated on Saturday night. After supper, a genuine Indian dance was arranged, in which scores of the most athletic men in Hand's brigade took part. A young sachem of the Oneida tribe was the director of the dance, and was assisted by several Indians. During the day the officers, who were to take part in the fun, made wooden masks to

represent Indian deities and spirits of the mountain and the river. These, grotesquely painted, were put on when they danced. The music was original, the sachem, singing an Indian song, started the movements, clashing together his rattle, knife, and pipe. At the end of every measure, occupying five or ten minutes each, the Indians set up a war-whoop, and the dancing continued several hours.

"The next morning, after breakfast, the Oneida warriors, who had been faithful guides, gathered together and received presents. Then, bidding us good by, they started off for their own villages.

"At eight o'clock the march began, and on Thursday, at three o'clock, the whole army, reaching Wyoming by land and by water, made their encampment in the same order as that of the 30th of July. News came from General Washington that Count D'Estaing had arrived with a fleet and an army, and that many of Sullivan's men would be required to join a new campaign of action as soon as the winter was over.

"This happy news cheered up the Continental boys. As it is easier to march faster when going homeward, they did so, moving with an alert step that surprised themselves. Sullivan, turning the command over to General Clinton, set out on Saturday, the 9th, having the day before sent ahead a large party of pioneers to repair the road. It was not possible to get wagons to carry the baggage, and as they had to leave their

boats behind, the only thing for the officers to do was to break up their chests, and load their baggage on pack horses. As these were very weak, many of the officers, like private soldiers, had to carry their own baggage on their backs. Only four miles, up the terribly long hill, were made on Sunday, the 10th, and the encampment was on very stony ground. Again, through the awful swamps they marched, and on Wednesday fresh wagons came to help solve the question of baggage. When they reached Larnard's Tavern, as one officer wrote, 'This was the beginning of the settlement of a Christian country.' It seemed strange indeed to men coming out of the forest to meet with houses built in civilized style. As some of the soldiers were able to get dinner at the country houses, they felt as if they were sharing the luxury of palaces.

"Orders were issued to the private soldiers to make themselves as clean and presentable as possible, for the march into Easton; but officers made a virtuous determination to pass through the town without taking a single drink at any of the taverns. This was less a matter of temperance than a determination to punish extortioners, as it had been told that the shopkeepers of Easton had laid in great supplies of eatables and drinkables, for which they expected to charge very high prices.

"One lieutenant, who made himself both inspector and censor, noticed that, despite the temptation, not

a single soul entered a tavern. Yet, for his vigilant censorship, the officer had to suffer at the hands of some inhabitant, who either had a grudge against him or was eager to break both the tenth commandment and the eighth, also. Having left his underclothes with a washerwoman, to be renovated, these necessities were all stolen from the clothes line during the night. Not having a second shirt to his back, he had to go around wrapped in bedclothes, begging a shirt and a pair of socks from his comrades. His special disappointment was in this, that he wished to go with the whole army to attend worship.

“Evidently his fellow-officers magnified their privileges, for the man who had to stay home and heard not, wrote that the Rev. Dr. Evans preached ‘a very Elegant Oration . . . Sutible to the Occasion.’ However, having been properly shod and beshirted, the officer without undergarments consoled himself for lack of spiritual nourishment by getting, at a farmhouse, ‘Buckwheat Cakes, Butter Milk and honey which was a very great rarity indeed.’ A more cheerful view of things was possible the next day, for he recorded in his diary that ‘Part of my Cloaths was found to-day hid in the mountain, but two of my best shirts is yet a missing.’”



## CHAPTER XXVII

### THE AFTERMATH

**I**T now remains to gather up the threads of our story, and to show how Sullivan's Continentals were the pathfinders of the American Revolution.

From Easton, it proved to be more convenient for the rescued captives to be taken to Philadelphia, and thence distributed among their friends. On this account, the two Vrooman ladies had the pleasure of spending the autumn and winter in the capital by the Delaware.

There again, in the hospitable home of Colonel Jabez Eyre, during a fortnight's furlough in November, nearly the whole party that had met in May assembled, but this time with new faces. Apparently none the worse for their exile in the Seneca country were the two young women who had seen life among savages. Mary Vrooman sat as guest, though "alone, yet not alone." Her lover and rescuer, Herman Clute, was in camp with his regiment. Of Mr. and Mrs. Claes Vrooman it was frequently remarked (sideways and quietly), "What a handsome couple!"

Two young officers of the Continental army had also hung their chapeaux, or three-cornered cocked hats, in Colonel Eyre's hall. One, hearty, ruddy, and with a polished elegance of manner that suggested a long and unconscious inhalation of a refined social atmosphere, was an artillery officer, Phineas Foterall, who had been trained in Colonel Eyre's Pennsylvania artillery. He had just received his transfer and commission as captain in Proctor's regiment (now, in 1900, and for scores of years past, the Second United States Artillery).

The other, pale, and still bearing traces of suffering, was a lieutenant of infantry in the New Hampshire line. He had been desperately wounded in the battle of Newtown, but, nursed (and shall we not say saved?) by the tender care of Henrietta Harby in Fort Sullivan, now his own appraisal of health was that it was almost at par.

Of these two patriots, we need but say that both were "*Spei et in spe*," — the sons of hope, and in hope, as the Dutch say; or, we might call them both "the extinguishers of names." The one expected — ungrateful man — to bury in his own gentile name that of his honored colonel, as well as that of the colonel's daughter. He loved his leader not less, but his leader's daughter more. The other, Uriah Perry, was happy, looking forward to peace and the time when he might bear away, to the Irish-Yankee land of granite and noble character, New Hampshire,

this Pennsylvania maid. Hers was a family name so rare that some would deny its very existence among those Swiss and German folk called "Pennsylvania Dutch."

General Hand, in his best spirits, was the lion of the hour. It was noticed that the bosom of his new buff and blue coat was so full as to seem padded. Had the tailors made him a dandy? Honored by Washington, idolized by his soldiers, saluted on all sides as Sullivan's ablest lieutenant in the campaign, he was less thoughtful of himself than of others. On first reaching Philadelphia, even before holding one interview with a tailor, he had repaired at once to consult the jewellers, whose shops lay between Second and Dock streets. Some of these, despite war, were still open. He was known to have left the design of a rare flower, and to have talked about particular shades of green and pink enamels.

Now, after the dinner and the drinking of healths (in tea, not wine) to the Congress, Washington, Sullivan, all his colonels and his brave army, with one special bumper to the riflemen — which actually made Claes Vrooman's face turn as red as a rose, — a closing liquid tribute was offered, with super-exceeding enthusiasm, to General Hand himself. When palates had been tickled, all eyes, if not voices, called for a response.

The blushing Irish-American rose, put back his chair rather far, and then said: —

"I respond, by calling out mother, wife, and maid for honorable decoration, and ask them to come forward. Mrs. Eyre!"

The matron rose and approached the gallant hero, who, drawing the stars and stripes from behind his lapels and breast buttons, handed the flag with grace and thanks to Colonel Eyre's wife.

"There, madam, my May promise is fulfilled. Your flag and our country's waved at the Seneca castles of Kanedasaga and Genesee."

The matron with beaming smile courtesied and resumed her seat. "A precious heirloom now," she said, as she glanced at Margaret and Captain Foterall.

"Miss Margaret Eyre and Miss Mary Vrooman, come here together!"

The two maidens, one fair, rose-tinted and white, the other brown, with the rich glow of health gained in out-door life, stood together, making a rare picture of varied loveliness.

"Miss Eyre," said the gallant brigadier, "in May I heard your request and in August I heard my friend Vrooman's story.

"Miss Vrooman, I learned from Herman Clute's own lips his adventure at Lake Cayuga. May he soon, victorious and decorated as an officer, come back to be bridegroom."

"This, to Margaret—the pressed glen flowers, roots, leaves, and blossoms, the last as well as the

first from your friend Mary." Suiting action to word, he handed neatly arranged specimens of the glen flower of ancient lineage.

"To both, for bridal gifts, when the happy hour comes, I hand you these jewels, with my congratulations in advance."

Thereupon, the big-hearted Irishman drew out of his inner pocket two shagreen cases. Each was about as large in perimeter as a Spanish milled dollar, but thicker, and apparently as round as Giotto's O. Holding one in each hand, between thumb and forefinger, their springs toward the maidens, he touched them with his digital tips.

Thereupon the lids flew open and revealed twin wonders. Resting upon a silvery green bed of silken plush, which looked like fresh moss, heavy with dew, as seen in morning's light in shadow, was a stem of gold, with serrated leaves of green, and four-petalled blooms of pink enamel, — a triumph of the jeweller's art. It was the glen flower, *Primula Mistassinica*, glorified in the royal metal, with the colors, not of nature woven in the loom of light, but of art, wrought by fire.

After the shower of exclamations of delight, thanks, admiration, and — we must tell the truth — a kiss simultaneously on both the general's cheeks by two happy maidens, the gems were passed around for further joyous appreciation. During this, at a nod from the general, Trintje Vrooman walked over

## THE WHITE COCKADE

*Allegretto vivace.*

The musical score is written for a piano and voice. It consists of three systems of staves. The first system has a vocal line on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves. The second and third systems also have a vocal line on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 2/4. The tempo is marked 'Allegretto vivace.' The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings like 'fz' (forzando) and 'f' (forte).

to the virginal, followed by Claes, her husband. She opened the pretty rosewood case and played the air of the Wilhelmus Lied, while Claes, her husband, sang with a fine tenor voice the stirring words.

"Good," cried General Hand, when the last stanza was finished. "If it were Saint Patrick's Day, I should want the shamrock, but now I am only too happy to look on the glen flower blooming in fresh

glory on maiden's bosom," — for there the twain had placed their trophies — "and now for the 'White Cockade.' "

Thereupon, Margaret Eyre who knew the music well played the famous Jacobite air.

The party broke up, for the sound of drums and trumpets was still in the land. The Dutch boys in the Hudson Valley were singing the Amsterdam street song, "Hier komt Paul Jones Aan," telling how his own ship had gone down near an English cape, and also how "he was a born American" — which this Scotsman wasn't.

Soon the various alliances ripened and came to the fruit-bearing period. That with Spain yielded nothing. That with Holland brought us fourteen million of dollars and naval help, in time to pay off the veterans of Yorktown and restore our credit. While Washington, threatening the British General Clinton in New York, skilfully concealed his march, with the red and white uniformed French troops, the "Sparkling Bourbonnaires," through Philadelphia to Yorktown, the great Admiral Rodney with his mighty British fleet, after demolishing the Spanish ships, sailed — to help Cornwallis? No!

Rather did it seem best to this "man of action" to pass by his countryman and sail to the West Indies to clear out the depot of the American army supplies. So thither he now betook himself and his ships of



the line. Capturing the helpless place, he found there fifty American privateers, and three men-of-war with two thousand of our sailors—but he lost Cornwallis, whom Washington and our French allies compelled to surrender with seven thousand men. While the British soldiers in Virginia listened for his cannon, only the voice of the auctioneer was heard at St. Eustatius.

Herman Clute did gain an officer's epaulettes. After being paid in full, in good Dutch silver and gold at Newburg, he returned to Schenectady, and in the old church was married to Mary by Domine Vrooman. He lived on Ferry Street, while Trintje and Claes dwelt on Martelaar's straat. This thoroughfare, as soon as the shaky "confederation" was over and the Constitution made the thirteen commonwealths one and indivisible, was named State Street, the blood of the martyrs having proved the seed of the nation.

One might have read in the Philadelphia papers of the marriage of the couples known in life and to their descendants as Captain and Mrs. Foterall and Major and Mrs. Perry—for this rank did the New Hampshire hero attain.

The latter lived long enough to survive and attend the burial of his beloved commander Sullivan, but not to see his native state—only after New York had done abundant honor to his memory—rear on the site of the old Congregational meeting-house at

Durham, New York, a monument to the honor of Major John Sullivan. To Broadhead of Pennsylvania, and Clark of Illinois, like, yes, greater honors should yet be paid.

Long before the heroes of the Revolution had been gathered to their fathers, "Sullivan's road," made by the tramp of his army and the axes of his pioneers, had become the highway of empire.

One can stand on Cornell Heights to-day, or in the White Library of the University, and through the plate glass that at once frames in and reveals God's picture of lake and hill, valley and flat, see with the mind's eye history's shining procession. Hither come Sullivan's veterans, often with brides that had been captives rescued by themselves, to be founders of towns and cities. Yonder, with faces flushed with hope, emerge the beginners of a better time — discoverers of New Jerusalems and Earthly Paradises. The lumberman gives way to the merchant and artisan. On the old Indian trails are laid highways of steel. Pennsylvania and Yankee meet at Penn-Yan. Forest industries thrive. The axeman clears the way for the farmer. Lovely homes, fair as the glen flower, spring up. Churches, schools, colleges, all the blooms of civilization, rise out of the land, apparently, much as the earth produces the flower. In time, "Sullivan's road" becomes the fugitive slave's path to manhood, as he follows the North Star to freedom.

Yet under the joy of life is its travail. Nor, amid all the beauty, comfort, triumph of to-day, do we forget the toil of Sullivan's Continentals, the Pathfinders of the Revolution.



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# THE ROMANCE OF AMERICAN COLONIZATION:

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